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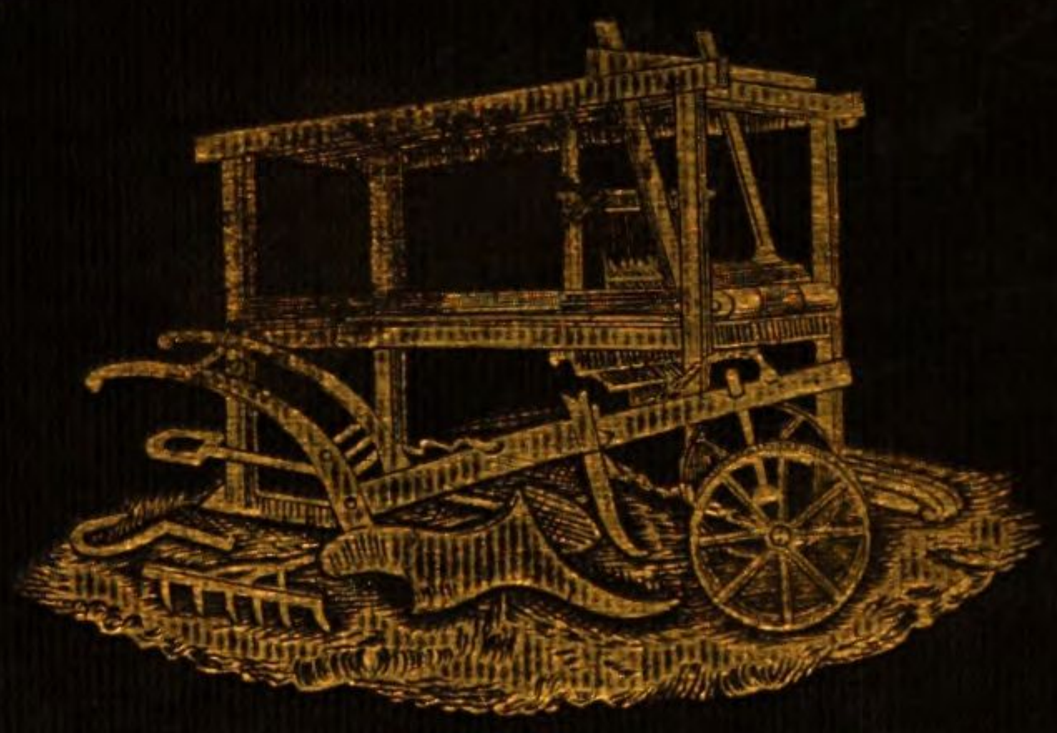

SHILLING MAGAZINE

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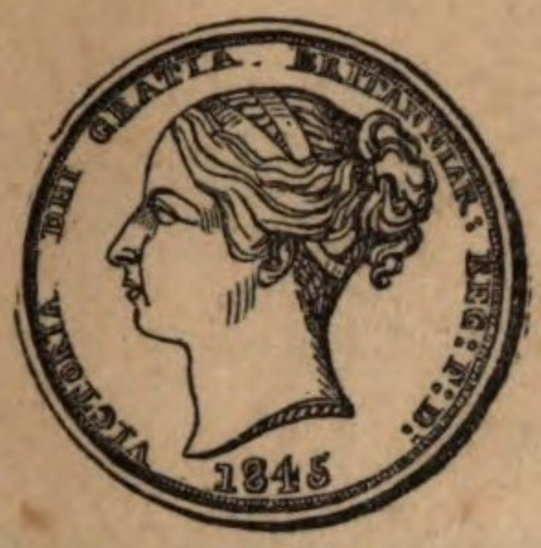
DOUGLAS JERROLD'S



SHILLING MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

JANUARY to JUNE.

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MDCCCXLV.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

It is intended that this Work shall be mainly devoted to a consideration of the social wants and rightful claims of the People; that it shall appeal to the hearts of the Masses of England.

With no expectation or wish to conflict with or supplant any present publication, it is believed that a Work popularly addressed to the sympathies and common sense of the kingdom, must make for itself a large and hitherto unoccupied sphere of instruction, amusement, and utility.

It is our belief that the present epoch is pregnant with more human interest than any previous era; as it is also our faith that the present social contest, if carried out on all sides with "conscience and tender heart," must end in a more equitable allotment of the good provided for all men. To aid, however humbly, in this righteous and bloodless struggle is a truer, a more grateful glory, than any glory blatant in gazettes. And an aroused Spirit begins to feel this. Awakening from a long, vain dream, that showed the many created only to minister to the few, the said Spirit believes—or says it believes—in the universality of the human heart. Hence, it vindicates a common right of happiness; hence, in its new tenderness, it even "babbles o' green fields" for the health and healthful thoughts of the people. So much the better.

With Politics—as Party Politics, we meddle not. The day is happily gone by, when Parties—like foul-mouthed vixens—assailed each other with unseemly epithets, that mutual abuse might hide mutual corruption and infirmity. We shall deal with Politics only in their social relation, as operating for the good or evil of the community. Whig and Tory—Conservative and Radical—will be no more to us than the names of extinct genera.

It will be our chief object to make every essay—however brief, and however light and familiar its treatment—breathe WITH A PURPOSE. Experience assures us that, especially at the present day, it is *by a defined purpose alone*, whether significant in twenty pages or in twenty lines, that the sympathies of the world are to be engaged, and its support ensured.

Whilst dealing with the highest social claims of our countrymen, we shall not exclude from our pages either Sketch of Character—Tale—History—or Romance. *Far otherwise.* It will be our earnest desire to avail ourselves of all and every variety of literature, *if illustrating and working out some wholesome principle.* Mere stories, made like Twelfth-night heroes, of mere sugar, we shall certainly eschew.

Neither would we have the "light-reader" take alarm at our graver subjects. They, too, it is hoped, may be discussed with no very violent call upon his wakefulness. It is not necessary that such themes—like bullets—should be cast in lead to do the surest service.

Such was the pith of the prospectus that—six months ago—announced the publication of the present work. We then spoke, certainly, in the fulness of hope. We have now to acknowledge the success that has firmly established the "SHILLING MAGAZINE" as a public organ. It has made a sphere for itself. We nevertheless hope, with each succeeding volume to develope more strength, more various powers; so that the book may be rendered more worthy of the sympathy and encouragement that, from the first Number, so cordially welcomed it.

June, 1845.

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BY JOHN LEECH.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR first paragraph shall be a confession of ignorance. We know not the genealogy of St. Giles. All we know is this. Our St. Giles was born—we can hardly say first saw the light—in Hampshire Hog Lane. We believe that we are pretty sure of his father: but at once lose ourselves, seeking his grandsire. We are immediately in a genealogical fog, without even a link's end from the Herald's office to guide us. True it is, we might if we would, sit contentedly down in the darkness, and our imagination aided by obscurity—as men are apt to close their eyes when they would take a bright internal look—might in a trice discover the family tree; now complacently following its branches as they waved towards the court-end of the town, and now avoiding them as they struck towards Tyburn. We might do this: for it has been done many a time, and for only so much hard cash. But can the family of St. Giles fee us for the labour? No. Then we trust we are not so wholly lost to the decencies of life, as to lie gratis,

Nevertheless, we owe some explanation to the polite reader, for that we have given typographical precedence to St. Giles to the apparent injury of St. James. We think we have a just reason for this. There appears to us—and sure we are the like opinion burns in the breasts of many most respectable people—more of the original animal man in St. Giles, than in St. James. He seems to vindicate, and that brazenly, unblushingly, the baseness of his

origin. He stands before us a creature of the earth; or rather, of the mud of the earth. If it be otherwise, then has St. Giles again and again been much abused, mistaken.

The very nakedness of St. Giles—according to our heraldry—makes him elder brother of St. James. As we consider him, he is as much the elder, as the bare skin of man is older than the silks and velvets that have enwrapt it. He may be a marked and branded vagabond; but, nevertheless, he is the elder brother. Contemplating him, we behold in his wants—in his fierceness, begotten of these wants—the proscribed from the confines of this world's Paradise. Consider the history of man. Your vagabond is lost in the shadows of antiquarian night: now, your gentleman is a commonplace of yesterday. Upon this philosophical principle do we place St. Giles before St. James, and believe us, dear reader, for no catchpenny reason whatever. We do not say that a three-legged oaken stool, is a finer, more commodious chattel than a gilded chair; but, in the genealogy of household moveables, sure we are it ranks as the elder brother.

St. Giles and St. James! Is it possible they can be brethren? Every particle of their faces, every atom of their covering cries no: externally as different as the aforesaid three-legged stool and glittering chair; and yet, in truth, of the same frame-work—the very same. Impossible! Let us see.

What a clumsy thing is this three-legged stool. What heavy joinery work! Surely, it was shaped by an adze, and put together by some bungler, ignorant of the craft. What a piece of stark vulgarity!

How very handsome the chair of ceremony! How soft to the touch—how pleasant to the eye! All damask, carving and gilding. Well, we have stript away the covering; we have scratched a little of the gilding off, and what is there beneath?—why oak, mere oak; a younger branch of the tree—a piece of kindred wood to the three-legged stool. The same material makes stool and chair,—but then the magical delusion worked by damask, gold, and dainty carving!

In this way it is our hope to show St. Giles and St. James: to prove their brotherhood—their identity of material. We may here and there scratch a little of the gilding off one, but only to display the kindred nature of both. Thus, St. James may sometimes appear to be only St. Giles better stuffed, and with a brighter covering.

CHAPTER I.

THE streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of a roof to their homes : and the north-east blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excess of misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want ; and death in that despairing hour losing its terrors, looked, in the eyes of many a wretch, a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and in the deep humility of destitution, believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time, when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance ; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost a shame that with such wide-spread misery circled round him, he has all things fitting ; all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness ; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand, thousand starving creatures : in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities ; but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth ; with no other thoughts than of its many pleasant gifts ; all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around. When the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without ; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution, prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house ; when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shows its true divinity, and with misery like a garment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time, when in the

cellars and garrets of the poor are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart, not to be wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

Such was the time, the hour approaching midnight, when a woman sat on a door-step in a London street. Was she sleeping, or was she another victim of the icy season? Her head had fallen backward against the door, and her face shone like a white stone in the moonlight. There was a terrible history in that face; cut and lined as it was by the twin-workers, vice and misery. Her temples were sunken; her brow wrinkled and pinched; and her thin, jagged mouth—in its stony silence—breathed a frightful eloquence. It was a hard mystery to work out, to look upon that face, and try to see it in its babyhood. Could it be thought that woman was once a child?

Still she was motionless—breathless. And now, a quick, tripping footstep sounds in the deserted street; and a woman, thinly, poorly clad, but clean and tidy withal, approaches the door. She is humming a tune, a blithe defiance to the season, and her manner is of one hastening homeward. "Good God! if it isn't a corpse!" she cried, standing suddenly fixed before what seemed, in truth, the effigy of death. In a moment, recovering herself, she stooped towards the sitter, and gently shook her. "Stone-cold—frozen! Lord in heaven! that his creatures should perish in the street!" And then the woman, with a piercing shriek, called the watch; but the watch, true to its reputation for sound substantial sleep, answered not. "Watch—watch!" screamed the woman with increasing shrillness; but the howling of the midnight wind was the only response. A moment she paused; then looked at what she deemed the dead; and flinging her arms about her, flew back along the path she had trod. With scarcely breath to do common credit to her powers of scolding, she drew up at a watch-box, and addressed herself to the peaceful man within. "Why, watch—here! a pretty fellow!—people pay rates, and—watch, watch!—there's a dead woman—dead, I tell you—watch—pay rates, and are let to die, and—watch—watch—watch!" And still she screamed, and at length, clawed at and shook the modest wooden tenement which, in those happy but not distant days of England, sheltered England's civil guardians.

The watchman was coiled up for unbroken repose. He had evidently settled the matter with himself to sleep until called to breakfast by the tradesman who, at the corner post, spread his hospitable table for the early wayfarers who loved saloop. Besides, the watchman was at least sixty-five years old; twenty years he had been guardian of the public peace, and he knew—no one better—that on such a night even robbery would take a holiday, forgetting the cares and profits of business in comfortable blankets. With such assurance, the watchman had extinguished his head with his hat, crossed his legs, and knotted his arms, with a predetermination that nothing short of an earthquake, or the saloop, should wake him. But then the watchman dreamt not of the vigour, the perseverance of the assailant, who still screamed at him—still shook his modest bedroom. At length, but slowly, did the watchman answer the summons. Like an awakening snake, he gradually uncoiled himself; and whilst the woman's tongue rang—rang like a bell—he calmly pushed up his hat, and opening his two small, swinish eyes, looked at the intruder, but saw her not.

"How the time 's past! Well, Master Grub"—for the watchman thought only of the saloop merchant—"you may bring the stuff here. And this morning, I think I 'll take toast." This said, the speaker dashed forward his arms through his box so suddenly, so vigorously, that the woman screamed anew as she jumped aside. But the watchman had no such unmanly thought. No; all he contemplated was a hearty yawn; which, with his arms, legs, head, and shoulders, he took so sufficingly, that his watch-box reverberated like the cave of some carnivorous, full-gorged beast.

"Well! after that I hope you are awake—and after that——"

"What 's the matter?" asked the watchman, feeling that the hour of saloop was not arrived, and surlily shaking himself at the disappointment, "What 's the matter?"

"The matter! Poppy-head!"—and the woman was proceeding in her invective, when the functionary observed,

"Any more of your bad language, and I shall lock you up." And this he said with quite the air of a man who keeps his word.

"There 's a woman frozen to death," cried the disturber of the watchman's peace; at once violently coming to the object of her mission.

"That was last night," said the watchman, with a slight, supplementary yawn.

"I tell you, to-night, man—to-night. She 's on a door-step; there"—and the woman pointed down the street. "I should like to know what we pay you watchmen for, if poor creatures are to drop down dead with cold on the highway."

The watchman lifted his lantern to the face of the speaker—it was a frank, lively, good-humoured face, with about five-and-thirty years lightly laid upon it—and closing one eye, as if the act gave peculiar significance to what he said, observed, syllable by syllable, "Any more of your imperance, and"—here he took an oath, solemnising it with a smart blow of his stick upon the pavement, "and I'll lock you up." The woman answered something; but the words were lost, ground by the watchman's rattle which, with consummate excellence—the golden fruit of painful practice—he whirled about. As cricket answers cricket, the rattle found a response. Along the street the sound was caught up, prolonged, and carried forward; and small bye-lanes gave forth a wooden voice—a voice that cried to all the astounded streets, "justice is awake!" And then lantern after lantern glimmered in the night: one lantern advancing with a sober, a considerate pace; another, with a sort of flutter; another, dancing like a jack-o'-lantern over the snow. And so, lantern after lantern, with watchmen behind them, came and clustered about the box of him, who was on the instant greeted as Drizzle.

"What's the row?" cried an Irishman—a young fellow of about sixty, who flourished his stick, and stamped upon the pavement, like too indignant virtue, impatient of a wrong. "What's the row? Is it her?" and he was about to lay his civil hand upon the woman.

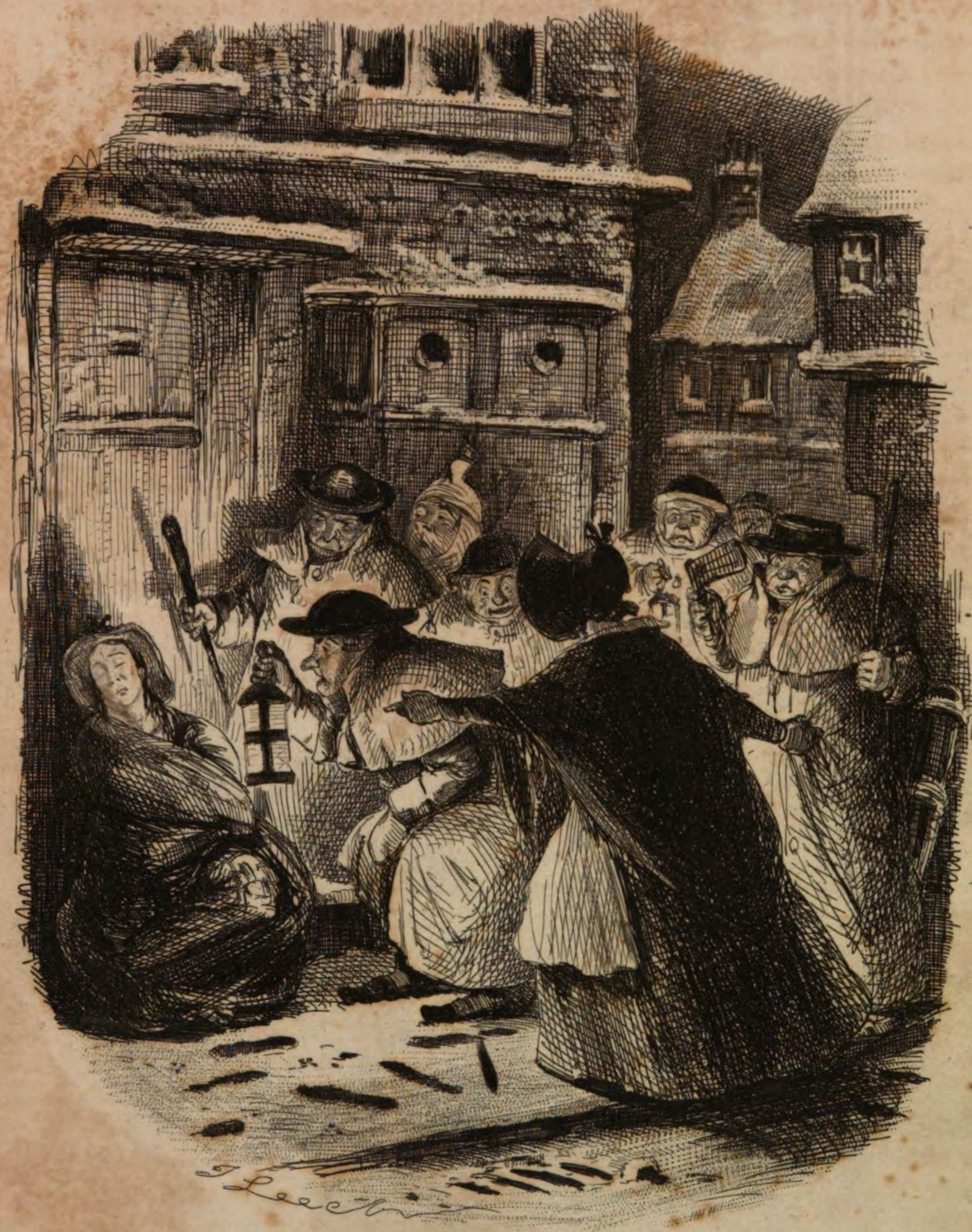
Every watchman asked his separate question; it seemed to be his separate right: and Drizzle, as though respecting the privilege of his brethren, heard them all—yes, every one—before he answered. He then replied, very measuredly—"A woman is froze to death."

"What! agin?" cried two or three.

"Agin," answered Drizzle. Then turning himself round, he headed the watch; and motioning to the woman to show the way, he slowly led his fellows down the street. In due time, they arrived at the spot.

"Froze to death?" cried Drizzle doubtingly, holding his lantern to the bloodless, rigid features of the miserable outcast.

"Froze to death?" said every other watchman, on taking a like survey.



With the words, Mrs. Aniseed plucked the shawl aside, and discovered a sleeping infant. P. 7.

"No,—no ; not dead ! Thank God ! not dead," exclaimed the woman, stooping towards her wretched sister. "Her heart beats —I *think* it beats."

"Werry drunk ; but not a bit dead," said Drizzle : and his brethren—one and all—murmured, as though they had been unjustifiably aroused from their lawful slumbers.

"Well ! what are you going to do with her ?" asked the woman vehemently.

"What should we do with her ? " cried Drizzle. "She isn't dead, and she isn't a breaking the peace."

"But she will be dead, if she's left here, and so I desire "——

"You desire ! " said Drizzle, "and after all, what's your name, and where do you come from ?"

"My name's Mrs. Aniseed, I live in Short's Gardens—and I come from—the Lord ha' mercy ! what's that ?" she cried as something stirred beneath the ends of the woman's shawl, that lay huddled upon her lap. With the words, Mrs. Aniseed plucked the shawl aside, and discovered a sleeping infant. "What a heavenly babe ! " she cried : and, truly, the child in its marble whiteness looked beautiful ; a lovely human bud,—a sweet, unsullied sojourner of earth, cradled on the knees of misery and vice.

For an instant, the watchmen in silence gazed upon the babe. Even their natures, hardened in scenes of crime and destitution, were touched by the appealing innocence of the child. "Poor little heart ! " said one. "God help it !" cried another.

Yes ; God help it ! And with such easy adjuration do we leave thousands and tens of thousands of human souls to want and ignorance ; doom them, when yet sleeping the sleep of guiltlessness, to future devils—their own unguided passions. We make them outcasts, wretches ; and then punish, in their wickedness, our own selfishness—our own neglect. We cry "God help the babes," and hang the men.

Yet a moment. The child is still before us. May we not see about it—contending for it—the principles of good and evil ? A contest between the angels and the fiends ? Come hither, statesman ; you who live within a party circle ; you, who nightly fight some miserable fight ; continually strive in some selfish struggle for power and place, considering men only as tools, the merest instruments of your aggrandisement ; come here, in the wintry street, and look upon God's image in its babyhood ! Con-

sider this little *man*. Are not creatures such as these the noblest, grandest things of earth? Have they not solemn natures—are they not subtly touched for the highest purposes of human life? Come they not into this world to grace and dignify it? There is no spot, no coarser stuff in the pauper flesh before you, that indicates a lower nature. There is no felon mark upon it—no natural formation indicating the thief in its baby fingers—no inevitable blasphemy upon its lips. It lies before you a fair, unsullied thing, fresh from the hand of God. Will you, without an effort, let the great fiend stamp his fiery brand upon it? Shall it, even in its sleeping innocence, be made a trading thing by misery and vice? A creature borne from street to street, a piece of living merchandise for mingled beggary and crime? Say; what, with its awakening soul, shall it learn? What lessons whereby to pass through life, making an item in the social sum? Why, cunning will be its wisdom; hypocrisy its truth; theft its natural law of self-preservation. To this child, so nurtured, so taught, your whole code of morals, nay, your brief right and wrong, are writ in stranger figures than Egyptian hieroglyphs, and—time passes—and you scourge the creature never taught, for the heinous guilt of knowing nought but ill! The good has been a sealed book to him, and the dunce is punished with the jail.

Doubtless, there are great statesmen; wizards in bullion and bank-paper; thinkers profound in cotton, and every turn and variation of the markets, abroad and at home. But there are statesmen yet to come; statesmen of nobler aims—of more heroic action; teachers of the people; vindicators of the universal dignity of man; apostles of the great social truth that knowledge, which is the spiritual light of God, like his material light, was made to bless and comfort all men. And when these men arise—and it is worse than weak, it is sinful, to despair of them—the youngling poor will not be bound upon the very threshold of human life, and made, by want and ignorance, life's shame and curse. There is not a babe lying in the public street on its mother's lap—the unconscious mendicant to ripen into the criminal—that is not a reproach to the state; a scandal and a crying shame upon men who study all politics, save the politics of the human heart.

To return to the child of our story; to the baby St. Giles; for indeed it is he.

In a moment, Mrs. Aniseed caught the infant to her arms; and

pressed it to her cheek. As she did so, she turned pale, and tears came into her eyes. "It's dead," she cried, "blessed angel! the cold—the cruel cold has killed it."

"Nonsense," said Drizzle, "the woman's for killing everything. It's no more dead than its mother here, and"—and here the watchman turned to his companions for counsel—"and what are we to do with her?"

"We can't take her to the workhouse," said one, "it's past the hour."

"Past the hour!" exclaimed Mrs. Aniseed, still hugging and warming the babe at her bosom—"it isn't past the hour to die, is it?"

"You're a foolish, wiolent woman," said Drizzle. "I tell you what we must do; we'll take her to the watch-house."

"The watch-house!" cried Mrs. Aniseed. "Poor soul! what have you got to comfort her with there?"

"Comfort! Well, I'm sure—you do talk it strong! As if women sitting about in doorways was to be treated with comfort. Howsomever, mates," said the benevolent Drizzle, "for once we'll try the workhouse."

With this, two of the watchmen raised the woman, and stumbling at almost every step, they bore their burden on. "Make haste!" cried Drizzle, doubtless yearning for the hospitality of his box, "make haste: if the cold doesn't bite a man like nippers!" And so, shambling along, and violently smiting in their turn both arms against his sides, Drizzle preceded his fellows, and at length halted at the workhouse. "It hasn't a werry kindly look, has it?" he cried, as he peered at the mansion of the poor. "All gone to bed, I dare say. And catch any on 'em getting up such a night as this." So saying, Drizzle pulled manfully at the bell, as though fairly to test his powers of attack with the power of resistance within. "The governor, and matern, the nusses, the porter, and all on 'em snoring in lavender." The bare thought of this Elysium added strength to Drizzle's arm, and again he pulled. "Had hot elder wine, or dog's-nose, or something o' the sort, to pull their precious nightcaps on!" And again Drizzle tugged with renewed purpose. "They think o' the poor just as much as they think o' meat and 'tatos,—as only things to live upon." And still the workhouse bell rang a comfortless accompaniment to the watchman's indignation. "Now, I know it; I could swear it"—cried Drizzle—"they're every one on 'em awake; they can't be other-

wise ; wide awake, and thinking how precious nice their blankets is, and how cruel cold it is here. Yes ; they hear the bell—they do ; they can't help it ; and they say to themselves, there's some poor devil outside that's frost-bit and going to die, and wants a hot bed, and a dose of brandy and all that, to bring the life into him again ; and he won't have it. No—it's past the hours, and he must come again to-morrow. That's what the varmint say"—cried Drizzle with the most confident authority—"that's what they say to themselves, and then they go off, and sleep all the sweeter for knowing it. It's as good as another blanket to 'em—it is," exclaimed the watchman, gradually excited to a pitch of highest indignation by the picture his fancy had executed, no less than by his abortive exertions at the workhouse-bell. "And now, what's to be done ?" he asked, and then speedily answered himself: "Why, nothing, but to go to the watch-house."

"And I'll take the baby home with me," said Mrs. Aniseed, "and warm it, and give it something, and—"

"Can't allow that," said one of the watchmen.

"Why not, poor lamb !" asked Drizzle, suddenly tender. "She'll take care of it—and what are we to do with it? You don't think she's a going to steal it ?"

"Steal it !" cried the indignant Mrs. Aniseed.

"I should think not," said Drizzle. "Folks needn't steal things o' that sort, I'm sure ; the market's overloaded with 'em ; they're to be had for nothing, and thank'ee too. So, you'll take care of it till the mother comes round ?"

"To be sure, I will, poor dear heart !" answered Mrs. Aniseed, hugging the child closer.

"And your name's Aniseed, eh ? Yes ? And you live in Short's Gardens ? All right ; to-morrow morning bring the baby to the watch-house. We've nobody to nurse it there, neither wet nor dry."

This touch of humour was not lost upon the watchmen, for they liberally acknowledged it with a loud laugh. Then one of them, suddenly alive to the humanities of his calling, cried, "Let's bear a hand with the woman, or I'm blessed if she won't be dead outright."

And with this, the watchmen bore the mother to the watch-house, and Mrs. Aniseed hurried with the child to her home.

CHAPTER II.

It was past twelve when Mrs. Aniseed reached her abiding-place in Short's Gardens: a place, whose name gave warranty of by-gone rusticity; of a time when St. Giles really breathed in the Fields; when blossoming hawthorns offered incense to the saint; when linnets, building in the furze, sang matin hymns to the protector of the leper. Many changes has St. Giles beheld: other and better changes are, we hope, to come. There, in the fields, was good St. Giles installed the physician and the comforter of leprosy. Here was he known, and prayed to as intercessor between Heaven and suffering man. Disease, the born thing of dirt and poverty, knelt at his shrine and begged for health. And years passed on, and the disease abated. The plague of human kind—arrested by human and knowledge energy—was smitten down, and the leper became a sufferer unknown. And then St. Giles gathered about him the children of poverty. He became the titular saint of rags and squalor. The destitute and the criminal—what moralist with nicest balance shall separate and weigh the destitution and the crime?—took refuge under his protecting wings. The daily hypocrite on crutches owned St. Giles for his protector; cheats and mumpers of every sort—the town brigands, that with well-aimed falsehood make wayfaring compassion stand and deliver—dwelt about the shrine of St. Giles, and lied and cheated, starved and revelled in his name. A St. Giles's bird was a human animal of prey—a raven, a kite—a carrion-crow. And once again, the saint presided over filth, and its born evil, disease; again, St. Giles was sought by lepers, most hideous, most incurable—the lepers of poverty.

And—it cannot be doubted—St. Giles suffered in reputation from the unseemly folks that flocked about him. In the imaginations of men, he became a low, pauper saint; a saint of vulgar tastes, and vile employments; a saint that was scarcely spoken of save in connection with craft, and ill manners, and drunkenness, and lying, and thieving. Even saints suffer in renown by constant association with poverty and wickedness.

And then they made St. Giles a hanging saint: made him keep a sort of half-way house, where he offered the final bowl to the Tyburn-bound felon. St. Giles was poor, and therefore was he very properly assorted with the gallows. That ignominy is,

however, past. Now St. Giles does not offer a comforting draught to thieves: no; he only breeds them.

And now is St. Giles to be wholly reformed. He is to be made a cleanly saint. His cellars, where his infant votaries are begotten for crime, and nurtured for the jail, are to be destroyed—annihilated. The demon typhus is to be killed with sweet air and fresh water. The brotherhood of St. Giles are no longer to be of the Blessed Order of Filth; they are to wear linen, and wash their hands and faces! Now, although these external changes will by no means assimilate the brotherhood of St. Giles to the brotherhood of St. James, nevertheless it will somewhat lessen the tremendous difference between them. Dirt being the natural livery of extreme want, is—at least in the thoughts of some folk—a mute, a necessary homage to the glitter and beauty of money. Now, destroy dirt from among the common people, and—it may be argued—you take away (what may seem a paradox) a very wholesome badge of distinction.

St. James, with his fingers at his nose, has for centuries past waved St. Giles to keep to the leeward side of him. May not then St. James fear somewhat for his dignity, when St. Giles, in the full assurance of his cleanliness, sidles closer to his western brother?

To our story.

It was past twelve, when Mrs. Aniseed ascended the third flight of stairs that led to her home—her one room. A voice was heard proceeding from that room—a voice, droning a street-ballad of the day. "Why, Susan, I'm blessed if I hadn't given you up," said the voice; the owner of it being a short, broad-chested block of a man, seated before a tolerable fire, which, with half-contemplative look, he continued to scrutinise; never turning his eye towards the partner of his bosom and his hearth. And thus, complacently whiffing smoke from a ruin of a pipe, he continued to stare at the coals, and talk: "If I did n't think somebody had run away with you. I've been home this half-hour. Not much luck again to-night." And like a philosopher he took up the end of his song. "Hardly enough to pay for the link." From this the reader may gather that Mr. Aniseed followed the profession of link-man—a profession, whose vested rights have been cruelly abridged by the revolutionary introduction of gas. Be it further known that Mr. James Aniseed—or, as he was popularly recognised, Bright Jem—pursued his nightly calling at one of the

theatres ; and although he never, by any chance, made one of the audience, such circumstance in no way prevented his being—when so disposed—a most minute and trenchant critic both on plays and players. But to the reader, Bright Jem may not display a solitary instance of this faculty. He used to say, "it was all a knack. He could tell by the people's faces when they came out whether the thing was good or bad; or he could hear all about it much better at the Brown Bear, than if he was in the gallery." He had, moreover, a peculiar mode of estimating the merits of new dramas, or new actors; namely, by the amount of the profits of his link. Hence, with him, Pizarro was for a long time a much higher flight of genius than Hamlet. "When people was most pleased," he said, "they gave away most money." Yes: his amount of individual gain was the standard of dramatic excellence. In the opinion of Bright Jem, Shakspeare rose and fell with the sixpences. And we fear that on this point—though all unconsciously—Bright Jem copied very worshipful authorities.

"Howsomever," said Jem, as though still talking to the fire, "I've got something for you."

"And I've got something for you, Jem:" said his wife, seating herself before him. "Guess what it is."

"No: I never guess with a woman," said Jem: "a man has no chance." And then he asked "What is it?"

"Look here," cried his wife, unfolding her apron, and discovering the sleeping babe.

Bright Jem jumped from his seat, and now looking at the child —and now in his wife's face—asked, with solemn voice and uplifted eyebrows, "Where did you get it?"

"I found it, Jem," said the woman.

"Found it! Well, next time, when luck's upon you, I hope you'll find something better." And then, with his forefinger he touched the baby's cheek, and said somewhat tenderly, "Dear little heart!"

"Can't you see who it's like, Jem?" asked Mrs. Aniseed, and her eyes softened.

"Why it's like all babies," answered Jem. "I never see any difference in 'em; all the same, like Dutch cheeses."

"Ha! Jem," said Mrs. Aniseed, "you 've never been a mother."

"No," said Jem, very decidedly.

"Else you'd have seen that it's as like our dear lost Dick as one angel's like another."

"Not a bit—not a bit," said Jem in words; but his tone and manner said, "And so it is."

"Oh, I saw it—in a minute, Jem; and I see it now, dear little fellow. He'd ha' been dead, stone-dead in the morning, if I had n't come up as I did!"

And Jem, placing his hands upon his knees, and staring in his wife's face, asked, "And where did you find him?" Whereupon, Mrs. Aniseed—with commendable brevity for her sex—narrated the incident of discovery, already known to the reader.

"Well, poor little chap," said Jem, resuming his seat and his pipe, "he 's welcome to board and lodging for one night."

Mrs. Aniseed made no answer. It was the more extraordinary in her, inasmuch as she had one at her tongue's-end. However, as the child began to wake, she bustled about the room, and soon prepared for it a sufficiency of supper. In a surprisingly few minutes, she had the child upon her lap with its bare legs almost roasting at the fire, and with more than infantine energy, trying to swallow the victuals, spoon and all.

"Why, if he does n't eat like a young sparrow," said Jem, eyeing the little feeder askance. "He 's not strange in a strange place, any how."

"Oh, Jem!" cried Mrs. Aniseed, as though she was unburthening her heart of its dearest wish—"Oh, Jem, how I should like to keep it!" Jem said nothing; but slowly taking the pipe from his mouth, he looked all the amazement he was master of. Of course his wife took no notice of this. She merely continued: "I 'm sure, Jem, the dear little soul would bring a blessing on us."

"Yes, and another belly to fill; and another back to cover; and two more feet to shoe; and"—and we know not what inventory of obligations Jem would have made out; but his wife—a fine tactician—began to chirrup, and cry to the child, and make all those legendary noises of the nursery, faithfully handed down to us from the time that Eve nursed Cain. Jem was in a moment silenced. Whereupon, in due time, Mrs. Aniseed set the child up, and then danced it in the very face of Jem, calling upon him to remark its extraordinary loveliness, and by consequence, its extraordinary resemblance to their lost Dick.

"He 's a sharp little shaver," said Jem, gently pinching the baby's cheeks—when the baby laughed.

"If it does n't seem to know what you say, Jem," cried Mrs. Aniseed; and then with new vehemence she added, "Something tells me it would be lucky to us."

"Nonsense, woman!" cried Jem; "how can we afford such fancies? You'll be thinking of keeping pug-dogs and parrots next. Besides, it's impossible, with the playhouse going down as it is."

Mrs. Aniseed ceased to urge her point, and thereby showed her admirable knowledge, if not of human nature, of the nature of her lord and master; for he was tenacious of his authority, and never directly ceded it upon any of his wife's arguments, however wise and subtle. No: when he gave up a point, he chose to surrender it as the sole working—the pure result of his own wisdom, taking counsel with itself, unawed by the smaller wisdom of the weaker vessel. Therefore, when Mrs. Aniseed found that her husband gave way, even one step, she paused, lest by following him, he should be piqued to retrace more than the ground he had lost.

"I've been quite in the way of babies to-night," said Mrs. Aniseed; "young master's come to town."

"Oh, a boy is it?" grumbled Jem. "Well, he's a better chance of it than that little chap." Mrs. Aniseed drew a very long, deep sigh, intending it for an emphatic affirmation. "He's a good big gold spoon in his mouth already. Humph!—a boy, is it? And what, after all, Mrs. Aniseed, what business had you there? You know I do n't like it—and you *will* go."

Now this remonstrance applied to the visits of Mrs. Aniseed to a certain house in St. James's-square; at which house a younger spinster sister of the linkman's wife flourished as under kitchen-maid She was, however, sufficiently ennobled by the *genius loci* to have a very commendable contempt for St. Giles's, and all its dwellers; and on certain occasions had not scrupled to express her wonderment that her sister, "who after all was not sich a very plain gal," should ever have taken up with so low a husband as a nasty linkman. She had somehow compared the big bouquets of the footman with the pitch and hemp with which Bright Jem was wont to earn what she called "his low, dirty bread," and her nice sense of sweetness was grievously offended by the foul contrast. Sometimes, too, out of purest condescension, Kitty Muggs—for Muggs was the virgin name which no odoriferous footman had as yet robbed her of—would visit Short's Gardens. At such times, it was impossible for her not to make it known to St. Giles the vast debt of gratitude due from it to St. James: a debt which Bright Jem—as one of the representatives of the meaner locality—never by the smallest instalment ever permitted himself to pay.

"As for Kitty, he was always very glad to see her if she 'd leave her nonsense behind her: but she always walked into the room as if she walked upon eggs; always brushed the chair afore she 'd sit down; and always moved with her petticoats lifted up, as if the white honest deal boards of the floor was so much gutter-mud. And then the tea was always so coarse, and not a bit like their gunpowder; and the bacon was rusty, not a bit like their hams; and in fact there was nothing, no, not even the flesh and blood of Short's Gardens, at all like the flesh and blood of the West-End. Why did n't she keep to her own dripping, and not cast her nose up like a flounder's tail, at the clean, wholesome food of other people? He hated all such stuff; and what 's more, he would n't have it." Such, again and again, had been the words of Bright Jem; and he never heard of the sisterly visits of his wife to the aristocratic kitchen-maid, that he did n't protest against them.

"Well," said Mrs. Aniseed, "she's the only relation I have in the world, and I can't help seeing her. Poor girl! she 's young and giddy, but she does n't mean nothing."

"Young and giddy!" cried Jem; "well, I don't know at what time of life geese leave off their giddiness, but she 's old enough to be the mother of a good many goslings. Got a boy, have they? —ha! they 've been wanting one long enough. Got a young St. James? Well, babies in that quarter may be made of finer sort of stuff than hereabouts; but he can hardly be a handsomer little thing than young St. Giles here." Saying this, Jem held out his arms, and in an instant Mrs. Aniseed had placed the baby in them. "Well, he is a capital little fellow," cried Jem. "Has he done sucking, I wonder?"

"To be sure he has," averred Mrs. Aniseed on her own responsibility. "Did n't you see how he ate?"

"A lively little dog, is n't he?" and Jem danced the child upon his knee, and snapped his fingers at it, and the child leapt up, and laughed, and crowed. And then Jem looking sadly at the infant, said, "And he *is* like poor little Dick. I see it now, Susan; he *is* like Dick."

Mrs. Aniseed made no answer; but with great alacrity bustled about the room, and prepared supper. Such preparation was soon made. "Now I 'll take him—you can't eat with him in your lap," she said.

"Let him be; I 'll manage it—I used to do it once. Well, well—what 's gone can't be helped. It 's no use a grievin', Susan, is it?—no, not a bit. If times was n't so bad, now—to be

sure he won't take much as he is ; but then he 'll grow bigger, and—"

"And I 'm sure he 'd be a comfort to us," cried Mrs. Aniseed, "he looks like it."

"If he is n't fast asleep—Lord ! Lord !" cried Jem, gazing at the child, "who to look upon a sleeping baby, and to know what things are every day done in the world, would ever think that all men was sleeping babes once. Put it to bed, Sue ; stop a minute "—and Jem tenderly kissed the child. Then turning round, and looking in the fire, he said to himself, "it *is* like little Dick."

Though late when she went to bed, Mrs. Aniseed was in the morning an early riser. She had prepared breakfast, and had fed her baby charge before her husband was stirring ; and it was plain had determined within herself to place all things in the very rosiest light before the eyes of her helpmate. She had already conned and got by heart twenty different arguments to prove the exceeding comfort—nay, the ultimate profit, the child would be to them. And with these arguments simmering in her head, she moved actively about, setting her room in order, at the same time expressing the most endearing pantomime to the infant that lay rolling before the fire. Never since the first quarter of her honeymoon had Mrs. Aniseed shown herself in sweeter temper. Bright Jem was not slow to feel its influence. "Why, Susan, you 're as lively as May-day this morning," said he, commencing his toilette. "Where's the little chap ?"

"There he is, bless him !" cried Mrs. Aniseed, "and as much at home as if he 'd been born here. Well, I do n't know—I never thought I could love any baby again after Dick."

"Pooh ! women can love no end o' babies," said Jem. "They 're made a purpose for it." Jem seated himself to breakfast, yet ere he began his meal, recreated himself by tickling the child at his foot with his fore-finger, to the mutual delectation of baby and man ; whilst Mrs. Aniseed, pausing in a half-cut slice of bread-and-butter, looked over the table, quite delighted with the sport. How she laughed—and how frequently she assured Jem that she always said he was the best nurse in the world. She then remained solely attentive to the duties of the table, until Jem having achieved his morning bacon, turned himself round, and with his elbows upon his knees, looked thoughtfully down upon the child.

"Well, that 's a better place than a door-step, any how," said Jem, as the baby kicked before the fire.

"Yet that 's what it must come to again, Jem, if we 're hard-hearted enough to turn it out."

"Humph! It 's a shame they should be born, Sue; a down-right shame," said Jem mournfully.

"La! how can the man talk such wickedness!" cried Mrs. Aniseed.

"I always think so, when I see 'em running about—poor dirty creturs—as if they 'd been spawned in gutter-mud."

"With nobody to teach 'em nothing," chimed in Mrs. Aniseed.

"Oh, yes; they all of 'em go to school, such as it is," cried Jem bitterly.

"I 'm sure, Jem, they don't," said his wife. "There ar'n't schools enough for 'em; and then again how many of their parents do n't care whether they know no more than headstrong pigs."

"Oh, yes; they all listen to a schoolmaster. I 've seen him talking among 'em under gateways, and in corners, and in courts, and afore shop-windows, and in all sorts o' places in the streets; yes, a schoolmaster teaching little things—and how they do learn, to be sure—no taller than that;" and here Jem, with impressive action, held up a wire toasting-fork.

"I never heard of him in the parish," said Mrs, Aniseed, "what schoolmaster do you mean?"

"The devil, Susan, the devil: I 've seen him among the children, horns, tail, and all—ha! quite as nat'ral as he 's shewn in any pantomine—I've seen him as plain, as I see you; and whilst he 's been taching 'em, I 've seen beside him, Jack Ketch a-grinning, and a rubbin' his hands, and a smackin' his mouth like a fellow as sees a hearty meal, and wants to fall to. I say it, Susan, and I 'll stand to it—it 's a shame they 're born."

"Won't it be a blessed thing to snatch this darling cretur—if it does n't look sensible as though it knew what we was talkin' of—this pretty cretur from all such trouble, all such wickedness?" asked Mrs. Aniseed, moving closer to her husband.

"Why, there was little Tom Jumper"—mused Jem—"and pretty Jack Needles—and that sarcy little chap, but no real harm in him at first, Bob Winkin—did n't you and me know 'em all? And was n't they all ruined afore they knew what ruin was?

Where are they now? Why, ask Newgate—ask Newgate," said Jem, moodily. "And that's what they'll do with you, my little codger"—and Jem nodded to the infant,—"that's what they'll do with you. I can see it—though it's a good many years off yet—I can see the rope about your little neck as sure—"

"La, Jem!" screamed Mrs. Aniseed; and she instantly seized the baby in her arms, and hugged it to her breast, as though to protect it from immediate peril.

"Why, what an old fool you are!" said Jem, wanly smiling at his wife.

"Well, you should n't talk in that way," answered Mrs. Aniseed, "it's tempting Providence. If you 're such a fortune-teller, and can see so much, it's a bound duty upon you, Jem, to prevent it." Jem was silent: therefore his wife—true to her sex—talked on: "You ought to go down upon your knees, and bless yourself that you can make this darling lamb your own, and save it."

Jem was silent a minute; and then spoke somewhat briskly on the inspiration of a new thought. "It's all very well about lambs, my dear; but how do we know they'll let us have it? How do we know that its mother—"

"It has n't no mother, Jem. I slipt out afore you woke, and I run down to the watchhouse, and its mother died in the night, Jem; I thought she could n't live. It's a hard thing to say, but it's no loss to the child; she's gone, and I won't say nothing about her; but them as know her give her shocking words. So here 's the child, Jem, a begging of you, with all its little might"—and here the woman put the baby's hands together—"to take it, and to do all you can for it, and to be sure that our little, under such a blessing, will never grow less; and here it is—is n't it like our dear Dick, Jem?—here it is, a praying you to take pity on it, and love it, and be a father to it. And you will, Jem?—you will?" cried the woman, the tears coming into her eyes, as she held the infant towards her husband.

Now Bright Jem was in face and figure as uncomely a lump of humanity as is ordinarily met with in any one day's travel. His flat broad face was the colour of ancient parchment, thinly sprinkled with deep pock-marks. His mouth was capacious as a horse-shoe. Short brush bristles thatched his head; and his eyebrows, clubbing together, could not have mustered fifty hairs between them. His small, deep-set black eyes—truly black, for there seemed no white to them—were the lamps that lighted up

with quick and various expression this most difficult countenance; and, in the present instance, did certainly appear as though they twinkled with a fire, direct from the heart. Jem was an ugly man. He knew it. This truth had been so frequently, so earnestly, so plainly impressed upon him, that—slow as most men are in such belief—he could not but believe it. More: we believe that he was quite contented with the creed. There are times, however, when ugliness may steal a look—a tint from beauty. We believe that no woman—if she marry for love—let her be ugly as Sibyl, looks altogether ugly on her wedding-day. How it is done, whence it comes, we have not the philosophy to fathom; but sure we are that the spirit of beauty does sometimes irradiate the features of deformity, melting and moulding them into momentary comeliness, —and most sure we are, that the said spirit did with its best doing, shine in the countenance of Jem, as his wife pressed the orphan child upon him.

"You 'll love it, and be a father to it?" again, cried Mrs. Aniseed.

"If I don't," cried Jem, "I'm—" but the wife stopped whatever word was coming, by putting the child's face to Jem's mouth; and he took the creature in his arms, and hugged it fondly, nay, vigorously.

And now is young St. Giles snatched from the lowest round of the ladder—(can it be Jacob's ladder that, resting on the mud of a cellar, is still to lead to heaven?)—Now is he caught from direst destitution; from the teaching of hypocrisy, and craft, and crime, to have about him comforts—though small comforts it is true; to be no longer shown, the image of poverty—a thing of human flesh and blood to beg halfpence upon? Is he really to be promoted from the foul, dark vault of a loathsome lane—savage beasts have sweeter sleeping-places—to the wholesomeness, the light, the airiness, the respectability of a three-pair front, in Short's Gardens? To that very three-pair front which Kitty Muggs, of St. James's-square, looks down upon from her scullery with all the loftiness of contempt? Yes, it is true: St. Giles will be promoted. On the dunghill of poverty, how great the distinction between the layers of straw: what a world of difference between base, half-way and summit! There is an aristocracy of rags, as there is an aristocracy of stars and garters.

Alas! for only one minute is young St. Giles housed in his new home—for only one minute is he the adopted babe of James and

Susan Aniseed, when he is called back to act his unconscious part of mendicant, when he is reclaimed, carried away in bondage, the born slave of penury and wrong. It is even so.

Before Jem had ceased caressing the child, he heard an unusual hubbub on the staircase; another instant, and his door was flung open, and a wretched, ragged woman—worn, thin, and ghastly—staggered into the room, followed by other women. "My babe—my own babe," cried the first woman, and was falling in a heap upon the floor, when Jem rapidly placing the child in his wife's arms, caught the intruder. Aroused, excited beyond her strength, she pointed to the child, tried to speak, and then fainted.

The cause of this interruption was soon made known to Jem. "The dear soul had come after her child."

"Her child!" cried Mrs. Aniseed. "She 's not the child's mother, and she shan't have it. I saw the mother last night—saw her frozen to death—at least she died soon afterwards."

"Why you see," said an old crone, "this is how it is. The dear woman there, that 's the darling's mother, was sick of a fever—the Lord help us, she 's sick now, and so is half the lane. Well, you see, being so sick, she couldn't go out herself not by any means. Well, and so she lends the child to Peggy Flit; and when Peg never came back at all, the poor cretur that 's there, went well nigh mad. And this morning, we found at the watch-house that Peg was dead; and that you had got the babe, and you see we 've come for it, that 's all," said the harridan with remarkable diplomatic precision.

"But if she 's the mother," asked Mrs. Aniseed, "for what should she lend the child?"

"For what should she lend the child!" crowed the old woman, looking very contemptuously at her catechist—"for what should she lend,—why in the name of blessed heaven for what else, if not to beg with it?"

In fine—for why should we protract the scene—young St. Giles, the unconscious beggar, was borne back in triumph to Hampshire Hog Lane.

"SHADOWS" OF "COMING EVENTS."

ONE may certainly seek in vain through all history, for a parallel to the present time. Look around! What a chaos of conflicting influences and movements are at work! Listen! What a hubbub of voices, each with its own peculiar burden, ascends from the tumultuously heaving masses of society! "Improve your system of cultivation," recommends the landlord; "Give us leases," rejoins the farmer; "Give us bread," chimes in the labourer, and in his ignorance and despair fires a stack by way of calling attention to his words. "Hurrah for the League and the Repeal of the Corn Laws!" exclaims the manufacturer; "Suppose you give us a Ten Hour Bill first?" suggest his artisans; "England would be ruined if they did," shrieks the economist, or political Cassandra, "Ruined! Ruined! Ruined!" and so he disappears among the crowd, to emerge again presently with the same unfailing hoot. "The poor man wants baths," says one; "No, parks and gardens," says another; "You are both wrong, he wants national holidays," insists a third. "Ah! if the state would but erect more churches!" croaks a respectable-looking gentleman in black; "Or make us go back to the excellent customs of the middle ages.—Alas! faith went out with the credence tables; charity disappeared with the offertory," remarks his glossy-coated neighbour; "Or," roars a host of voices, overpowering both speakers, "if it would but put down Puseyism, before Puseyism puts down the church." "God bless me, that district has not yet enjoyed the advantages of our excellent Poor Law," points out the statesman; "introduce it immediately!" but while he speaks, both he and his darling measure are assailed by a shower of epithets, among which unchristian! savage! atrocious! are but the gentler specimens; and mingling with them are heard too often, as though in evidence of their practical truth, the sob of the wife, who had been denied admittance to the place where her husband was dying, because it was night; the frenzied outburst of the parent whose young ones are famishing, while he waits the relieving officer's convenience; or the terrible curses of those who perish in their pride rather than submit to the mercies of the

workhouse.* But our eyes are weary—our head aches with the confusion and the din; amid which, however, it is evident the destructive agencies are exhibiting a startling degree of activity. Every creed, science and art, of any pretensions to age—all institutions, however time-honoured, appear to be smitten and tottering to their base; and while the resisting forces are growing daily weaker, the attacking ones on the contrary are, with every step they take, becoming more and more vigorous. Baffled here, they advance there; or else, after a pause, return with redoubled force to the old breach.

What does it all mean?

Simply, we believe, that the Spirit of the age, conscious of the unprecedented magnitude of the evils that afflict and weigh down humanity, and seeing the insufficiency of those ordinary processes of renovation that are ever quietly going on, is, without troubling himself about niceties or appearances, turning society into one grand workshop; and there, with unabating activity and unflinching purpose, examining and pulling to pieces whatever has ceased to be useful or suitable to the work he has in hand—that of accumulating materials for a new, more harmonious, and infinitely nobler state.

Transition periods are notoriously uncomfortable ones; ours is a transition period, and as usual the "*Shadows*" of "coming events" are upon us; rendered, however, a thousand times vaster in their range, a thousand times deeper in their gloom, by the very magnitude of those events, and the very brilliancy of the golden land of promise that lies beyond them.

"Ah, the old story of happy ages long past—of Utopias ever to come!"

Well, it is an old story; but humanity, somehow or other, has a trick of continually turning those old stories that embody its wants and aspirations, into new, solid, and practical institutions.

Little more than three centuries ago, a man speaking with full apprehension of the knowledge and history of past, as well as of his own times, proposed as a kind of speculative theoretical good, that theft should be abolished by education, war confined to cases of gross injury to a nation or its allies, and religious prosecution be treated as in itself a crime rather than the pursuer of crime,

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* The readers of the newspapers will perceive we refer here to real not imaginary cases, which are unhappily so frequent as to render it unnecessary to particularise.

on the ground that belief depends upon the amount of evidence received into the mind, not upon the will. Now although that man's theory is not fully reduced to practice—his principles are acknowledged in the main, even by our Legislature. Of course this was considered Utopian in his own time. Is the reader doubtful? We can only say we refer to the veritable discoverer of that mysterious land—it is Sir Thomas More himself of whom we speak—those views formed a part of the very book whose name has since become a by-word and a reproach for all important schemes of social improvement. And, as we now read with astonishment of the incredulity of More's contemporaries three centuries ago, upon subjects that appear so very indisputable to us, so, looking forward three centuries to come, who shall say but that writers may then be similarly astonished at *our* incredulity as to More's other views—that universal employment, for instance, would give universal leisure and universal wealth; and that selfishness must disappear with its cause—insufficiency of supply for all men's wants? Again, is it not wonderful, for how many countless ages mothers have seen their children die in their arms from the ravages of a cruel disease; and dreamed of, and pined for, a remedy—in vain? Yet in our own time it has come; the small-pox is all but prevented at last. In a word, if we will but remember, after a discovery, what were our feelings and notions before the discovery, we shall acknowledge that such things as vaccination, religious freedom, our long-continued national peace, our model prisons, are each but a little Utopia realised, a part of that grander one which, please God! shall yet be ours.

Sanguine anticipations these: how will a brief glimpse of the operations, of the workshop and the mighty master workman, support them?

Men poor! muttered the Spirit to himself, some half a century ago; that must be remedied. When a man is eternally anxious about the next hour's food, he has neither time nor inclination to think or care for anything else. The economists tell me I must manufacture largely, and so buy food as well as everything else. Here goes then. And what a magnificent series of inventions did the Spirit then pour out upon the world! What spinning-jennies, power-looms, and steam machinery! How every year increased ten, twenty, thirty, ay, even in some cases a hundred fold, our productive power! How the Spirit caused mills to be run up, towns to be laid out for the mill people, quays to be constructed for

the vessels to ride in that were to bear the commodities to foreign shores! Well, thinks he at last, pausing to wipe the sweat from his grimed and sooty brows, the deuce is in it, if England is not rich now,—why, everybody must be rolling in guineas! I hope I have not gone too far, and spoiled the artisans by creating habits of fantastic luxury. Those hand-loom weavers especially, that I did so much for—I *am* proud of the power-loom machine, certainly —how independent and saucy those rogues must have become! I'll just have a peep at them; suppose I drop in at Glasgow and Paisley?

And the Spirit went.

Let us, like the ancient painter, veil the emotions that were too great for exhibition. Let us imagine what the Spirit thought and felt at discovering that his machines for increasing wealth, and decreasing manual labour, had reduced the labourers to a state of indefinitely prolonged starvation; and at the same time, added to their hours of employment.

Since then the spirit has learnt much, calculated to deepen his first impressions of astonishment and horror. Perhaps the most decisive evidence yet furnished, of the utter rottenness of the base of our manufacturing system, is that given by the Marquis of Normanby, all honour to him for his plain speaking! in a speech just delivered, at a public meeting, on the subject of the health of towns. Listen to it, all ye who have still faith, that the abolition of the Corn Laws (though undoubtedly they ought to be abolished), or the extension of our foreign trade, by the opening of new markets, can yet bring effectual relief to the artisans. The evidence comes in the shape of a contrast between the state of an agricultural portion of England, comprising eight counties, and that of a manufacturing portion, which is Lancashire. In the one, we need not say which, wealth,—the Political Economists' God, whom, it appears, christian men may worship more ardently than the so called pagan countries ever worshipped their deities; wealth has increased within a certain period, at the rate of 136 per cent.; in the other, only at the rate of thirty-eight per cent. And at what cost has this unprecedented flow of riches been obtained? Why nothing of Plato or More could *à priori* appear to the veriest matter-of-fact minds, so fantastically improbable in their speculations of future good, as the actual facts attending the production of this wealth in Lancashire have proved for evil. The tables of mortality, notwithstanding all the advances of medical skill, are the highest known

in any county of England, the general condition of the people is the lowest. In Ashton, only eight women and twelve men, out of one hundred, can write their names. Eighty years ago, seventy out of one hundred, could do the same thing. Even the very houses in Ashton, compared with the amount of population, are fewer than they were thirty years ago. Now these facts suggest a very pretty problem. Since Lancashire by making itself 136 per cent. richer, has succeeded in bringing the great mass of its population into a state of destitution, what may it not accomplish by the creation of another 136 per cent. of increase, should the opportunity be afforded to it, by the abolition of the Corn Laws, and by the anticipated extension of our trade through the opening of China, and should the same essential system continue? But perhaps Lancashire borrows strength from despair, and laughs at fate? Its artisans being at the bottom, how can they sink lower?

And we may here observe, that since we have a system so ingeniously constructed as to make wealth the cause of poverty, it is no wonder we have a poor law, which expends yearly its seven millions in such a way that not a sixpence of it can, by any chance, be made productive and returned; in order, we presume, to ensure us against any accidents that *might* cause the poor, on any better scheme of relief, to grow prosperous and rich.

That poor law is not among the materials of the workshop.

The Spirit's eyes once opened, he was not inclined to close them again until he had taken a tolerably comprehensive survey of the whole field of industry. He turned to agriculture, anticipating, however, what he found, an exact parallel to the state of things that he had just quitted. The economist, true to his principles, had shown that large farms would produce more wealth than small ones — and, *hey presto!* the whole mass of little farmers and cultivators had been swept away. And there, too, the system had succeeded in increasing the wealth of the community, and, as a matter of course in a nation's economy, made nearly the whole paupers. Surely the apples that were fair to the eyes, but ashes to the taste, must have been symbolical of the wealth which the world, under the guidance of the economist, was to pine for and obtain—in order, we hope, that it then might renounce for ever all further idolatory of Mammon.

Bent down to the earth, hopeless of all things, doubting all things, even to the blessed truths of religion itself, and the very

goodness or existence of God, did the Spirit, for a time, remain. But the instinct that speedily roused him to fresh hope and fresh action, taught him better. He felt he was not neglected, not left without guidance. Sublime truths dawned upon him. He heard (and it almost appeared for the first time distinctly) the voice of his Maker, saying, Follow my laws—with reverential faith study human nature to know what these are—adapt all your institutions to them, when known. The Spirit went on his way rejoicing. He could not, however, help reverting with some bitterness to his old tutors.

That I should have been so taken in! Who could have dreamed that there were such ———* walking about the world as these political economists, who, with the most bewitching air of simple unconsciousness, grub away at the foundations of a nation's welfare; that is to say, the wealth, happiness, and prosperity of the labourer; in order to produce something or other in great plenty for somebody else, in some other part of the world. And that 's what they call *economy*, is it? Ha! ha! ha! They talked to me, too, of their science and principles. Science, indeed!—A mere bundle of facts regarding the production of material wealth, which facts have been collected from a system as it happens to exist, without the smallest reference to the state or natural capacities of the producers; or to the question whether such a system can, or ought, to continue to exist, seeing that it makes not the smallest provision for the just distribution of the wealth created. Principles! Rightly did a noble lord say, in effect, the other day, "Why should I let a starving labourer have land for 5*d.*, even if abstractedly worth no more, when I can get 8*d.*?" Why, indeed, since political economy is all-powerful, and practically justifies what it taught his lordship; and since there are merely humanity, justice, and the Preacher of the sermon on the Mount, to oppose such *principles?*

Ah! I see now, that a system of wise and just distribution is the thing wanted. That 's the problem to be solved, observed the Spirit, very sensibly. Let me see. The economists have done one useful thing: they have shown that the labourers have been brought down to their present condition, in the system, by being

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* The reader will excuse the Spirit's hasty word, under such provoking disappointments; and which respect for the gentlemen named, will not allow us to repeat.

too numerous. As the jargon runs, their supplies have exceeded the demand. Could we not get rid of a million or two?—and yet, if we did, the increase of population would soon restore the old state. No; that won't do. Could we not, then, increase the demand to an extraordinary extent? Free trade would certainly do something; but then, long before wages grew high enough to keep a man barely comfortable, and noticeably increase the prices of commodities to the purchasers, fresh machinery would be brought into play by competing manufacturers, and wages would sink again to what is now proved to be their natural level in the system: a position just as much above starvation as to enable the artisan to perform his daily labours; just as much below all his bodily and mental wants, as to leave him little better than a part of the machinery; but, unfortunately, the least valuable, and therefore least cared for part. Alas! the world is turned upside down. Industry is sacrificed to idleness; men are made for systems. So, when a system happens to bear a little less heavy on the labourer than usual, he must be grateful; when it crushes him, he must be content. Yet, the unreflecting impatience of man! He *will* think that the system should be looked at through him, not he through the system. And he may think so to all eternity, while he remains within its sphere.

Come, I could almost go down upon my knees to these—*economists*, after all, for showing however how the "Weed" as the *Times* has it, in one of its many admirable articles on the Condition of England question, may yet have the opportunity of proving that it is a sweet-smelling and stately and beautiful flower, however now bent, and stunted and be-dabbled with the tread of passing feet: it has, fortunately, the power of locomotion —it must remove to a more congenial soil, and there show what God really made it for. Yes, it is clear: labourers and artisans must withdraw altogether from the system, which needs them not, or needs them so little. But how? To what? They shan't emigrate. That's flat.

Long and absorbing were the Spirit's contemplations upon these points, and many others of still mightier import, to which he saw they led; and, for ourselves, having great faith in the said Spirit, we should have been delighted to have recorded the result of his cogitations; he remains silent, even whilst busier than ever. But there is deep meaning in that silence. He feels the awfulness of his position, the incalculable value of the interests for

which he is to be the virtual legislator. He says to himself—He must not fail; and therefore must not be precipitate, must not seriously err. So he goes on, in accumulating from past and present, from all countries, all creeds, all parties, whatever good each may possess, believing in his heart that the principles will be found ere long that shall harmonise them, and enable him to rear the glorious fabric he meditates: so there is a cheerfulness in his gait, an under tone of serene patience and hopefulness in his voice, with not unfrequently a strange, almost unearthly expansion and lightening of the eye, as he moves onward, that speak, even plainer than speech could yet do, of his hopes and aims. Nay, we can still, also, follow his movements in the workshop, and guess where we cannot be sure, what ideas are influencing him, by observing what materials he is preparing.

Did we speak of his wondrous doings for manufacture? They are, probably, mere trifles to what he has since done or is doing or is going to do for agriculture. As he gave the inventor and the engineer to the cotton lord, so has he given the chemist to the land lord; not, be sure, in ignorance of the results of his former experiment, but as seeing in him the chief existing instrument for the creation of that overflowing wealth which he desires to secure, and which he still looks upon as the basis of all social structures. By his inventions, in the shape of steam and machinery, one man can now produce, it is said, two hundred and fifty times as much manufactured fabric as his father could have produced fifty years ago; and now, by his assistance also, may we expect to see, before many years elapse, a no less striking and satisfactory evidence of agricultural progress: though even at present, it has been calculated, one family can grow enough grain for fifteen. Let not our un-agricultural readers be surprised at these statements; if they inquire, they will find that the five or six thousand years of our history are, as regards our skill in the most essential of all pursuits, little more than a blank. There is hardly one of its departments, of which we possess any information, now considered trustworthy, of a period anterior to the last few years. The boldest experimentalist of the eighteenth century would stand aghast at the projects of the nineteenth. A few miles of drainage are talked of as coolly as the repairing of a fence; farmers, veritable country home-bred and home-keeping farmers, club together, and engage your eminent men of science to look into and lecture upon their dung heaps, with as little cere-

mony and misgiving as if they were asking the parson to pray for rain; they are building warm houses for their cattle and live stock, believing and acting on the belief that economy involves the keeping them in the highest possible state of comfort, nay, we should say, of luxury. And as they have long ceased to take any such trouble for their human live stock—the labourers—of course they have ample leisure to attend to the rest. So though the time has not yet come, when the farmer, filling his pockets with the precious essences, may manure his fields in the course of a morning's walk, we are, it is certain, on the eve of a state of things that will revolutionise his vocation, and make the production of food as easy, certain, and almost as illimitable with regard to quantity, as the production of clothes has become. Such, then, being the state of the two great departments of industry, such the influences carrying them forward, with a constantly increasing rapidity, can any rational man doubt that wealth, for all who need wealth, is now waiting to be called forth by the natural process of employing all who need employment? Assuredly ample means for the creation of wealth are among the materials of the workshop.

Not the least valuable of the lessons learnt by the Spirit since his emancipation from the blighting influence of the economists, is that of the universality of the movements necessary for man's permanent welfare. We do not want free trade *only*, or ten-hour bills *only*, or a better system of tenure *only*, or cottage gardens and allotments *only*, or town parks and gardens, or country commons and cricket grounds *only*, for the purpose of propping up, by ameliorating, the existing system; *we want all of them*. And still more comprehensive must be the materials required for the erection of a better system. Man lives not *for* labour, though he must live *by* it. He wants, and will obtain, happiness. And it gladdens one's heart to see how deeply the Spirit feels this; how wisely he understands the conditions requisite to ensure such a consummation; how beneficently he is raising up, in all parts, apostles to proclaim them abroad to all men. Is humanity diseased? We are told by the Medical Philosopher to believe not the less that the malady is the accidental, and therefore neither the inevitable nor necessary accompaniment of our organisation, which, on the contrary, speaks throughout most eloquently, if we would but listen to it, of the constantly pleasurable sensations that form its natural inheritance, and should influence its ordinary state of being. Are we grieved at the premature loss of relatives and

friends? Let us then bestir ourselves to save others from a similar sorrow. Do we forget that already in England the value (or probable duration) of the life of a new-born child exceeds by six years the value of a similar life at Ostend; that in cases of child-birth, one out of every fifteen mothers died at Paris, so late as 1780, and that now in the healthiest rural districts of England, one in every twelve hundred and five cases appears to be the proportion; or that, to follow a little further the history of the new inhabitants of the globe, that even within the last ten years, the mere circumstance that vaccination has been enforced by law, has reduced the 10,434 deaths by small-pox of 1840, to 6368 deaths in 1841; or lastly, that the entire population of England, notwithstanding the intensity and number of the injurious physical and mental influences that act upon large portions of it, is known now to live longer, by 169 weeks, than the higher or most favourably situated classes alone of England did between the years 1693 and 1715?

Such is the result of a few glimmerings of the natural laws; who then shall anticipate the consequence, when we regulate our whole lives, from childhood to old age, through business, pleasure and study, strictly by them? It is a significant fact, that there really is no fixed or assignable limit to that—great and all-important—part of man's life, which lies between youth and old age. We can well conceive that the age of the oldest men who have ever yet lived, in ignorance, as they must have been, of the organic laws of their being, may be far exceeded by mankind generally, living in the light of those laws. *But if they do, life* MUST *be as happy as it is long.* In shortening or in lengthening life, the beneficence of God is thus clearly and imperatively manifested. Need we say that the writings of such men as Southwood Smith and George Combe, are among the Spirit of the age's most treasured materials?

But were men in general sufficiently advanced to take interest in, and appreciate these studies, light were all the other labours of our time. Alas! densely ignorant are an immense proportion of the community. The somewhat irreverent story of the miner of the last century, who, on being interrogated by a missionary, concerning his knowledge of Jesus, turned to a-fellow labourer with the question, "Do'st thee knaw Jesus Christ?" has found strange and most humiliating parallels in our own boasted age of civilisation, as the readers of the Parliamentary Reports on Mines,

two or three sessions ago, must remember. In very anguish of soul, the Spirit has seen and lamented this. True, he has not accepted any system of education, and perhaps has been right in so doing. No *honest* one, framed in the spirit of an undoubting love of truth, and calculated to inculcate such love before all other things (creeds not excluded, which may change, Truth never), has been offered to him. Therefore it is with education, as with every thing else, the Spirit must be content with raising up materials. So he batters down, and breaks up and then lays by, whatever of sound goodness he finds among the wreck. Already he is in possession of principles that will yet move the world. The Spirit looks upon education as beginning with birth, and ending only with death. He has a deep and holy faith in the power and goodness of human nature; so, while due and harmonious development, not repression, is to be the great business of culture, he will not stain the virgin purity of the being confided to his charge, by using unworthy agencies even for development: he values emulation as little as shame, rewards as little as punishment. If knowledge be power, so is power, rightly understood, only happiness; the great Educator, therefore, acknowledges but one guiding principle, as fitted to exemplify, in his practice, what he desires to teach—love. Surely the Christian should be the last to doubt its all-comprehensive powers.

In the mean time is the Spirit idle? far from it.

There is an education going on that, however irregular and unsystematic, is, at the same time, beyond all price. Myriads of messengers of knowledge, art, and science, and of the peace on earth and good-will among men, that our schools ought to inculcate, but do not, are scattered daily and hourly over the land by the printing-press, and the post-office; and with the most important results, as regards the preparation of the public mind for all the duties that it will have, by and by, to fulfil. This fact in itself, is of such vast importance, that were there no other evidence, we should rest perfectly satisfied, that the present unexampled diffusion of intellectual wealth must be the cause and precursor of an unexampled advance in all that it most behoves man to know: and the thunder follows not more surely the lightning, than action the knowledge of how to act, in communities. Truly we may well pause in wonder and gratitude, to think that those Utopias of literature, as they would have been esteemed by the bibliopoles of the last century, our Penny Magazines and Journals, our half-crown libraries, and shil-

ling weekly volumes, belong to *this* time. But, if we are asked what we esteem the most valuable part of the education that the press now affords, we answer that it is the love and value for truth, inculcated by its productions, not directly—these productions are too often anything but true to the writer's own convictions, much less to truth itself—but by the growing habit of discussing all matters freely, from the highest to the lowest; and, we may add, with much less fear or favour than could well be expected, considering the magnitude of the hostile or discouraging influences. If we turn to science, we see a Sedgwick not only repelling successfully the theological intolerance that would have bound him to a stake, in York Minster Close, two or three centuries ago, but giving it, at the same time, such a lesson, that neither deans, nor anybody else, we think, will be inclined to meddle with geology or any other science for the future, except upon the right ground.—Is it true in itself? For, if so, we must receive it, and leave time to reconcile all those differences between conflicting truths, that lie beyond our own power to harmonise:—at the same time, however, not forgetting that the contrast of all kinds of truth, or what appear such, with each other, is, in fact, our only security for truth. To Pilate's question, "What is truth?" it might almost be answered, Consistency; assuredly there is a lack of truth, to say the least of it, wherever we detect a lack of consistency. If we turn from science and its opponents to social evils, and their assailants and supporters, we have the same ground for deep and heartfelt congratulation. No phenomenon of the present day is more worthily characteristic of it, than the well-known series of articles on the state of the poor, and the labourer of England, that have appeared, and are still appearing, in the *Times* newspaper. Depending upon the middle classes for support, belonging essentially to them as their organ, the masses have, at the same time, no where a more zealous, intrepid, or able advocate; no where one more influential.

But there are others co-operating with the *Times* in its work of destruction, so far as it goes, and proceeding by themselves beyond, to execute their allotted task. Said we not rightly, that the Spirit is turning society into a workshop, where all present business is confined to the pulling down of existing institutions, in order that the better principles that exist in them, or that have been made apparent from their working, may constitute the materials for institutions better adapted to our increasing knowledge and necessities? Why, there is no one fact more

evident than this, that the influential minds of the day are pullers down, not builders up. With every article from the *Times* the Poor Law receives a fresh shock, and the very institution of landed property becomes almost a question; with many a lecture "degraded into a trade" a church is shaken to its foundations, which were laid in the hearts of the people whom the lecturer addresses; with many a book, society generally grows more and more helpless and unresisting, assumes more and more the aspect of an undigested and miserable chaos, which it would be a mercy to "push out of life," with only so much time for preparation as may suffice for the development of truer things to take its place, without violence or disorder, without any repetition of the mistakes that have made all previous revolutions comparative failures: namely, the notions that wrongs should be revenged instead of simply remedied; and that our own good should be sought to the cost of others, instead of in connexion with what is good for them also. But who is it that read and are influenced by the *Times*, by lectures, by books? Not the parties most interested in their labours; not the very poor, very ignorant, and very miserable; God help them! In their utter stagnation of life, both heart and soul are like their bodies, dwarfed and sickly, unable to look beyond—even for the purpose of remedying the evils of the passing hour. No: on the contrary, the great proportion of their readers and hearers are parties who must be interested, in a selfish sense, in the preservation of existing arrangements. Yet they do read, do listen—do help forward the very movements they to a certain extent dread. Yea, the abstract love of truth and justice does exist; and in higher states of manifestation than the world has ever before seen them. This, too, is among the Spirit's materials!

The Spirit's heart swelled as he looked round him, and saw the precious stores that were accumulating. Well, thought he, with these materials for the creation of boundless wealth—for the acquisition of the knowledge how to use it when created—and for the healthful activity of the body, without which it cannot be enjoyed, what more must be done? We have only to mark the character of the movements he has so recently originated, and which he is promoting with the most unwearied enthusiasm, to learn what was the nature of the answer. Does man want leisure to enrich his mind, as well as employment to satisfy all the demands of his body? The spirit stirs him to cry out for it, yesterday in Manchester, to-day in London, to-morrow through

half the populous towns of broad England. That demand cannot be satisfied now as it will be satisfied; but the foretaste will increase the desire, and the philosopher will yet behold the time which he is anticipating and working for, when man, leaving to his humble, but powerful and faithful friends, the machines, the wear and tear, the rough and displeasing portions of the business of life, shall find the remainder a recreation rather than a toil, and begin to devote himself in earnest to the grander duties of life, that of developing a wealth that economists never dream of, the surpassing wealth of his own intellectual and moral being. Is it desirable that the thousand distinctions that agitate and divide society should be removed? Hosts of agencies are at work to accomplish the task. Thus if criminal habits be in the way, modern minds demonstrate what ancient hearts long ago half anticipated, that you have only to remove the causes—chiefly evil training and insufficient employment. If we are revolted by vulgar manners, we may congratulate ourselves by reflecting that, so far are these from belonging essentially to a people, that a wise and good man observes, "When I consider the greater simplicity of their lives, and their greater openness to the spirit of Christianity, I am not sure but that the 'golden age' of manners is to begin among those who are now despaired of for want of refinement."—(Channing.) Do we despair of equality of tastes? Why, the statesman mentioned by Mrs. Jameson, who said to her one day, as he stood amidst his beautiful pictures, "I cannot express to you the feeling of tranquillity, of restoration, with which, in an interval of official business, I look around me here,"—had hardly a truer, though no doubt a more cultivated, apprehension of the power of art, than the men among the crowd on a recent occasion in Westminster Hall, who, "poor and humble in exterior," were so moved by the examination of Mr. Lough's group of The Mourners, that the tears sprang into their eyes *. No equality of classes to be realised in matters of taste! Come, come; these Westminster Hall exhibitions alone have settled that question for ever. Do politics, then, form a bar? Nay, it were strange indeed if the age that has seen Catholic Emancipation granted, the Test Act repealed, the whole system of representation altered by the Reform Bill, should doubt that the movement will go on until all shall stand alike free—until taxation be indeed co-equal with

* Westminster Review.

representation, and religion cease to be a stalking-horse for ambition or the love of lucre, by the cessation of all state favouritism. As to party squabbling, we need not trouble our heads about that. But religious creeds, the most fruitful of all sources of division? Nay, the Spirit forgets not them; each is beginning to discover that he cannot, if he would, impose his belief on his dissenting neighbour; and, secondly, he is learning—slowly, it must be acknowledged, but still learning—that all piety and salvation are not confined to his own pale or country; that even in Mohammed there was something more than imposture; that he may read without indignation in the Hindoo Scriptures of Menu such sentiments as these: "He who perseveres in good actions, in subduing the passions, in harbouring gifts, in gentleness of manners, who bears hardship patiently, who associates not with the malignant, who gives pain to no sentient being, obtains final beatitude." Or, lastly, that he may condescend to pay a certain amount of respect to the man who, five or six centuries before the appearance of Christ, announced to the world the principle that men "should treat others according to the treatment which they themselves would desire at their hands." That man was Confucius; and is it indeed a matter for humiliation, that four hundred millions of people continue to revere the preacher and the precept? Well, the pews within the church, that divide rich and poor, are fast disappearing; one needs not the power of prophecy to announce that the *pales* without, dividing orthodox from heterodox, will soon follow. The holier the faith possessed by my fellow-man, the more necessary is it that he should give me the opportunity of examining it, unprejudiced by any extrinsic considerations.

The Spirit laughed in very gladness of heart, and again he reckoned up his materials for the future Social state. Wealth—knowledge—leisure—general sympathy in manners and tastes—universal toleration for all differences of belief,—when accidentally taking up a newspaper, the Spirit's favourite book, a shade crossed his brow as he caught the word *War*, and read how the Bishop of Winchester had officiated at the presentation of new colours to the 49th Regiment, and how he had invoked "the blessing of God on these honoured banners, shortly to be raised, and wave among their ranks; to be *sullied*, never!" the Spirit, appalled, put down the paper, for every word at first appeared to him something like blasphemy; but remembering that it was a bishop who had spoken, of course he grew more composed, and satisfied.

Reading the remainder of the speech (happily he did not get to "implacable foreign foe," which might have somewhat affected the episcopal reputation in his eyes), he paused at the idea that soldiers were the "peacemakers of a contentious world." Ha! come, thought he, the good bishop and I shall get on very well, after all; but I think I can improve upon his benevolent scheme. Instead of soldiers marching to and fro to express their desire for peace, by the sound of the trumpet; to force conviction at the point of the sword, and inculcate charity by grape-shot, I'll just stretch over the globe a pretty net-work of railways, that shall enable men of every nation to meet and mingle freely with each other, giving and receiving hospitality, explaining and receiving explanations upon all matters of difference, learning and exhibiting, in a word, to each other their true hearts and minds; when each finding the other but a reflex of his own, will eschew harsher modes of communication, and leave the colour-bearers and the colour-benedictionists to enjoy, among themselves, their own system of peacemaking. Yes, the railway—type but of a mighty class of material agencies working for most spiritual ends—shall bind all humanity together: in ties of iron truly to the influences that would seek to break them, but of gentlest bearing, and most perfect submissiveness, to the will of those for whose good it exists. Its earliest dangers shall be utterly abolished; and the very air, as though instinct with life and love, and desirous to make those virtues and sympathies that are scattered abroad, as familiar to each other as they all are already to itself, shall draw the heaviest burdens we can find for it, and carry us along faster than the swiftest of its own feathered inhabitants can fly.

The Spirit once more took up the newspaper:—"M. Arago says the atmospheric pressure principle may be so applied as to ensure safe transit, at the rate of *six leagues a minute*." Whether the Spirit thought this a little too much even for his faith, or whether the bare idea of such rapidity took away his breath, and rendered him, perforce, silent, we know not; but he was silent, and for a long time.

Perhaps—suggested by this one marvel, were other and mightier marvels of which rumours were daily reaching his ear;—perhaps—but now he started from his momentary visions, and again busied himself in the practical duties of the workshop. Let *us* not read too literally the line:

"They also serve, who only stand and wait." J. S.

THE FINERY OF WAR.

HALT! ATTENTION! PRESENT ARMS! One man speaks the words—and, as if by mechanism, a thousand men obey him.

Yes! Look down the column—that long extending line of red and white, crowned by steel and feathers. Every limb, every muscle, move like limbs and muscles directed by one mind, and yet there are there a thousand minds—a thousand wills—a thousand hearts throbbing with manhood's feelings and emotions—yet all curbed, checked, pent up—giving no outward mark of their presence more than if they were naught, than if the flesh and nerves which clothe them were but so much steel and brass.

It is a great thing to see machinery imitating man—lever and crank apeing muscle and sinew; but is it so great a thing to see man imitating machinery—muscle and sinew apeing lever and crank?

Attention! 'Tis a serried rank — compact — regular as a mathematical diagram. Legs, arms, muskets, sabres; the same lines; the same forms; the same movements—every pulse beating, every eye glancing, but as discipline ordains.

Crashing past with ringing arms, and trampling horses, a whirlwind of gaudy trappings—gay plumage and sparkling steel: a body of cavalry flies past. Their array seems more loose, but 'tis in appearance only. The trumpet is their word of mouth, and not only the men but the brutes they bestride, can interpret the language. To the right—to the left—Halt!—Forward! rings from out the brazen or the silver tube, and the docile steeds and docile men, equally well disciplined, think as little, the one as the other, of the why and the wherefore, but obey—faultlessly—mechanically obey.

And then the loud melody of martial music comes ringing through the air, a spirit-moving strain! A march, a triumphal march, in all its cadences, all its bursts of rich harmony; talking of glory, of pomp—and lying while it talks!

Why not interpret martial music aright? It might be done. An ear morally tuned might hear, amid the breath of its melody, mournful wailing, shrieks, such as surgeons shrink from, when the scalpel is deep in the flesh—the lamentations of despairing men and women muttered lowly—a roaring as of burning homes;

and anon, when the strain ceased, a silence, like the silence of deserted hearths!

So do we interpret martial music. But so do not all. The crowd around are exulting in the harmony—beating unconscious time to its rhythm, and shouting in their full-heartedness of admiration, when the charge of the horsemen sweeps past; and the rush of the foot-soldiers, with levelled bayonets, bids the mind deem that an opposing rank would be but an opposing cobweb.

A motley shifting crowd too—a thousand minds there, but manifesting themselves in a thousand different ways—motions, looks, gestures as various, as varying impulse can make them—no frippery of scarlet or gold either—umbrellas instead of guns—coats and trousers like Joseph's coat—of many colours; some new, some old, some glossy, some shabby, but all different. So behaving, so clad, the crowd have come forth to see the sight—to gaze upon military glitter; perhaps to sigh for its braveries—to become animated with its spirit; perhaps to contemn and spurn both.

We have spoken of the admiration, of the excitement generated in an English crowd, by the splendour of military spectacle. But deeper and more philosophic influences lurk behind, almost without the knowledge of the minds that feel them. John Bull shouts and applauds—is in raptures with the rapidity of the evolutions—their precision and their gracefulness—he goes to a review, as he goes to Astley's: the entertainment is pleasant—but in his heart of hearts he has little respect for those who set it forth, or for the taste of those who see in it a spectacle worthy of the destinies of humanity. John is not heart and soul a *militaire*, like his brother over the water—he desires not conquest for conquest—he is not eaten up with the influence of that silly word *gloire;* at least he translates it differently, from its Gallic signification of walking up to a cannon's mouth, or throat-cutting on an extensive scale. Even amid all his enjoyment of the show—and John enjoys shows—you may see him shrug his shoulders. Take a small body of soldiers—a recruiting party, with a drum and a couple of fifes—march them through the streets: every child in the parish will be after them, exclaiming, huzzaing, admiring; and yet in the midst of all this, every now and then will break out a touch of the real feeling, of the unconscious sentiments of the spectators. "Heads up, lobsters!" "Hurrah for the awkward squad!" Now this would never be seen in France. No Parisian *gamin*

but would feel himself heart and soul a soldier—a military Nero in embryo—a sucking Bonaparte. Away, in an instant, would be his little mind all over the world; sacking towns, fighting battles—eating fire, laughing at fear and danger, and all for glory: France and glory—glory and France!

Now John Bull was not born with such warlike aspirations. The momentary excitement over, he takes a prosaic view of the thing—he repudiates fighting for fighting's sake. Give him a good cause, and the world knows that he is no flincher. But John is a liberty-loving animal—a comfort-loving animal; and to be ordered, at a moment's notice, to any part of the world—to go when he is bid—to come when he is bid—to fetch and carry at a word—is hardly consistent with his ideas of the one; while early drilling, pipe-clay rubbing, and musket carrying, scarcely square with his notions of the other.

John knows that he must support an army—the state of the world requires it, the condition of society demands it. National common sense has not yet come up to the level of individual common sense; consequently, when John Nokes and Tom Styles quarrel about the possession of a cabbage garden—they refer their claims to the award of law and justice; but when nations have similar differences—they cut each other's throats. Which is wiser—the nations or the individuals?

Well, as it is so, we must have red coats and muskets, and sabres; but seeing that the duty of their bearers squares neither with our innate good sense, nor our notions of what ought to be—we are fain to gild the matter over—to try to conceal, from ourselves, the butchering nature of the business we are sometimes forced to undertake, and so spring up military spectacle—military finery—military music. Nothing could be more awkward if, when we looked at a regiment, we saw only a body of slaves—vowed to perform any killing work which might be demanded of them—if the sight merely called up thoughts of unjust wars, silly wars, men and women dead and dying—cities burning and pillaged—commerce, manufactures checked—civilisation itself retarded. This would never do. The system would not be tolerated. We must deck it in borrowed plumes. Fine feathers make fine birds—the eye must entrap the mind. Clothe war therefore in gayer colours than peace; make its ministers resplendent in their robes of sacrifice; let the steel which cuts, glitter like valued gems; the evolutions which destroy, be graceful as the motions of dancing girls!

In our review, we have all the beauties, the picturesqueness, of the real field. The curling smoke wreathes as gracefully from the cannon's mouth, as if a mass of iron had sped through its folds; the charge is as beautiful to behold, sweeping past—a tempest of men and horses, flags and steel—as if an opposing line were awaiting it, and slaughter and wide-spread death and desolation were the inevitable results of the meeting.

And the spectacle *takes:* it does its duty; it throws dust in our eyes; and we are not unwilling to be thus temporarily blinded. Did we see truly, we should see too well for our own mental comfort. We must have the glossy skin stretched over the bony skeleton; we must have the art and science of killing men glossed over with the fairest appliances.

Look at that man:—a sturdy animal, full of health and vigour, and bounding spirits. His eye is bright, and his frame sinewy. The one glances from beneath a waving plume, the other swells under rich trappings and gaudy clothing. All the means which can heighten and show off, to the best advantage, physical symmetry have been expended upon him; and as he marches by, with proud port and clanking arms, he seems a favoured creature —something better than mere ordinary flesh and blood, than common sombre-clad humanity.

But he is bought and sold. He is not his own. His strength, his vigour, his animal spirits, are another's. These muscles must swell and work only when another orders; that eye must only glance to do another's bidding. Chains and fetters, wretchedness and nakedness, are the general badges of servitude, but not the universal marks. Gauds and trinkets; fripperies to take the eye; tinsel to glitter; and rich colours to allure; may equally tell when man is not free. A livery is often a moral chain—a badge often a moral brand. But we must have liveries and badges, not chains and brands; the most pleasing tokens of the dreaded thing.

We speak thus, in no vein of harsh deprecation of any class. We must have, in the present state of things, men of war, as well as men of peace. But still armies are *not* eternally necessary evils; the art of war is *not* an eternal, a necessary nuisance. Therefore, hoping for better things for the future, we deem that, to contemplate matters military from the point of view we have chosen, is a wholesome and regenerating mental exercise. We believe that there is a strong popular under-current setting in the same direc-

tion ; and we rejoice to see, now and then, its almost unconsciously manifested symptoms—the straws upon the tide.

It is a curious fact that, among our national songs, we have hardly one, of great popularity, which is of a decided military tendency. "See the conquering hero comes," has more of individual than of national feeling connected with it. The "British Grenadiers" is a stirring, marching air, but can hardly be called a national ditty. Our songs do not deal in sabres clashing, bullets flying, horsemen charging, standards waving, and all the staple material of the national lays of our warlike neighbours across the Channel ; we are not continually apostrophising that false divinity, enshrined amid ruin and devastation, and canopied by clouds of gunpowder smoke, which the French are ever invoking. Almost every one of our national songs relates to the navy and the sea. "The flag that's braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," is connected in our minds rather with the topmast of a ship, than the ensign pole of a regiment. The sea is our field of battle, and the elements, rather than men, the enemies we have often to struggle with. No doubt the navy is warlike ; but it is rather as seamen, than as men of battle, that our national songs think of, and eulogise those who man it. A soldier is a fighting machine all over. You can hardly think of a regiment, without thinking of its special mission of battling, pillaging, burning, slaughtering. A red coat conjures up all these ideas, and no others ; but a blue jacket is different. It tells of ocean toils and labours ; of storms faced, and wrecks braved, and distant lands discovered. You can look on the bounding motion of a frigate, and never think of her guns—on her symmetrical construction, as designed more to brave the tempest than the battle. And this feeling has tuned our national songs. The sea we feel, rightly or wrongly, to be our proper empire ; we regard as interlopers any who there dare dispute our rights. Heart and hand we will struggle for these. We have lays in plenty about our triumphs there ; none, or very few, about our victories on shore. Trafalgar is embalmed in many a song ; we have not one, of any notoriety, about Waterloo.

But we are wandering from our review ; from its noisy glory, its gaudy appurtenances, its mockery of the picturesque side of war, its omission of war's horrors. In the front of the crowd, facing the marching regiments, not one hundred paces from that battery of cannon, we see a carriage stationed. It is filled with

delicate, fashionable females. There has been a little startling; a little pretty screaming at first, when the guns began to pour forth their thunder; but that is all over, and the crash of a forty-eight pounder seems no more to excite their nerves, than the flying of a champagne cork. With what interest, and looks, and exclamations of delight, they watch the rushing charge; the quick evolution of infantry which is to check it; the sudden wheel right and left in the line of foot-soldiers, which discloses a battery of field-pieces, arrayed against their mimic enemies. They enjoy this playing at slaughter; their bright eyes flash, and their pale cheeks flush, with enthusiasm; they murmur, "What a noble sight!"

The rehearsal of a battle—"a noble sight." Are these timid nervous women—or brazen-faced and stone-hearted viragoes? Surely the former—not one of them but would skip upon a chair with a faint scream at the sight of the "smallest monstrous mouse that crosses floor." Yet here they are gazing with rapture upon bloodshed in mimicry—upon evolutions which, the closer they represent bloodshed in reality, the more perfect they are considered. Strange riddle! See! one of the youngest and fairest claps her hands in delight at the flashing of the bright sun upon drawn sabres and lance-heads. Yet her eye would become dim, and her hand would tremble, at a glimpse of a lancet; an armoury of guns and swords would excite her delight—a doctor's chest of instruments her horror. She loves to look upon the semblance of slaughter—she would almost turn sick at the real blood of a cut finger. Again, a strange riddle—a passing strange anomaly—created by the art with which men have disguised the foul thing war—by the skill with which they have decked the obscene creature in the plumage of the bird of paradise!

And a scarlet coat, what attraction it has in female eyes! The remark has become a popular saying, and one little complimentary to women. They should hardly suffer their sex to be associated even in a proverb with turkeys—running after red rags. But the puzzle is to be solved upon the same principle as the last anomaly we mentioned. The red coat is typical of the system on which so much false glory is lavished; it is part and parcel of the system which sophistry has decked with so much pure and high honour; it is in their eyes the badge of bravery, and they respect it; they are too much dazzled to see that it is a badge of the madness which induces men to kill their fellow men as well.

And is this madness—this world-wide lunacy, curable? We

believe it is. Already we hope and trust its attacks have not the violence or the frequency of those of former times: the command to love each other is taking a wider range than once it did. A narrow arm of the sea does not so entirely destroy its influence as of yore; a range of mountains is no such absolute barrier between the kindly feelings of nation to nation. Our progress is onward; the sulky passions, the unreasoning prejudices of a people's childhood, are leaving us. Not that we have got entirely rid of them, but they are letting go their hold upon us, weakening in intensity, shortening in duration. Their day of extinction is coming, when men will wonder at the bloody pranks which once they played; when the conqueror will no longer be deified; when his game will be classed among the practices at which we shudder when we think that our ancestors honoured them, and too long deemed them as immortal as human nature; when there shall be no difference between wholesale killing and wilful murder; and when the pure calm light of reason abroad upon the world shall bring with it universal happiness and universal peace!

A. B. R.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

No. 1.

My acquaintance with William Hazlitt commenced before his name emerged from the "illustrious obscurity" of that private and local fame which had gathered round it in the small coterie to which he had till then addicted himself, and just as it was rising into that "bad eminence" to which the abuse and scandal of his political and personal enemies (not to mention his *friends*) soon after lifted it. My first interview with him took place in the committee-room of a literary institution, of which I was at that time one of the managers, and had been deputed by my colleagues to arrange with Hazlitt respecting the details of a course of lectures, which it was proposed he should deliver in the theatre of the institution. Having been previously cautioned not to be surprised or repelled by any "strangeness" that I might observe

i Hazlitt's manner and personal appearance, I was shown into the room by the librarian, who merely named each to the other, and then left us together.

On entering I saw a pale anatomy of a man, sitting uneasily, half on half off a chair, with his legs tucked awkwardly underneath the rail, his hands folded listlessly on his knees, his head drooping on one side, and one of his elbows leaning (not resting) on the edge of the table by which he sat, as if in fear of its having no right to be there. His hat had taken an odd position on the floor beside him, as if that, too, felt itself as much out of its element as the owner.

He half rose at my entrance, and without speaking a word, or looking at me, except with a momentary and furtive glance, he sat down again, in a more uneasy position than before, and seemed to wait the result of what I might have to say to him, with the same sort of desperate indifference with which a culprit may be supposed to wait the sentence of his judge, after conviction. He was to learn from me whether his proffered services, as a lecturer, were accepted or rejected: and to a man of his habits and temperament, and under his circumstances, either alternative took the shape of an intolerable penalty,—like those to Romeo, of "Death" or "Banishment." If the lectures he proposed to deliver were rejected, he probably did not know where to meet the claims of to-morrow. On the other hand, if they were accepted, his condition was still more trying: for I learned that not a line of the lectures were written, nor even their materials prepared; they had been merely *thought of*. It was a case, too, in which punctuality was indispensable; yet such were his uncertain and desultory habits, that the fulfilment of an engagement to be at a given place and time, on a given day, for ten successive weeks, then and there to address a miscellaneous audience for "an hour by Shrewsbury clock," was what few who knew him could have believed to be among possible contingencies.

The picture which Hazlitt presented when I first saw him in the little dark, dungeon-like committee-room of the Surrey Institution, was not unlike that of Sir Joshua's "Ugolino." There he sat, his anxious and highly-intellectual face looking upon vacancy; pale and silent as a ghost; emaciated as an anatomy; loose, unstrung, inanimate, as a being whose life is leaving it from sheer emptiness and inanition. And this "poor creature" (as he used sometimes to call himself)—apparently with scarcely energy

enough to grapple with an infant or face a shadow—was the launcher forth of winged words that could shake like thunderbolts the hearts of princes and prelates, and make them tremble in their seats of power; this effigy of silence was the utterer of floods of indignant eloquence, that could rouse the soul of apathy itself, and stir the blood like the sound of a trumpet; this "dish of skimmed milk" was the writer of the celebrated replies to "Vetus," in the *Times* newspaper; the invectives of the "Catalogue Raisonné;" and the essays on "the Spirit of Monarchy," and "the Regal Character." Nay, more, he was the only man of letters in England who had dared openly to stand by the French Revolution, through good and through evil report, and who had the magnanimity never to turn his back on its "child and champion."

Though nothing worth particular record occurred in this my first interview with William Hazlitt, I have been tempted to dwell on it thus long, because it has left a more vivid and picturesque impression on my mind than any subsequent one, except the last, which took place when he was on his death-bed.

It was not till two or three years after the period above referred to, that a strict intimacy commenced between Hazlitt and myself, and that I had the full and fair means of appreciating his remarkable and in all respects self-consistent character. I shall therefore not dwell upon the intercourse which ensued upon our first acquaintance, except to contrast the impression I gained of him before I really knew him, with that which was the due and just result of an intimate and unrestricted insight into his mental and moral constitution—a contrast which may in some degree account for the strangely contradictory feelings and impressions which prevailed in the world respecting him, according to the amount of actual knowledge or ignorance possessed concerning his character and the springs of it. I remember the time—and I remember it without shame, because the impressions under which I then felt and spoke of Hazlitt were the *natural* ones—that is to say, the only ones naturally resulting from the circumstances under which I had formed my judgment—I remember the time when no words could express the horror I felt at the (supposed) personal character of William Hazlitt, or were deemed too strong to openly set forth those feelings. But my first impressions were derived, not from my own observations, but from the report of those who ought to have known better, and who certainly would have known better, had not their personal feelings been enlisted

into the cabal against him, either by their having been the subject of one of those insane assaults that he was every now and then making on his best friends, under a false (or true) impression of their occasional treatment of him, or (still worse) in consequence of some "good-natured" acquaintance repeating some of those unpalatable truths which Hazlitt was in the habit of telling of *all* his friends in their absence: for he professed to lay no restraint upon his tongue in this particular: he considered the foibles of our friends to be as fair game as those of our enemies, always provided they were pursued and hunted down without the cognizance of the owner. He recognised no Game Laws in this particular. The axiom which bids us "never speak ill of a man's mind behind his back" (as if one might do it with propriety before his face!), was not one of those ranked by Hazlitt among "the wisdom of nations." On the contrary, he spoke what he thought of people everywhere but in their hearing;—trusting (rather too implicitly, I am afraid) to that tacit compact which recognises the sacredness of social intercourse. And he cared not what you said of him in return, nor if he heard your injurious estimate of him repeated by half the town; or if he sought to make reprisals, it was on the hawker, not the originator, of the affront. But a *personal* slight or incivility he held to be the most unpardonable of offences, and to be punished and avenged as such. You might think and call him a rascal or a reprobate as much as you pleased; you might "prove" him to be a bad writer and a worse man, with perfect impunity. But if you looked askance upon him in company, or "cut" him in the street, or even gave him reason to fancy that you had done so, there was (as we shall see hereafter) no limit to the revenge he would take on you, and no rest for him till he had taken it.

But I am going wide of my intended mark, which is that of painting William Hazlitt as I knew him; not describing or estimating his general character, but leaving the reader to form an estimate for himself, from the personal traits that I may be able to furnish, in addition to those which may be gathered from his writings.

Our interview at the Surrey Institution, as above alluded to, lasted but a few minutes, and was concluded by an arrangement for the early delivery of a course of lectures—those on the Comic Writers; and I saw nothing more of William Hazlitt till a day or two before the delivery of the first lecture, when I addressed a

note to him, stating my intention of giving a critical notice of the lectures in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and asking for such facilities as he might choose to afford me, with a view to offering specimens of the matter. His reply was, a request to see me at his residence in York-street, Westminster.

It is, perhaps, worth remark, that my early intercourse with William Hazlitt has left on my memory a singularly vivid impression of the *local* circumstances and objects connected with it. I remember every room in which I have seen him, as clearly as if I were now sitting in it, and the exact situation and attitudes in which I was accustomed to see him sit or stand when conversing with him. I make the observation, because it would not be applicable to my intercourse (and it has been extensive and various) with any other of the distinguished men of the day. The reason probably is, that our susceptibility to external impressions at any given time, and our consequent power of retaining them, is proportioned to the *interest* we feel in the immediate source of those impressions. I have not slightly or unduly appreciated and enjoyed the intercourse that has fallen to my lot with a large proportion of the remarkable men of our day, in every department of human acquirement; but I have never been induced to feel that any one of them claimed or justified that profound intellectual study which I was always (in spite of myself) called upon to apply in the case of William Hazlitt; or it may be that he alone was always *susceptible* of that study, by reason of the beautifully simple and natural cast of his character; in which spring and evidence of true greatness of capacity, I do not believe him to have been surpassed by any man that ever lived. If "to know a man truly were to know *himself*," then was William Hazlitt's character, though the least common in the world, so legibly written in his daily conduct and converse, that for those who saw much of him to mistake it was next to impossible. Yet no character was ever so mistaken and misrepresented.

Leaving the *onus* of this charge to be divided between the wilful blindness of his friends and the wilful falsehood of his enemies, I will say that I believe the certainty of not coming away empty-handed was the secret of the strong and unwearied interest that I always felt in his society, even at the very time when I felt an inexpressible horror and dread of his personal character,—as was the case at the time I am now speaking of. From all that I had heard, both from his enemies (and even from his so-called *friends*,) and the little I had hitherto seen for myself, I looked upon him,

personally, as little better than an incarnate fiend; and those who recollect the *looks* that occasionally came over him (as if, against his will, to warn bystanders of their danger) will scarcely deem this an exaggerated description of the feeling. Yet my desire to see and know him was not the less strong and urgent; and hence, as I conceive, the peculiar vividness with which I retain my impressions of the local circumstances under which we met.

I went to him in York-street, in consequence of the note referred to above; and, though I have never since (until this moment) attempted to recal the scene, it lives before me now as if of yesterday. On knocking at the door, it was, after a long interval, opened by a sufficiently "neat-handed" domestic, and led immediately from the street (down a step) into an empty apartment, indicating an uninhabited house, and I supposed I had mistaken the number; but, on asking for the object of my search, I was shown to a door which opened (a step from the ground) on to a ladder-like staircase, bare like the rest, which led to a dark bare landing-place, and thence to a large square wainscotted apartment. The enormous curtainless windows of this room looked upon some dingy trees; the whole of the wall, over and about the chimney-piece, was entirely covered, up to the ceiling, by names written in pencil, of all sizes and characters, and in all directions—commemorative of visits of curiosity to "the house of Pindarus." * There was, near the empty fire-place, a table with breakfast things upon it (though it was two o'clock in the afternoon); three chairs and a sofa were standing *about* the room, and one unbound book lay on the mantelpiece. At the table sat Hazlitt, and on the sofa a lady, whom I found to be his wife.

My reception was not very inviting; and I could see at once (what had not occurred to me before) that in asking facilities for criticising William Hazlitt in *Blackwood's Magazine*, I had taken a step open to the suspicion of either mischief or mystification, or both. However, I soon satisfied him that my object and design were anything but unfriendly. To be what he called "puffed" in so unlooked-for a quarter, was evidently deemed a god-send; it put him in excellent humour accordingly; and the "Lake Poets" being mentioned, and finding me something of a novice in such matters (and moreover an excellent listener), he talked for a couple

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* It was a house in which Milton had lived, and belonged to Jeremy Bentham, over whose garden it looked.

of hours, without intermission, on those "personal themes" which he evidently "loved best," and with which, in this instance, he mixed up that spice of malice which was never, or rarely, absent from his discourse about his quondam friends, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and which so strangely interfered with his general estimate of their pretensions—or rather (for such I believe to have been the case) with that perfect *good faith* with which he was accustomed to give his estimates to the world: for I believe the above-named were the only instances in which he did not say of celebrated men all the *good* that he thought, as well as the bad. But to put the seal of his critical fiat to the fame of men whom he believed to have treated him personally as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey were supposed by him to have done, was not in human nature.

The above was my first initiation into themes of this nature; and I must confess that the way in which Hazlitt stripped off the attributes of divinity with which I had hitherto invested those idols of my boyish worship, was not so unpalatable to my taste as I should myself have expected it to be. The truth is, we are not sorry to learn that any of our fellow-beings are less immaculate or superlative in *personal character* than our imaginations, excited by their written works, had led us to suppose them: nor do I know that it in the least degree interferes with the effect which their works are calculated to produce upon us afterwards, or to impair those we already possess. On the contrary, it perhaps aggrandises our impression of them, from the seeming inadequacy of the source whence they flow, and soothes our personal feelings into the belief that we ourselves are not so immeasurably inferior to these "gods of the earth" as we had been accustomed to deem ourselves. We do not think the less of Shakespeare for being told that he was a link-boy or a deer-stealer; and we *do* think very considerably less of Goethe from knowing that he was, for his worldly wisdom, deemed fit to be the privy councillor, and, for his immaculate morals and manners, the personal friend and associate of an absolute prince. The only difference is, that after the new light has come to us, the product is thenceforth one thing, and the producer another: whereas they were before inextricably linked and blended together; and our impressions of the latter, as derived from the former, besides being altogether gratuitous, were infinitely more likely to be the false interpretation than the true one. To which it may be added, that what the human soul instinctively yearns

for and reaches after, as the hart pants for the water-brooks, is not this or that vague generality, or empty and unmeaning abstraction, but THE TRUTH. Whatever it may be, or wheresoever it may lead, truth is the goal to which the undiverted tendency of the human mind points all its affections; and it is never satisfied or at rest till this is reached. The natural and healthful condition of any given mind may in a great degree be estimated by the strength or weakness with which it retains and is acted upon by this bias; and the lingering love which is perpetually pointing to it after it has been destroyed by the conventional ordinances of the world, is a proof and a measure of its original amount. We love all other things for something else not inherent in themselves; but we love the truth for itself alone. In this sense it is that "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty." We desire, first and foremost, to know *what* a thing is: it is time enough afterwards to inquire the why and wherefore—the how and when. These are very well as matters of amusement and curiosity; but the truth is the only *pabulum* of our mental and moral existence—the only real necessity—the only veritable "staff of life." We can live by it in health and vigour deprived of all other things; and *with* all others, *that* wanting, we pine and pule and fret away our fruitless days, in an empty and uneasy search after that which is not to be found. Nor when the truth is once attained on any given point of inquiry, is the searcher at a moment's loss in the recognition of it, nor does he seek to proceed another step in his pursuit. They say "marriages are made in heaven," and that when the objects destined for each other meet, the recognition is instant and mutual. At least it is so with Truth and the Human Soul; and it is a marriage which, when once consummated, cannot know division or divorce. We may pass from the cradle to the grave without meeting with this bride of our souls; or we may meet with a thousand "false Florizels," and mistake each of them for the true one; but we cannot meet with the true one and mistake or reject *her*. It is not in the nature of things.

The reader will I hope excuse this digression, in favour of the occasion which suggested it: for if ever there was a human mind devoted and self-sacrificed to the love of truth, it was that of William Hazlitt; and he pursued the search of it with a fearless pertinacity only equalled by the sagacity which pointed out and applied the means and materials of the discovery. This love of truth was the leading feature of his mind, and it was the

key to all its weaknesses, errors and inconsistencies, as well as to all its extraordinary powers and the successful application of them. He used to boast of being "a good hater." If the boast and the habit were uncharitable ones, they were the offspring of that love of truth which was the passion of his soul, and that power of eliciting it which was the great characteristic of his intellect. If, while conscious of his own errors and failings, he felt and expressed too bitter a scorn for those of others, it was because others, instead of owning and despising their frailties as he did, insist on monstering them into virtues and subjects of personal vanity, and the world abets and encourages them in the mischievous self-deception. If, instead of being content to use his great powers in calmly exposing the false pretensions of the world to that contempt which they merit, he was too apt to seize upon them with a savage fury, and tear them to pieces, as the wild beast tears and rends the cloak that is flung upon it to blind its eyes from the attacks of its enemies,—it was because his self-control was less than his detestation of the debasing consequences that spring from the admission of those pretensions;—it was because it drove him mad to see whole nations, generation after generation, dragged like slaves and idiots at the chariot-wheels of a few empty and vulgar idols,—bound there by lilliputian threads that a breath might have broken.

This first lengthened interview of mine with Hazlitt ended by his promising to let me have the MS. of his lectures, to do what I pleased with, and we parted on a better footing than we had met; though evidently with as little prospect as before of our ever becoming intimate associates:—for the way in which he handled his quondam friends, as above described, did anything but decrease the dread and horror I had been taught to entertain of his personal character.

As it is of my *intimacy* alone with Hazlitt that I propose to treat in any detail, I shall pass hastily over that mere desultory acquaintance which ensued on his delivery of the lectures above alluded to. Two or three trifling circumstances growing out of that acquaintance are, however, worth referring to.

I well remember, after the successful delivery of the first lecture at the Surrey Institution, my walking home with Hazlitt, from Blackfriars Bridge to his house in Westminster! Let those who knew the personal bearing and habits of William Hazlitt, conceive of a man almost a stranger to him—who had only exchanged

words with him in a sort of *official* capacity—who was moreover no little of a *dandy* to boot—let the intimates of Hazlitt conceive of such a person volunteering to walk home with him, for the purpose of having a little pleasant conversation by the way! Nay, in my innocence I actually *offered him my arm*, WHICH HE TOOK!! and so we walked, arm-in-arm, through the whole of Fleet-street, the Strand, Parliament-street, &c.!

The "general reader" will wonder what there was extraordinary in this; but the initiated will not believe it. They can fancy him sitting sulkily in the stocks, or walking doggedly round in the pillory; for a superior physical force might have placed him there, and being there, he was too much of a logician to quarrel with necessity. But to walk straight home at ten o'clock at night, "in a respectable and gentlemanlike manner!" It cannot have been! Arm-in-arm, too, and with a very young gentleman in a point device costume! I think I hear Charles Lamb exclaim, "Why the angel Gabriel could not have persuaded Hazlitt to walk arm-in-arm with him for half the length of Southampton Buildings." Perhaps not—but with *a writer in Blackwood's Magazine* it was different;—one, too, who had tacitly engaged to give a favourable account of him in that terror and bugbear of his coterie.* The chance was not to be thrown away; for Hazlitt, with all his boasted nonconformity, piqued himself on his prudence and world-wisdom, when he thought the occasion of sufficient moment to his personal comfort to call for these. In fact, this trait formed the only serious stain in his personal character, or rather it sprang out of that quality which was so.

Let me here, once for all, get over this only painful and repugnant portion of the task I have undertaken; for that once off my conscience, I shall go forward much more to my own satisfaction, and therefore to the reader's. In resolving to tell what I knew of William Hazlitt, I determined to "nothing extenuate." I at once, then, confess that the plague-spot of his

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* In confessing to the "*hard* impeachment" of having once been a petted writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, I must be allowed to explain that I was very young at the time; and that an excuse which has been held valid in the case of a great man may claim to be heard in behalf of a small one. Mr. Southey wrote "Wat Tyler," at about the same age that I was tempted to write in *Blackwood's*. *He* was heartily ashamed of himself ever afterwards; and so it has been with me in regard to my boyish connection with *Blackwood's*. It has been my Wat Tyler.—P. G. P.

personal character was an ingrained selfishness (for I will not call it a meanness) of spirit, which more or less influenced and modified all the other points of his nature.

This is a hard stone to fling at a man of whom one is proud to be deemed the friend in spite of it. But now that it cannot hurt him, the truth may be told : nay, I verily believe that, had it been told in his lifetime, in the spirit in which it is told now, he would have had the magnanimity not merely to admit the charge, but to forgive the maker of it. And if this noble frankness is not enough to wash out the "damned spot," it may at least serve—as, in fact, it did serve in practice—to prevent the spread of the poison to the vital parts of his character.

Let me still further guard against being mistaken by Hazlitt's friends and misinterpreted by his enemies. The defect which I have noticed in his character was little in amount. I never knew him do a thoroughly selfish action ; and I have known him do many that might fairly claim to be deemed magnanimous ones, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It would be the basest of libels upon Hazlitt to describe him as a selfish man. But the tendency, the taint was there ; though it seldom showed itself in overt acts, and never without a sort of half-struggle to overcome it ; or in default of that, a half-ostentatious exposure of the weakness, as one of which he was not merely conscious, but took to himself more shame for it than his worst enemies would have cast upon him.

I shall leave it to those enemies to collect proofs and illustrations of this "original sin" of Hazlitt's temperament. I have done my self-prescribed duty in declaring the existence of the evil, and shall now quit the painful and ungrateful theme, after having ventured on one more remark in connection with it. I have said that the above-named trait in Hazlitt's character was, like Othello's declension into the vale of years, "not much." I will add, that like that, it was (practically) fatal to his peace of mind ; for he could not choose but be deeply conscious of it, and this gave him an ever-present sense of his own comparative unworthiness, and made him listen more eagerly to the suggestions of that self-raised demon, who, Iago-like, was ever at his elbow, urging him on to insane jealousies and suspicions of the good faith of those on whom his heart and spirit yearned to rest and find a home. Hazlitt had strong and burning affections, which could never find a fit object whereon to rest for support ; so that, like the projections of a disease-worn frame, at whatever points they touched, they corroded, and cankered, and

turned to poisonous sores. Had Hazlitt believed that any one human being (especially one of the other sex), whatever his or her station or character, could have loved him with an undivided and unfailing love, he would have been a happy and a happy-making man. But the unfounded belief which beset him, that he was despised and contemned wherever he turned for sympathy, *and that he in some sort deserved to be so*, made and kept him the most miserable of human beings.

To return to our "progress" from Blackfriars to Westminster, after Hazlitt's first lecture at the Surrey Institution. I remember he declined my offered arm at first—which I interpreted as an evidence of his excessive modesty! I pressed it, however, and he then took it—but as if it had been a bar of hot iron—holding it *gingerly* with the tips of his fingers, much after the fashion in which he used to shake hands with those friends who were inadvertent or absent enough to proffer that ceremony.

Nevertheless, we talked bravely by the way (though every third sentence on his part was concluded by a "Sir") till we got to that broad part of Parliament-street opposite to the Admiralty and the Horse Guards. Here, however, we met with a rather unseemly interruption, in the form of sundry petitioners.

I shall never forget the air of infantine simplicity with which Hazlitt received and answered them. That I should see anything exceptionable in the acquaintance, seemed not to enter his thoughts; but his surprise and horror were extreme at the *breach of etiquette* committed by his dingy *protégées*, in addressing him while in the presence of a third person! And this feeling was evidently not on his own account, but on mine. His forbearance and charity for the "unfortunate" persons in question were without limits; and he did not care if all the world knew it, and witnessed the results that ensued whenever his pocket was on a par with his humanity in this particular. But it by no means followed that others might have reached the same philosophic pitch of benevolence: and with the fewest "prejudices" of any man I ever knew, Hazlitt was the last to shock those of other people. His consternation on the above occasion was extreme accordingly, and his uneasiness and confusion were in proportion; for he found himself between the horns of a dilemma. He must either run the risk of horrifying *me* by entertaining these not very creditable applicants, or he must

outrage *them* by a harsh and unlooked-for repulse. I will not say whether his humanity was stronger than his sense of the *bienséances ;* or whether he might not consider the incident as a fairly-earned penalty for the breach of them which *I* had committed, in forcing my company where the desire of companionship was evidently not mutual ; not to mention that it might prove a convenient guard against a repetition of the intrusion. Certain it is, that the claimants in question were repulsed with the gentlest hand in the world.

I shall make no apology for relating this incident ; for those who feel a sufficient interest in the character of the late William Hazlitt to have accompanied me thus far in my Recollections of him, are not likely to be troubled with that false delicacy which could alone have induced or demanded the suppression of it.

I shall conclude the record of my first acquaintance with Hazlitt by referring to another incident, equally characteristic with the above, of the mind and character I would help to delineate. I had, as the reader has seen, been the occasion of introducing Hazlitt to the Surrey Institution, and thus put into his hands what he considered and called "the best job" he ever had as a professed author ; for, besides the sum he was to receive for the delivery of the course of lectures, he had sold the copyright of them for a handsome price. I had, moreover, not merely kept his lectures from being abused in *Blackwood's*, but had praised them there to the full amount of his expectations.* And, to crown the climax of obligation, I had, if I remember rightly, at his earnest request, procured the consent of the Committee of Managers to pay him *in advance* the whole or part of the price of his services ; a benefit, in his estimation, "worth the other two." Such was the relative state of things between us, when, in an unfortunate article which I wrote

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* In order to show that Hazlitt was not unreasonable or exigent in his requirements in cases of this nature, I subjoin the letter he wrote me on the occasion of my sending him in MS. the article in question :—

"DEAR SIR,—I am very well satisfied with the article, and obliged to you for it. I am afraid the censure is truer than the praise. It will be of great service if they insert it entire, which, however, I hope.

"Your obliged,

"W. HAZLITT."

in *Blackwood's*, I happened to use some phrase or illustration which he (Hazlitt) had used on the same subject just before, (in the *London Magazine*), and without referring to him as the origin of the joke, or witticism, or whatever it was, for I quite forget, and it is not worth the trouble of turning to the passage. Let the "gentle" reader judge of my mingled horror and astonishment at finding, in the next number of the *London Magazine*, a ferocious personal attack on me, almost by name, in which my innocent and unconscious adoption of a worthless phrase or word of his, was characterised as an atrocious appropriation of his property, and the doer of it written down, in so many words, a "petty-larceny rascal," and threatened with redoubled vengeance in future if he did not leave off his pick-pocket proceedings!

Being totally unconscious of any *other* cause of offence against Hazlitt than the above, I confess that the savage manner in which he made his reprisals, both shocked and disgusted me; and so matters rested between us for a considerable length of time, and of course without any thought on my part of the acquaintance being renewed; all the ill that I had heard of Hazlitt being thus confirmed to me by this (as I *then* considered it) atrocious, because wholly unprovoked act. It is astonishing how quickly a *personal* proof of this kind brings conviction to one's mind on a doubtful point, when nothing else can! I had heard repeated instances of Hazlitt committing unprovoked outrages of this description on his best friends; but knowing and feeling them to be against nature, I would not allow myself to believe them. But the moment he committed one of a similar kind *against myself*, I not merely believed it, but believed all the rest in virtue of it! though it was even more inexplicable, on any received principle of human action, than all the rest, and, more against all my previous experience.

I hope the reader anticipates the true explanation in my case, and through it, in all the rest. The fact is, Hazlitt (as I learned afterwards) believed that I had committed against him what he justly deemed an unpardonable offence. I had, he thought, *cut* him in the street! And whenever anything of this kind happened to him, there was no limit to the "wild kind of justice" which he was disposed to wreak upon the offending party. I do not believe that he could have slept in peace till he had *righted* himself, in any

case of this kind; and when the individual was not one against whom he could use his pen, he made his tongue the medium of reprisal.

I do not know how it may have been with Hazlitt's friends in cases similar to that which I have just referred to, or how it might have been with myself had I at that time ranked among them; though I believe that, even in that case, my angry feelings (if I had experienced any) would have arisen solely from his supposing me capable of the unspeakable meanness in question. But merely as an acquaintance, and that acquaintance sought by myself, and almost forced upon him, I (on receiving the explanation of the act, and believing that he was satisfied as to the alleged cause for it) thought then, and think now, that he had not only a *right* to do what he did, but that there was a kind of magnanimity in flinging aside all the supposed claims of obligation which I have alluded to in the outset of this little history (and which were no obligations at all, but done purely to please and satisfy *myself*), and "doing himself a pleasure and a right," out of that pure and irrepressible sense and love of abstract justice which are among the noblest and rarest attributes of the human mind, and were especially conspicuous in his. The "taste" in which the thing was done is another matter, and one which, luckily, Hazlitt cared nothing about; for had he been the man to do so, the world would have been without some of the noblest writings of their class which it can boast.

Shortly after the period of my receiving the above explanation of Hazlitt's supposed outrage upon me, I was sitting one morning with the late John Scott, at his lodgings in York-street, Covent Garden, when he told me that he was every moment expecting Hazlitt to call on him by appointment; and knowing my *then* feelings about the attack in the magazine (for it was he who had furnished me with the explanation of it, and from Hazlitt's own lips) he proposed that I should meet him—but not then—for he felt that it would not be *safe* to introduce Hazlitt *unprepared* into the room with a man whom he (Hazlitt) felt that he had outraged. In fact, so intense was Hazlitt's sense of what was due to a man's immediate *personal feelings* when face to face with him, that he would never have forgiven Scott the *étourderie* of bringing himself and me together again, without the full consent of both parties. Briefly, it was settled that we should dine with Scott the same day, if Hazlitt did not object; and accordingly

we met as if nothing had happened (for Hazlitt's sensitiveness on matters of this nature precluded the slightest allusion to the indirect occasion of our meeting, nor was it ever afterwards referred to in the most remote manner); and the rest of the day (and night) was spent in talk—ye gods! what talk! I never knew him, either before or since, so entertaining and brilliant, yet so subtle, penetrating, and profound. He seemed determined to make me amends for the undeserved injury he had done me. It was also, I remember, the first fair renewal of John Scott's intimacy with him, which had been broken off for several years; and they mutually made it the occasion of such a vivid and various calling back of the scenes, characters, and histories of the then, alas! defunct coterie who were accustomed to meet at Basil Montague's, Charles Lamb's, Leigh Hunt's, and all those who had once "called Admiral Burney friend," that I became as familiar with them all as if I had been one among them—a boon the bestowal of which was like adding a score of years to one's life, "without the illness should attend them." Scott, too, who had recently returned from a lengthened residence in Italy, had many excellent things to tell which were new to Hazlitt (who was as good a listener as he was a talker); in particular, several capital ones about Lord Byron, with whom he had been recently spending a week at Venice.

Two of these anecdotes I particularly remember. Until this meeting at Venice, there had been an estrangement between Byron and Scott, in consequence of the part the latter had taken in the "*Champion*," relative to the publication of the celebrated "Farewell;" but they were now reconciled, and were on the water together in Byron's gondola, under circumstances which led Scott to express a strong sense of danger as to their position. "Oh!" said Byron, in a tone of perfect seriousness, "you need not be afraid of anything happening to you while you are with me, *for we are friends now.*" And Scott explained that Byron had the most intimate persuasion, that any of his friends who had quarrelled with him were never safe from some strange accident, until they had "made it up."

The other anecdote related to one of those "*bonnes fortunes*" on which Byron so much piqued himself. He told Scott, that during the hey-day of his popularity, he was on a visit at a noble house in the country, where a large party of both sexes was assembled; and that among them was a lady of rank, beauty

and immaculate reputation, with whom he fell desperately in love, and determined to pursue his inclinations notwithstanding the presence of her husband, to whom she was evidently attached. For several days his unwearied assiduities produced no effect beyond that of a desire, on the lady's part, to avoid them, without infringing the usages of society. Two or three times during the siege and defence Byron had taken opportunities of offering the lady a *billet-doux*, in which he had expressed his passion in terms not, as he thought, to be resisted by mortal woman, at least in the class of society in which this one moved; but on every occasion she had contrived to avoid the proffered insult, without being obliged to recognise it as such. At last, as Byron declared, he grew desperate, and determined to run all risks rather than be foiled in his pursuit. Confident in what he believed to be his knowledge of the female heart, he contrived to be conversing with the lady, in a billiard-room that was situated apart from the rest of the house, at the precise moment when he knew that her husband would enter the room. The husband entered: at *that* moment Byron pressed into her hand his letter; in the alarm and confusion of the moment *she took it*—concealed it hastily—he instantly left her—and (so at least Byron declared) the daring *ruse* succeeded! She "deliberated" for an instant whether or not she should denounce to her husband the insulting outrage; and in that instant she was lost!

Such was Byron's account of one of the many love-passages of his strange life.

From this night it was that my *intimacy* with Hazlitt commenced. Henceforward, with the exception of two or three brief intervals, when either Hazlitt or I was abroad, we met almost daily; and although our intercourse was wholly free from conventional restraint, neither of us ever disguising or concealing an opinion or a sentiment in deference to those of the other, our intimacy was never broken, or even jarred or disturbed, from the above-named period to that of his death—an interval of more than twelve years! This fact may well bear a note of admiration, for those who knew the nature of Hazlitt's mind and temperament, and the doubts, suspicions, and misgivings to which they perpetually made him a prey, and the total incapacity that he laboured under, of abstaining from *acting upon* those doubts and suspicions as if they were demonstrated truths.

On the other hand, it is proper for me to caution the reader

against supposing, that, at any period of our intercourse, anything like a *friendship* subsisted between Hazlitt and myself, in the "sentimental" sense of the phrase. It was a melancholy defect of his mind, that it was wholly incapable of either exciting or entertaining any such sentiment. I have (with deep reluctance) glanced at one of the *natural* reasons of this sad deficiency;—others of an adventitious character, but more than sufficient to account for it, will develope themselves hereafter. In the mean time, it is no less true than it may seem paradoxical, that, with the most *social* disposition of any man I ever met with, and an active and ever-present sympathy with the claims, the wants, and the feelings of every human being he approached, Hazlitt was, even by nature, but by circumstance still more so, *a lone man*, living, moving, and having his being for and to himself exclusively; as utterly cut off from fulfilling and exercising the ordinary pursuits and affections of his kind, and of his nature, as if he had been bound hand and foot in a dungeon, or banished to a desert. And so, indeed, he was—bound in the gloomiest of all dungeons—that built for us by our unbridled passions—banished to that dreariest of all deserts, spread out for us by seared hopes and blighted affections.

We are told, that on the summit of one of those columns which form the magnificent ruins of Hadrian's Temple, in the plain of Athens, there used to dwell a hermit, who scarcely ever descended from his strangely-chosen abode; owing his scanty food and support to the mingled admiration and curiosity of the peasants who inhabited the plain below. Something like this was the position of William Hazlitt, from the period at which I first became acquainted with him. Self-banished from the social world, no less by the violence of his own passions than by those petty regards of custom and society which could not or would not tolerate the trifling aberrations from external form and usage engendered by a mind like his; at the same time, those early hopes, born of the French Revolution, which first awakened his soul from its ante-natal sleep, blighted in their very fruition, and the stream that fed them flung back upon its source, to stagnate there, and turn into a poisonous hatred of the supposed causes of their disappointment;—his spirit refused to look abroad or be comforted. Such being the melancholy condition of his intellectual being at the period I am speaking of, he became, as regarded himself personally, heedless of all things but the immediate gratification

of his momentary wants or wishes; careless of personal character, indifferent to literary fame, forgetful of the past, reckless of the future; and yet so exquisitely alive to the claims and the virtues of all these, that the abandonment of his birthright in every one of them opened a separate canker in his heart, and made his life a living emblem of that early death which it foretokened.

Thus (like the hermit alluded to above) perpetually surrounded by objects of interest, beauty, and grandeur, and enabled by the elevated position which his noble intellect gave him, to look abroad over them all with the ken of an almost superhuman intelligence, he yet dwelt amidst them all "a man forbid;"—self-exiled from that social intercourse which he was born to brighten and to love; rejected and reviled by his own heart and affections; dreaded, and therefore hated, by his foes; feared, and therefore not loved, even by his (so called) "friends:"—with such a man, so constituted and so circumstanced, there could exist no reciprocity of personal sentiment, no fair interchange of affection, and therefore no true friendship. So that (recurring to the immediate occasion of the foregoing remarks) I repeat, these Recollections must not be received as the blind tribute of an overweening affection, seeking to defend from obloquy a sort of other self; but as a free-will offering, urged by a sense of justice towards a man whose errors and weaknesses have been "monstered" into the attributes of a demon; while his many rare and excellent qualities—his noble simplicity of heart and mind—his irrepressible love of truth and justice—and his almost sublime hatred of that oppression and wrong which a systematic violation of those had so long spread abroad over human hopes and institutions throughout the world: all these were overlooked or disregarded, or, when not so, were held up to the world as their direct opposites—as themes for obloquy, rather than claims to admiration.

THE BLACK BANK NOTES.

THERE is a house in Wardour Street, which, until lately, was for a long time shut-up. It has been altered in some respects; but there is still something very odd about the look of it. It seems to lie under a shadow; and the painting and scraping

intended to make the place look more cheerful, render it, by contrast, in fact, the more sombre.

The shop, like some others at present in this street, was formerly a sort of antique repository. In the window was a medley of bronzes, cameos, crucifixes, beads, old images and paintings, with a matchlock, perhaps, or a rifle of German and medieval workmanship. Ancient weapons, armour, chairs, and other articles of furniture, were disposed about the room: and under a glass case which stood on the counter, were some choice and curious gems.

The occupant of this shop was a Jew, named Aaron Meyer; and the substance of the following story was taken from Meyer's own mouth shortly before his death; which, it is supposed, was hastened by the circumstance which he related.

One Sunday morning, Meyer, who was an old man of nearly seventy, was sitting in the little room at the back of his shop. He was writing a letter to his son-in-law, a Mr. Levy, instructing him to arrest a certain debtor whose bank had just broken. There was no window to the room; and the day was so cloudy and lowering that, although it was Midsummer, he was obliged to have a candle. The flame all at once fell so low, that it seemed about to go out.

As he was trimming the wick, a very gentle knock came to the passage-door. Thinking it was Leah, the maid, he cried, "Come in." No one, however, entered, and he went on folding up his letter, fancying he must have been mistaken. Presently he thought he heard the knock repeated, and again cried "Come in," in a louder tone. Still the door was unopened, and once more he supposed the noise had been imaginary; but just as he had sealed his letter he again heard it distinctly. Still conceiving that it was the girl who kept knocking, and being irritated, he called out angrily, "Come in there, I say, in the Devil's name!" He believed those were his exact words. Hereupon the door was softly opened; but instead of the servant, a rough, seafaring-looking man, slipped cautiously, peeping about him, into the room. "Hush!" cried the stranger, motioning Meyer to be silent, as the Jew, startled at his unexpected visitor, was about to cry out. He added, in a whisper, "Don't be frightened." Meyer asked him how he came there. He answered that he entered by the street door; which happened to be open. Leah afterwards declared it was shut; but she might have been mistaken. Meyer then demanded his business. Upon which the sailor, or whatever he was, pulled out a red morocco case, about

four inches square and as many deep, pointed at it significantly, and then made a movement with his thumb over his shoulder towards the door ; which Meyer locked. "Now, old Aaron, my boy," said the man, "look here."—And opening the box, he displayed a brilliant, sparkling like a star, and at least as large as a nutmeg. "What is it?" demanded the Jew. "What is it?" echoed the other. "You'll see. Bear a hand and hold that candle to me,—it won't," he muttered, "be for the first time." Meyer did as he was desired. To his astonishment, the stone was a genuine diamond! "*No questions!*" said the fellow. "What will you stand for it?" The Jew looked in the face of his visitor. It was the bronzed aspect of a seaman, remarkable chiefly for a large pair of moustaches ; which, with an outlandish cut about the dress, made him suppose he had to do with a smuggler—perhaps a pirate.—Yet there was something very peculiar in the man's eye. It was keen, piercing, and his own shrunk as he encountered it. This did not prevent him from offering twenty guineas for the gem. "Twenty guineas!" repeated the other, with a contemptuous laugh. "You know it's worth two thousand!"—"Very well," answered Meyer, "suppose we ask that question of a policeman?"—"You're a scoundrel," said the sailor deliberately, eyeing him for some moments, "a pretty scoundrel! But I am in your clutches, I see ; another day you may be in mine. No matter. Come ; don't be too hard ; say forty."—"Well, my dear," answered the Jew, "I'm an honest man, and just in my dealings—I'll give you thirty-five."—"There then, take it, if you must," said the fellow sulkily. Meyer at once paid him the money, and in a moment had the gem under lock and key. The sailor walked moodily off.

Meyer was almost delirious with his good-fortune ; but the question was, how to dispose of his prize as soon as possible. There was good reason for his anxiety on this point, which he revolved long and earnestly in his mind ; by turns taking the jewel from its hiding-place to gloat over it for a moment, and then hastily, on the least noise or stir, replacing it, and locking his chest.

In this state of fever he spent about two hours ; when Leah came to say that Mr. Isaacs wished to speak with him. He told her to ask Mr. Isaacs in, who accordingly entered. Mr. Isaacs wore his usual brown gaberdine and long beard. He passed for an old-clothesman ; but under that disguise carried on certain peculiar transactions, and had become, secretly, very rich. This Meyer knew. Isaacs, first having ascertained that there was nobody

within hearing, said that he was come to make an important purchase. A friend of his had pressing occasion to invest a large sum in jewellery, being about to start instantly for America, and wishing to compress all his property into the smallest compass. He then asked Meyer what jewels he had to sell; and Meyer produced all he had—*one* only excepted. He dared not show *that*. Isaacs offered him a thousand pounds for the lot, which he agreed to take.

"Now," inquired Isaacs, "have you no more?"

Meyer hesitated; when Isaacs assured him that he had as much money again, at least, to invest, if possible. Meyer, accordingly, with a trembling hand, drew forth, *the* diamond; and Isaacs, without hesitation, consented to give three thousand pounds for it. He then produced, in payment for the whole, Bank of England notes to the amount of four thousand pounds.

Meyer did not relish the idea of paper, and looked at the notes suspiciously. The other Jew observing this, told him he might well look, for that an extensive Bank robbery had been just effected; but he added significantly, the numbers of the notes had not been entered, and not one of them could be stopped. Meyer asked if Isaacs would indorse the notes, which the latter readily did; whereon Meyer received them, and handed over the jewels, diamond and all, to Mr. Isaacs. They then exchanged congratulations, and Isaacs went his way. Both laughed at parting; but there was something in the laugh of Isaacs very odd and extraordinary.

All that night Meyer got no sleep. He could not get the laugh of Isaacs out of his head. As, over-excited, he kept tossing to and fro on his pillow, he seemed to hear it audibly. Sometimes it appeared to sound outside the window, sometimes close to his pillow.

Pale and sallow with want of rest, the next morning he sallied forth for 'Change. Scarcely had he got into the street when who should be the first person he met but Mr. Isaacs with his clothes-bag. Meyer asked him how he did since yesterday? "Since yesterday?" replied Isaacs. "What is the use," said Meyer, "of affecting a short memory?" Isaacs protested that he did not know what he meant; and declared that he had passed the whole preceding day at home. Meyer thought him mad; but Isaacs assured him that his wife and daughter could prove that he spoke the truth: he would bet a shilling that it was so, besides. This induced Meyer to accompany him home, when, to his consternation,

not only did the wife and daughter, but the servants also, and two neighbours, attest Isaacs's assertion.

A strange misgiving seized on Meyer's mind. Half bewildered and distracted, he rushed home, and flew wildly to his strong box. There were the notes, sure enough. What mystery was this? He took them to the window, and agitatedly threw open the half-closed shutters, the better to examine them. It was a fine morning, and the sun streamed into the room. He looked and looked. Could they have been forged? But then the indorsement! He looked again—a shade seemed to gather on them. He rubbed his eyes, but the shade appeared deeper. His brow perspired and hand trembled violently. There was no doubt of it,—the notes were changing colour! They became grey, dingy, dusky-brown, and as Meyer fell senseless, they dropped from his hand, black and shrivelled, to the floor.

Meyer never perfectly recovered the shock which he had received. His friends tried to persuade him that he had been the dupe of a swindler, who had personated the sailor and Mr. Isaacs; and that the notes, which were probably forged, had been destroyed by chemical agency. We know, in fact, that paper may be so prepared, that it will retain its colour for any length of time till exposed to the sun; and the secret of its preparation may have been known to a few before the discovery of the Daguerréotype. But the Jew, in reply to such arguments, would only shake his head and shudder. In plain terms, he believed himself to have been deceived by the devil! Perhaps he thought no one else could have taken him in. But whatever may be the explanation of this strange affair, we may deduce from it an apt moral—"Do not by any dealings make money which will not bear the light."

A FEW WORDS ON EARLY SHOP-SHUTTING.

We have heard much of late of the long labour and the scanty guerdon of milliner girls. If the agitation have the effect of lessening one hour of toil in their day, or adding one penny to their wages, we thank God we have heard so much, and we trust in God we may hear more. In the garrets and lonely chambers of this great town many a girl's bright eye is waning, many a girl's brave heart is breaking, over the task of sewing coarse slop shirts or weaving rich embroidery. But this misery is retiring; these dreary hours of toil are passed in hidden places, apart from public gaze. There is another species of slavery, practised almost in our public streets, under our very noses, which we cannot stir without beholding, and which yet seems to excite no notice, except, indeed, when the victims themselves make the effort.

We speak of the needlessly long hours to which labour in shops is protracted.

Cast a mental glance along the great outlines of London, its vast streets, devoted to traffic and to merchandise, sweeping from Blackwall to Kensington. Consider the endless array of shops which lines them; the really vast population required to attend to them. Remember that shopkeepers constitute the great bulk of the middle classes; that the assistants of one year are continually springing up to be the masters of the next; think of all this, and answer does it not seem of importance to the social well-being of the country, that a class so numerous, so weighty, who must exercise so great a power in a constitutional country, should have something like spare time; should not be devoted, almost without a moment's relaxation, to one unbroken routine of buying and selling that they may eat and sleep, and of eating and sleeping that they may buy and sell? Would it not be well that there should be intervals of leisure time to think, to read, or even to write? But he must be a prodigy indeed, who could manage to perform any of the three operations if called upon to labour for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four; perhaps more.

And shopmen are also expected to have something of the gentleman, sometimes the fine gentleman, about them. What a valuable thing is a good fluent address at a West-end establishment!

They are expected to be able to talk as intelligent people. You look for more intelligence, more knowledge from them than from an operative or an ordinary mechanic. And yet you give them less time to acquire it.

The workshop of the artisan is never, we believe,—except perhaps upon special occasions,—open longer than twelve hours a day, and from these the hours of dinner and breakfast have to be deducted. The merchant's, or the banker's clerk, seldom arrives at his desk before nine or ten in the morning, and is generally relieved from it early in the evening—some as soon as four—very few indeed later than seven.

But after workshops and counting-houses are closed and silent, shops continue in full operation, flaring with gas and crowded with buyers and sellers until late in the night. Go forth into the streets early in the morning, between seven and eight, and you see shops opening, shutters everywhere moving, windows everywhere being arranged to catch the eyes and admiration of passengers during the coming day. Come again when the night is advancing, they are still open—nearly all till nine, many till ten—and some in particular neighbourhoods, and devoted to particular traffics, until eleven, or, perhaps, midnight. A long day's toil this, and almost without intermission: a hasty half-hour or so twice a day for meals constitute the only breaks. And frequently, even when to outward appearance the shop is closed and the attendants gone, they are still at work with closed shutters within, making up the day's accounts, and arranging disordered goods for the business of to-morrow.

Let it not either be supposed, that the toil thus imposed upon thousands of young men, and indeed upon no inconsiderable number of young women, though long continued, is right. It involves almost constant standing; no inconsiderable amount of walking and climbing up ladders and stairs; a continued and wearing bodily and mental effort to please customers; to talk them into purchases; to wile them by displaying goods to the best advantage. And when the weary task is done, too; when the jaded shopman is turned loose from his counter—perhaps not long before midnight—with the knowledge that by six or seven o'clock next morning he must be at it again, what is he to do? Read, walk, write, improve himself in any way? You can hardly expect it. He will sleep to forget his toils, or, perhaps, if he can get it, drink grog to drown them.

This is but a rotten state of things; and why does it exist? No imperious necessity ordains it; no stern edict of political economy holding up the bug-bears of "supply and demand" says it shall be so. The supply could well keep up with the demand, even though hours and hours were retrenched from the shopman's day of labour. Thoughtlessness, so long practised that it has become a habit, is the mother of the evil; but the habit does not appear to be one of those which cannot be broken.

We take it that we are correct in saying that forty-nine out of the fifty purchases which are made after seven o'clock in the evening, could just as well have been made before. Miss Laura Matilda could have secured her "love of a bonnet;" Mrs. John Brown "the boots for baby;" or even poor Sally Davis that cheap warm shawl for winter, before the day closed, just as well as four or five hours after the gas-lamps were lighted. Or even if a little inconvenience may be felt, what of that? Put your inconvenience, ladies (and we really believe that ladies are the chief sinners in this way)—put your inconvenience in comparison with the privations you inflict; the lengthened hours of toil to which you doom your fellow-creatures; the health that you ruin; ay, the lives that you shorten. Do that; think of that but for a moment, and we well know that your kind women's hearts would shrink from participation in the unhallowed system.

It is astonishing how much might be done, were people but united in doing a little. It is a little matter to arrange one's domestic economy so that time would be afforded for shopping within reasonable hours. All that is requisite is perhaps to change an hour's novel reading—an hour's piano playing—an hour's hemming shirts or darning stockings—from before dinner or before tea—until after them,—making the shopping hour take the early place of its brother, formerly devoted to in-door duty or recreation. It is only needful to make this little family revolution, and if universally carried out it would give a couple of hours daily leisure to those who know not what daily leisure means; a couple of hours to spend in wholesome reading or wholesome rambling, to those who are now too much fatigued in body and mind at the long-looked-for close of their day's toil, to do either.

This is no chimerical, ideal project. It is very practicable, and very simple. It calls for no sacrifice in purse, no great self-denial in inclination. People just overlook it, because it is obvious, as they search all round a table for something just under

their noses. That if generally carried out it would ensure the end it aimed at, is just as clear as that end is desirable. We have watched with pleasure the progress of the efforts made by the shopmen themselves to achieve shorter hours of labour. We were especially rejoiced to see the masters, at least many of them, cordially co-operating in the good work. But it is the public who must be the prime reformer. So long as people go to buy late, shops will sell late. The best inclinations in the world on the part of employers will not, where there exists such competition as they have to struggle with, succeed in fulfilling their own desires and those of their dependants. Hours and wages are alike regulated by laws irrespective of individual favour or caprice. To the public, to its generosity, to its justice, to its common sense, it is that the appeal should be made; and to it we now make that appeal.

This little paper pretends to be no elaborate essay, demonstrative of the wide-spread evils of the late-hour system. They have been as manifestly shown as deeply felt. We merely wish to hint, in the fewest possible words, our sympathy with, and our good wishes for, the success of the efforts now being made to adopt a more reasonable, a more humane, system. The rights of industry, the claims of our common humanity, we most willingly acknowledge, we most cordially back. We do so from duty as well as inclination; we are believers in the progression of humanity—proud believers. We hail every effort we see made to place any class of that humanity upon a better and a higher position than it now occupies. These efforts we will most heartily aid. The cause is an honest one, and we are proud of it—a righteous one, and we are blessed in it.

ADDRESS TO THE FOUNTAINS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

GLORIOUS fountains, flashing far
O'er the Square of Trafalgar!
Through the fog rare freshness flinging,
Leaping, sparkling, splashing, singing—
Fountains, hear what you resemble,
Like as Cato to John Kemble:—

Types, O fountains in the Square,
Are you of that Christian care,
Which, within the Union door,
Wraps and lulls the pining poor.
Types of what rich squires may give
Tenants, by whose thrift they live,
For their sport, with hound and horn,
O'er high-rented fields of corn.

Like the balm, that Justice, grieved,
Sheds o'er innocents bereaved,
When in subtle snaring wires
Law, the poacher, takes their sires.
Of physicians, sagely sure
Soul to save, and heart to cure ;—
Of attorneys scorning fees—
Fountains, are you likenesses.

Of the blessings spread by cricket,
When patricians strike the wicket ;
Of the light, that shames the past,
Now by England's drama cast !
You, fair founts, are like these things,
Since you're pure imaginings ;
Like them—liquids of the Square—
For 'tis known you're not yet there !

Like the scales their Worships hold,—
Just,—and ne'er weigh'd down by gold.
Bread, that toil must always earn ;
Virtues, power will never spurn.
Like this tradesman's honest gains,
Like that legislator's brains ;
Like their *hearts*, if conscience counts—
For you're simply nothing, founts !

Emblems of the rainbows fair
Round the needle-worker's chair :
Tears that fill a guardian's eye—
For your basins prove as dry.

Images of fifty plans,
God's ingrafting upon man's,
Less'ning all this social distance—
For, alas! you've no existence!

Yet, fair founts, on you and me
Light breaks in—You are *to be!*
So shall laughing leaping play,
Where there's none, be seen one day.
Liquid truths are you, not tropes,
While you picture man's high hopes;
So be now, in Nelson's Square,
Founts of water, not of air! R. L. B.

THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Letter I.—To Peter Hedgehog, at Sydney.

Dear Peter,—At last, I'm settled to my heart's content. For fifteen years and more, I've been fighting, and punching, and screwing, and doing—the Lord forgive me!—all sorts of mean tricks to be respectable; and now I'm happy, for I've given the thing up. I've got rid of every bit of the gentleman, and drive a cab. Ha! you don't know—you can't think—what a blessing it is to get rid of all cares about what's genteel. It's like taking off fine tight boots, and stretching yourself in comfortable old slippers. How respectability did pinch, and gall, and rub the skin off me to be sure: but I've done with it. I've given up the trumpery, for the good, stout, weather-proof character of cabman. Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready-money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it—oh, it's enough to break the heart of an angel.

Well, I've gone a good round, and it's nothing but right that I should be comfortable at last. Wasn't all the sweetness of my little boyhood lost in an attorney's office? At a time of life, when I ought to have been bird's-nesting, shoeing cats with

walnut-shells, spinning cockchafers on pins, and enjoying myself like any other child of my age,—there I was half the day wearing out a wooden desk with my young breast-bone, and the other half running about, like a young cannibal, to serve writs: sneaking, and shuffling, and lying worse than any play-bill, and feeling as happy as a devil's imp on a holiday whenever I "served" my man. Yes, Peter, that I've any more heart than an oyster left me, is a special favour of Providence; for what a varmint I was! If it hadn't been for the play-house, I should have been ruined. Yes, Peter, but for the Coburg Theatre, I have no doubt that at this time I should have been a sharp attorney, not able to smell as much as a lucifer-match without the horrors.

'Tis a great place for morals, the play-house, Peter. As I say, it quite drew me back into the paths of virtue. Old Simcox, my master, to keep me active, used to give me a shilling for every writ I served. He used to say, there was nothing like rubbing a young dog's nose in the blood, to make him sharp after the game. Well, with these shillings, I used to go to the Coburg gallery. That gallery was my salvation. When I used to see the villain, who'd been so lucky all through the piece, chopped down like chopped wood at the last,—my conscience used to stir worse than the stomach-ache. And so by degrees I liked the playhouse more, and the writs less. And one day when Simcox told me to go and serve a writ upon the very actor who used to do me so much good—for he was always the cock of the walk as far as virtue went—I gave him such a speech about "tremble, villain, for there is an eye," that the old fellow gasped again. When he had recovered himself enough to fling a ruler at my head, I put my cap on, and turned my back upon the law.

After this, I sold play-bills at the Coburg doors, and that's how I picked up the deal I know about the stage.

And so I went scrambling on till twenty, and how I lived I don't know. Indeed, when I look back, I often think money's of no use at all; folks do quite as well or better without it. Money's a habit—nothing more.

At twenty—how it happened I can't tell—I found myself a tradesman. Yes; I sold baked 'tatoes, and—on nipping winter days—used to feel myself a sort of benefactor to what is called our species. I had read a little at book-stalls and so on. And many a time, have I with a sort of pride asked myself, if many of the Roman emperors ever sold two 'tatoes, salt, and a bit of butter for a penny? I should think not.

Well, at three-and-twenty, down came that bit of money on me! Whether it was really a relation who left it, or not, or whether it was all a mistake, I never asked,—I took the money. And that bit of money made me swell not a little. Yes; I swelled like a toad—full of poison with it. Then I went to make no end of a fortune. I thought luck had fallen deep in love with me, and I could n't go too far.

There was a gentleman who always came with an order to the Coburg. A few years ago I should have said he was a Jew; but now I know manners, and so call him a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion. Well; if he could n't talk melted butter! We were both to make our fortunes, but I was to find the money for the couple. We went upon 'Change; and, as he said, both of us were ruined. Ruin, however, could have been nothing strange to him, for he never seemed the worse for it.

From that time, Peter, I was flung upon the hard stones of London. I had too much pride to go to the 'tatoes again, and so took to billiards. Ha! Peter, it 's dirty bread; it 's bread with the head-ache, and the heart-ache, in it. That would n't do long; though how I did shuffle and hedge, and make the most of the innocent, and all to try to keep myself respectable.

I tell you, for fifteen years I fought it out like a man. I did n't care what came of it, what folks said of me—I would be respectable. A superfine coat and a prime dinner I would have; but ha, Peter! it 's all been taken out of me. I 've given it up, I tell you, and I 'm a happy cabman.

Bless your soul! you can't think what a happy life it is. Always seeing something new, and always riding with somebody. For you must know, my cab isn't one of the new concerns that divide the driver and his fare. That would n't suit me, no how. No: I like to ride upon what I call an equality, and talk and learn life as I go. You can't believe the sort of people that I sometimes drive about,—and the things I get out of 'em.

But I intend to write it all down, and to save the bother of posting, and all that, to print my letters at once. Then if my dear relations and acquaintance that are scattered in all the corners of the world don't know anything about me, 'twill be their fault, not mine.

I could n't have thought that a cabman's life could have so improved the mind. But when we meet at the Spotted Lion—that 's our watering-house—there 's something to be heard, I can tell you. I never troubled my head with politics before I drove a

cab: no, I was little better than an animal—but I should think that now I know something of the Bill of Rights, and all that; and all from the newspapers. When the nose-bag 's on the old mare, don't I read the debates in parliament!

I was going to write you a bit upon the Sugar Question, but old Lumpy—he 's our waterman—has called me for a job.

So at present no more, from your cousin, and well-wisher.

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER II.—TO MRS. HEDGEHOG, OF NEW YORK.

MY DEAR OLD GRANDMOTHER,—Thank all your stars and two garters that you 're out of England! We 're all going to be made Catholics. It's a settled fact. You ought henceforth never to cook a supper of sprats, without looking at the gridiron, thinking of Smithfield, and being special grateful for your deliverance.

Nobody can tell what 's come to half the Bishops, and three parts of the clergy. Such a noise about surplices and gowns! The old story again. The old fight—as far as I can tell—about white and black; one party vowing that the real thing 's white whilst the other will have it that the true white 's black. Yes, grandmother; it's the old battle of black and white that, as far as my learning goes, has for hundreds of years filled this nice sort of world of our's with all kinds of trouble. Nobody can tell what 's set these ministers of peace—as they call themselves—all of a sudden in such a pucker—but I think I 've hit upon the cause; and here it is.

All this noise in the church has begun in the playhouse. I'm sure of it. Foolish people say and write that we English folks don't care about plays. There never was such a mistake. In our hearts all of us, and especially many of the Bishops and clergy, dote upon the playhouse; but then you see it isn't thought quite the thing for the clergy to go there. The Bishop of Exeter—I 'm cock-sure of it—has a consuming love for a pantomime; but then he wouldn't like to be seen in the boxes of Drury Lane, giving his countenance to the clown, that takes his tithe of all sorts of things that come under his nose. The Bishop of London, too,—he, I 've heard it said, got made a Bishop of by some intimate acquaintance of his that wrote plays in Greek. Well, he can't go and enjoy his laugh at the Haymarket,—or have his feelings warmed till they boil over at his eyes at the Victoria (that was

once the Coburg). So you see, as the Bishops can't decently stir from the church to the playhouse, they 've set their heads together to bring the playhouse to the church. And this accounts for all their fuss in the church, about what the playhouse-people call the "dresses and decorations." They seem to think that religion isn't enough of itself, unless it's "splendidly got up." Whereupon they want to go back to the old properties of crosses, and candlesticks, and so forth, to fill the pews. Well, when the Bishops—the grey, sober men, the fathers of the church—have this hankering after a bit of show, it isn't to be expected that the young fellows will refuse the finery. Certainly not. Whereupon they 're bringing in all sorts of fashions, it seems. They don't think it enough to belong to the Army of Martyrs, unless they 've very handsome regimentals.

In some of the churches they 've revived what they call the offertory. It 's this. At a certain part of the service, they send round a bag, or a pocket at the end of a stick, to all the people, to put money in. I have seen the same sort of thing used in the streets to reach to the first-floors, when the tumblers go about. Well, this money is gathered for a many things. But John Bull does n't like it. They say the crocodile has his tender part somewhere about his belly—John's vital part is his breeches-pocket. Nevertheless, there 's no doubt that the Bishop of Exeter—for he 's very strong upon the offertory—has introduced it to make religion, what is so very much liked in England, select and respectable. You see, the people who can't afford to drop their Sunday shillings and sixpences, won't have the face to go to worship at all,—or they may turn Dissenters,—and so the Established Church, like the Opera House, will be made a place for what the *Standard* (I can tell you *that is* a religious newspaper, though you may never hear of it) calls the "better classes." Poor people may turn Anabaptists, or anything of that sort that 's very cheap. Purple and fine linen a'n't for everybody ; no, isn't there good stout sound cloth, and striped cotton ?

The Bishop of London has been in very hot water with the folks at Tottenham, about the Sunday silver, which they won't pay at all. Well, he says they needn't pay it for a twelvemonth. So it seems that a truth isn't a truth all at once, it takes a year to grow. According to the Bishop it would seem that truth was born like a tadpole, that wanted time afore it came to be a perfect frog.

Well, then, there's another notion about. It 's said that the

wants of the people are so many, that it 's quite out of the power of the labouring clergy to attend to 'em. It would be worse than drayman's work. And so it has been recommended that there should be a sort of church militia raised in addition to the regulars. It was only last night that I drove down to Fulham a very chatty sort of man,—I think the under-butler of the Bishop of London. Well, he talked a good deal about this militia,—they're to be called Deacons I think, and are to be considered a sort of a parson ; like young ravens not yet come to their full black.

Well, it was quite plain that he hoped to be one of 'em, for he said the places would be open to anybody really pious, of the humblest parts. He was very talkative ; and said these deacons would have all the comforts of the monks, without any of their vows ; going to people's houses ; worming themselves into their families, and learning all their business carnal—yes, I think carnal was his word—and spiritual. When I asked him if, like the monks, they were to wear gowns and hoods (as I 'd seen 'em, at the Coburg), he winked very knowingly, and said, with the blessing of Providence, that might come. At all events, they might begin with letters and numbers worked in gold or silver in their collars ; and something after the new police, have a pink or purple strap about their cuffs, when upon spiritual duty.

Folks are in a mighty stir about the matter ; but I think Exeter and London might bring all the people of their own minds ; if they only knew how to go about the business. I've just been reading Miss Martineau about mesmerism ; and she says this,—"it is almost an established opinion among some of the wisest students of mesmerism, that the mind of the somnambule [you must ask somebody about these words] mirrors that of the mesmerist." And then she goes on to say,—"it certainly is true to a considerable extent, as is pretty clearly proved when an ignorant child—ignorant, especially, of the Bible—*discourses of the Scriptures and divinity when mesmerised by a clergyman.*"

Now the bishops have nothing to do but to mesmerise the people ;—I 'm sure I 've known parsons who 've done wonders with sleepy congregations—have only to get 'em "to mirror *their* minds," and they may do as they please with crosses, and surplices, and saints, and offertory, and all that. In a word, the Bishops of Exeter and London have only to send all their flocks well to sleep, to shear 'em after what fashion they like.

As yet, my dear grandmother, I hav'n't given nothing to

the offertory, and I won't agree to the move about the surplice. But flesh is weak. I can't tell how long I may hold out. Fashion's a strong thing, and always strongest when it sets towards the Church. The day may come when I may take my grey mare—as I 'm told they take all the animals in Italy—to be blessed and sprinkled on the feast of St. Anthony, and the Bishop of London may do the job for her. But I 'll hold out as long as I can. In the mean time, let me have your prayers, and believe me your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P.S.—I did intend to write to cousin Bridget, but Lumpy 's called me away for a long job.

JANUARY.

STERN January, like a giant, now hath come,
Trampling with marble feet on everything :
Yet, though the tortured forests creak and swing,
And sturdiest bushes to the snow succumb,
And the unshelter'd beasts are cold and numb,
And bats for warmth close to each other cling,
And ev'n the well-housed feel the frost's sharp sting,
And the warp'd streams are paralysed and dumb :

There is " a soul of good " in all this ill ;
For, 'midst the weather's havoc and turmoil,
Calm Nature is at work beneath the soil,
Tempering the " stubborn glebe " for ploughs to till,
And nursing half-formed flowers, in spring to rise
From their dark cells, and look up to the skies.

E. O.

A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.

"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable: neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another." WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE epithets which commonly distinguish kings are *The Handsome*, *The Fat*, *The Foolish*, *The Cruel*, and such like. But there was a king of France who was called *The Wise*. He had profited by adversity, and his knowledge of the world had helped him to a knowledge of books.

Give me my Liar! he would call out to his librarian. And his librarian handed him a volume of history.

Within the last few years this Liar has come into general use. If any one would justify an execrable action, and revive the ambition of committing it, he calls for his Liar and the thing is done. But he does not give it that wise name. He calls it his Hume, or his Hallam, his Lingard, or his Sharon Turner. And the world listens in perfect good faith, quite glad to be imposed upon. For without doubt the pleasure is as great, in being cheated as to cheat.

Half the coming generation is growing up around us, within the reach of influences fatal to sense and liberty. There is nothing now so common to hear talked about, for example, as the chivalry of the Stuarts. That very chivalrous gentleman, James the Second, was discussed in the debating society of the upper boys of Eton the other day, as a victim to 'misfortune.' And if the foolish fashion goes forward, as it will if not arrested speedily, I do not doubt we shall have the greater 'unfortunate' of that family again sobbed over in our pulpits after the use of pulpits of a hundred and fifty years ago, as 'The Roy . . . Royal Ma . . . 'Martyr . . . the . . . Holy Martyr . . . the . . . the . . . Blessed 'Martyr!'

Other and viler follies accompany these. I will name a few.

The Revolution a Fraud. The Reformation a shabby Conspiracy. The houses of Legislature an impediment to the blessings of Monarchy. And the sole Remedy for the wrongs of labour, the System which made the peasant a serf of the soil. Oh! wise discoveries of the Great Liar!

Ingenious men, notwithstanding, might have set them forth with liveliness. These men I more particularly refer to, self-styled models and instructors of our English youth, can but tritely or pertly re-echo the parrot cries of the past. Forsooth the Revolution made a Venetian Doge of an English King! Why, it is poor Charles the First's phrase. He urged it unceasingly against Hampden and Pym. And though he said they should not make a Doge of him, by the blessing of God they *did* make him that, and lower and meaner than that.

We are to guard, too, against the great families oppressing and maltreating Monarchy! We are to have Montforts and Warwicks in the field again, and to hear again the tramping of their iron heels. It is a little stale. They were, precisely thus, in the field when Marlborough would have saved Anne; when Walpole did save that wise prince, George the First; when Chatham saved England as well as George the Second; and when Bute was struck down, as he would have ruined George the Third. 'Here are all the great and opulent families engaged,' writes Horace Walpole. 'Here is the king insulted and prisoner; 'his mother stigmatized; his uncle affronted; his favourite per-'secuted. It is again a scene of Bohuns, Montforts, and Plan-'tagenets!' But Horace might have said a wiser thing, for he was a wiser man than the author of *Coningsby*.

In close connexion with views like these, are views that take wider range and threaten dearer liberties. It is but a step from the one to the other. Make your History of a hash of outworn and spent delusions, and stale traditions will serve for your Theology. The men who revive the virtues of Feudality, are the men who would revive Apostolical Succession. It is in both the love of usurpation. It is the passion, if the word may be so applied, of a pretence to undue authority. There are those who can see Power only in its most extravagant assumptions, as there are those who see nothing but strength in bandy legs.

Shall we surrender then, at the call of monstrous assumptions such as these, our own understandings and faith? and the rational happiness of the generation which must lose in every lapse of

ours, and inherit all our miscreated evils? Asking myself that question, another took its place. Could the Great Liar itself be turned into a Great Truthteller? Could History be so set down, that no true reader could mistake its meanings, and no false teacher wrest them to false uses? It might be worth the trial. It might be worth while, not merely to forego the unblushing enunciation of what never existed, but to cast away the temptation of those judicious packings of facts which are but the decent evasion of falsehood.

It is a trial, however, beset with manifold obstructions. The Past is dark, as the Present is uncertain and confused. The experience by which we would teach is at the best imperfect; and what obscurity hangs round ourselves, even in this living time of which we are a portion, when the correct representation is sought of a passing occurrence of the hour! So it has been ever. As Walter Raleigh sat down to the composition of his *History*, a tumult was heard outside his prison walls. He went and gazed upon it. It was afterwards reported to him in three different ways by three different witnesses, and he found that he differed in his own impressions from all. And yet, he exclaimed, 'I am about to write a *History of the World!*'

The undazzled and fair intention, will notwithstanding do much. Perhaps that great name I have just now mentioned might help to show us *how* much.

Raleigh had passed his early life in the making of History, when, towards its close, the evening of a tempestuous day, he sat down to write it. He sat down, girt with four prison walls, and with no temptation more to flatter the world, between his prison and his grave. He had acted History, as I say, and knew what things they were that had commonly most space and most honour in its records. 'Plots, forswearings, betrayings, oppressions, imprison-'ments, tortures, poisonings.' He knew that virtue and fortune were not separated there; but 'the most impious, if prosperous, 'have ever been applauded; the most virtuous, if unprosperous, 'have ever been despised.' Within his own experience he had seen honour and fidelity without a monument or memory; nay, he had himself been concerned in the erection of statues and trophies, to men whom, he now lived to learn, the darkest forgetfulness should have buried and covered for evermore.

Raleigh knew what success in public life was; that it was no other than the fashioning or not fashioning ourselves according to

the nature of the time wherein we live. He had intimate experience of what the flattery is, that is bred in the purlieus of palaces, and what a part it plays in the world of books as of men. 'A flatterer is a beast that biteth smiling: but it is hard to know 'them from friends, they are so obsequious and full of protestations: 'for as a wolf resembleth a dog, so doth a flatterer a friend.' Raleigh knew what the worth of the most consummate state-wisdom was: 'for God hath said it, and performed it ever. *Perdam sapientiam* '*sapientium*. I will destroy the wisdom of the wise.' Raleigh knew, no man more bitterly knew, what were the habits of princes and all who govern. 'For whosoever shall tell any great man or magistrate 'that he is not just; the general of an army that he is not valiant; '*and great ladies that they are not fair;* shall never be made a coun-'sellor, a captain, or a courtier.' And he, Sir Walter Raleigh, who had been all these; he who had been Captain, Counsellor, and Courtier, foremost in the glittering throng; was now arrived at the mortifying knowledge of what availed the sacrifices made and the glory won. 'Whosoever he be to whom Fortune hath been a 'servant and the Time a friend, let him but take the account of his 'memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and 'truly examine what it hath reserved, either of beauty and youth, 'or foregone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his 'dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous spring-time 'gave his thoughts of contentment, then unvaluable; and he shall 'find that all the art which his elder years have, can draw no 'other vapour out of these dissolutions, than heavy, secret, and 'sad sighs.'

Here, I would say, is an example in regard to what History should teach, and the duties that should wait upon her teaching. The Prisoner tells us how to judge the actions of the Captain, the Counsellor, and the Courtier. 'Although the air which compasseth 'adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God, than 'in that shining light which environeth worldly glory.' Raleigh here saw GOD at last. At last he knew that History must be written, as far as it may be written, not with regard to the little multitudes of hopes and schemes and transient misjudged plans of Men, but with continual regard to the single and sublime simplicity, the reaction of good and evil, the continual march upward and upward, which is the law of God. Then should it cease to be the mere revolting record of tyrannies and slaughters. Then should the apophthegm used by a great modern philosopher, that '*nations*

'*never profit by experience*,' become yearly more and more untrue. Then should miscalled individual glory be honestly judged, and peradventure the condition of the whole human species permanently raised. Then, at any rate, should we be able to gather out of History that policy which Raleigh himself has spoken of as no less wise than eternal, by the comparison and application of other men's forepast miseries with our own like errors and ill-deservings.

This is the lesson I would venture to accept, and, very humbly but in all sincerity and good faith, attempt with what short-comings soever to put in practice. It is needless I should tell the reader, that the imprisoned Captain and Courtier was taken to the scaffold before he had brought his own historical work to the test of his experience of modern history. As it stands, it is but what the poet of the *Seasons* characterised it, a survey of 'the 'vast extent of ages past,' always most learned and most nobly written, often with passages of deep wisdom, but on the whole not extremely profitable in an historical regard. It begins with the creation of the world and ends with the second Macedonian war: though there is reason to believe, from what occurred in the years of its progress, that if the early beginning was always contemplated, the abrupt close was certainly forced upon him. He makes a remark at the close of his preface which seems to bear upon this. 'I know it will be said by many that I might have been more 'pleasing to the reader if I had written the story of mine own 'times, *having been permitted to draw water as near the well-head as* '*another*. To this I answer, that whosoever, in writing a modern 'history, *shall follow Truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out* '*his teeth*. There is no mistress or guide that hath led her fol-'lowers and servants into greater miseries.' So may the loss we have sustained be the better accounted for.

To the extent of that loss none can be indifferent, to whom Raleigh's singular grandeur of style is known. And having been led to make such special allusion to him, I will not forbear to enrich these pages with some further examples of his noble thoughts.

Of the ordinary absence of charity, justice, and truth, in matters of which these should be the essence and existence, he wrote thus: 'And certainly there is nothing more to be admired, and 'more to be lamented, than the private contention, the passionate 'dispute, the personal hatred, and the perpetual war, massacre,

'and murders, for Religion among Christians. The *discourse* 'whereof hath so occupied the world, as it hath near driven the '*practice* thereof out of the world. Who would not soon resolve, 'that took knowledge but of religious disputations among men, 'and not of their lives which dispute, that there were no other 'things in their desires than the purchase of Heaven; and that 'the world itself were but used as it ought, and as an inn or place 'wherein to repose ourselves in passing on towards our celestial 'habitation; when, on the contrary, besides the discourse and 'outward profession, the soul hath nothing but hypocrisy? We are 'in effect become comedians in Religion; and while we act in 'gesture and voice divine virtues, in all the course of our lives we 'renounce our persons and the parts we play. For Charity, Jus-'tice, and Truth, have but their being in terms, like the philoso-'pher's *materia prima*.'

Of the mournful mutabilities of our fleeting life, he discourses in this grandly melancholy strain: 'For seeing God, who is the 'author of all our tragedies, hath written out for us and appointed 'us all the parts we are to play; and hath not, in their distribu-'tion, been partial to the most mighty princes of the world; that 'gave unto Darius the part of the greatest Emperor, and the part 'of the most miserable beggar (a beggar begging water of an 'enemy, to quench the great drought of death); that appointed 'Bajazet to play the Grand Seignior of the Turks in the morning, 'and in the same day the footstool of Tamerlane; that made 'Belisarius play the most victorious Captain, and lastly, the part of 'a blind beggar (of which examples many thousands may be pro-'duced): why should other men, who are but as the least worms, 'complain of wrongs? Certainly there is no other account to be 'made of this ridiculous world, than to resolve, that the change of 'fortune on the great theatre is but as the change of garments on 'the less: for when, on the one and the other, every man wears 'but his own skin, the players are all alike.'

And though the passage has by others been quoted for admira-tion, I will add the solemn address to Death. 'It is Death alone 'that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the 'proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them 'at the instant; makes them cry; complain, and repent; yea, 'even to hate their forepast happiness. He takes the account of 'the rich and proves him a beggar; a naked beggar; which hath 'interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds

'a glass before the eye of the most beautiful, and makes them see 'therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it. 'O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! Whom none could advise, 'thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and 'whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the 'world and despised! Thou hast drawn together all the far-'stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, 'and covered it all over with these two narrow words, HIC JACET.'

The loss of a History of England by such a writer as this, is a blank little likely to be filled. What I propose to contribute towards it, is a very humble but very earnest effort of *plain-speaking*. I believe many of the existing judgments of History to be unjust, and would give what indifferent help I can to their reversal. I do not hold with the lively Frenchman, that it is only possible to get at the truth by having no feelings of one's own; and that, to be a good historian, one should have no religion, no country, no profession, and no party. I have all these; and would not willingly part with any.

There is a maxim which just men believe, and which cannot be repeated too often. It is to the effect, that a knave will often succeed better, *for a time*, than an honest man: but that, *in the long run*, he fails. It seems to me that History should in a manner place itself before the constant regard of men, as the practical realization and embodiment of this *long run*. It should be the perpetual unmasking of so-called successful knavery. It should be the continual endeavour to re-establish unsuccessful honesty. Nor am I without the hope, that, to this great end, mere plain-speaking will contribute not a little.

It will be good service, at any rate, though it may be humble service; and I shall therefore commence, in the next number of this *Magazine*, and trust that I may be able to continue through its successive publications, a *History for Young England* of the reigns since the Conquest. It is my hope to comprise in each number, and within brief compass, the summary of a reign. And now, for the present, I have but one concluding remark to make.

If any one in the best spirit should feel, though in opposition to the spirit of this paper, that the time has not yet come for application of the lessons of history to existing interests, and that the people must have wider recognition before the attempt is for any practical purpose even thought of, I would ask of him to turn to a book by a living philosopher, which it will hereafter be one of

the distinctions of our time to have produced. I subjoin an extract from it, than which nothing purer in style, or nobler in thought, was ever written by philosopher or statesman, living or dead.

Sir John Herschel, in his *Discourse of Natural Philosophy*, after stating that History should be the archive of experiments, successful and unsuccessful, gradually accumulating towards the solution of the grand problem, *how the advantages of government are to be secured with the least possible inconvenience to the governed*, thus proceeds: 'The idea once conceived and verified, that great 'and noble ends are to be achieved, by which the condition of the 'whole human species shall be permanently bettered, by bringing 'into exercise a sufficient quantity of sober thought, and by a 'proper adaptation of means, is of itself sufficient to set us 'earnestly on reflecting what ends *are* truly great and noble, 'either in themselves, or as conducive to others of a still loftier 'character; BECAUSE WE ARE NOT NOW, AS HERETOFORE, HOPELESS 'OF ATTAINING THEM. It is not now equally harmless and insig-'nificant, whether we are right or wrong; since we are no longer 'supinely and helplessly carried down the stream of events, but 'feel ourselves capable of buffeting at least with its waves, and 'perhaps of riding triumphantly over them: for why should we 'despair that the reason which has enabled us to subdue all nature 'to our purposes, should (if permitted and assisted by the provi-'dence of God) achieve a far more difficult conquest; and ulti-'mately find *some means of enabling the collective wisdom of 'mankind to bear down those obstacles which individual short-'sightedness, selfishness, and passion, oppose to all improvements, 'and by which the highest hopes are continually blighted, and the 'fairest prospects marred.*'

New Books.

THE CHIMES: *a Goblin Story of some Bells that Rang an Old Year Out, and a New Year In.* By CHARLES DICKENS.—Chapman and Hall.

WE do not purpose to attempt any criticism of this book; nor, as the work is by this time in the hands of tens of thousands of readers, shall we indulge in any extracts. We notice the book for the sole gratification we find in thanking Mr. Dickens for this his last most powerful denunciation of the pharisees of society; for his stout-hearted championship of the weak against the arrogant prosperity of the well-to-do. The work is a most wholesome rebuke of the Sir Joseph Bowleys and the Aldermen Cutes who in many shapes abound, to the injury of the world, and the slander of their species. Mr. Dickens will, in some quarters, be soundly rated for this his last offering to the true dignity of humanity; and such abuse—no one knows it better than he—will be among his best rewards.

FLOWER, FRUIT AND THORN PIECES. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDERICH RICHTER. Translated from the German by EDWARD HENRY NOEL.—William Smith.

THIS is a delightful book: a book of profound thought, of the subtlest humour; a book teaching noblest lessons to humanity in strains of wit and tenderness. Richter is in England—that is, among the reading masses—little more than a name. Nothing is known of his many masterly qualities; and we therefore most cordially welcome this translation, which bears internal evidences of Mr. Noel's enthusiasm for his subject. The work has evidently been to him a labour of love; and we confidently hope will be the means of directing popular attention to the writings of Richter.

In this history of "the married life, death, and wedding of the advocate of the poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs," we have scenes of most delightful comedy and heart-touching pathos. Siebenkäs is a character that Sterne would have loved: he has so much wisdom, so much quiet humour, such delicious, airy quaintnesses. His marriage with Lenette is painted with exquisite finish; and all the characters

dwelling under the same roof with the poor advocate are life-like and distinct. Nothing can be more beautiful than the scene in which Siebenkäs rummages the cupboard, that he may turn his pewter dishe- into bread by means of the pawnbroker ; nothing more tenderly humors ous than the remonstrances of Lenette. The character of Siebenkäs is best given in Richter's words :—" He disguised his beautiful heart beneath the grotesque comic mask, and concealed his height by the trodden-down sock ; turning the short game of his life into a farce and comic epic poem. He was fond of grotesque actions, from higher motives than mere vanity. In the first place he delighted in a sense of freedom experienced by a soul unshackled by the trammels of circumstance ; and secondly he enjoyed the satirical consciousness of caricaturing rather than imitating the follies of humanity. While acting, he had a twofold consciousness, that of the comic actor and of the spectator. A humourist in action is but a satirical *improvvisatore*. Every male reader," says Richter, " understands this ; but no female reader." And this Siebenkäs, this humourist and philosopher is yoked to a mate of merest common-place ; and from the unsuitableness of the union arise all the delightful perplexities of the book. The continual war between man and wife—he needing quiet to compose his "devil's papers," she bigoted to the broom and the scrubbing-brush—is carried on with inexhaustible humour. "She thought the obstinacy was all on his side, whereas, on the contrary, it was hers : since she *would* stamp upon the bellows and rattling stops, and play upon the organ, and make a noise behind the author's back, just in the morning hour, which for him had two kinds of gold in its mouth—that of the golden age, and metallic gold." And so the pair wrangle on, until indifference succeeds, and then aversion ; and then Siebenkäs, counselled by his friend, his other self, acts the part of a dying man—to all appearance, dies—and, to all appearance, is buried ; Lenette becoming the wife of the prosaic Schulrath. This mock death and funeral will, we conceive, be the least popular points of the book with the English reader ; but the work contains so many sterling qualities—so abounds with various beauty—that we have every hope for it of large and permanent success.

We select the following extracts from the marriage-evening discourse which Adam made to Eve walking up and down outside the espalier of Paradise.

Pious hearer ! such as thou now beholdest me in my sheep-skin, full of earnest and deep thought, I am nevertheless full, not so much of follies as of fools, between whom a wise man is occasionally inserted by way of a parenthesis. It is true, I am small of stature, and the ocean rose some way above my ankles, and wet my new wild-beast skin ; but, by heaven ! I walk up and down here, girded with a seed-bag, containing the seeds of all nations, and I carry the *repertorium* and treasury-chest of the whole human race, a little world, and an *orbis pictus*, before me, as pedlars carry their open warehouse on their stomach ; for Bonnet, who lives within me, when he comes forth, will seat himself down at his writing-desk, and show that all things are

comprised one within the other, one parenthesis or box within the other; that the son is contained in the father, both in the grandfather, and consequently in the great-grandfather both the grandfather and his insertions lie waiting; in the great-great-grandfather the great-grandfather with the insertion of the insertion, and with all his episodes, and so on. Are not all religious sects,—for I cannot make myself too intelligible to thee, beloved bride,—incorporated in thy bridegroom here present; and with the exception of the Preadamites, even the Adamites,—all giants, the great Christopher himself,—the people of all nations, all the ship-loads of negroes destined for America, and the red-marked packages, among which is the Anspach and Baireuth soldiery, bespoken by the English? When you contemplate my interior, Eve, do I not stand before you as a living street of Jews, a *Louvre* of governors and kings, all of whom I can beget if I please, supposing I am not decided to the contrary by this first Pars? You must admire me, though at the same time you may laugh, if you look at me attentively, and, placing your hand upon my shoulder, just consider: Here in this man and protoplast lie side by side, without quarrelling, all the faculties, and the whole race of man,—all the schools of philosophy, sewing-schools, and spinning-schools; the best and most ancient princely houses, though not yet cleanly picked out from the common ships' companies; the whole free imperial order of knighthood, though still packed up with their vassals, cottiers, and tenants; convents of nuns, bound up with convents of monks; barracks, and county-deputies, not to mention the ecclesiastical chapters of provosts, deacons, priors, sub-priors, and canons! What a man and Anak! wilt thou say. Right, dear one, so I am indeed! I am, in fact, the nest-dollar of the whole human cabinet of coins; the tribunal of all the courts of justice, which are, moreover, all full without the absence of a single member; the living *corpus juris* of all civilians, canonists, feudalists, and publicists. Have I not Meusel's learned Germany, and Jöcher's learned school-lexicon, complete within me? and, more than that, Jöcher and Meusel in person, not to speak of supplementary volumes?

Again:—

By heaven! I tremble and groan when I take but a cursory glance between the leaves of the course of centuries, and see nothing there but stains of blood and patchwork *quodlibets* of fools; when I think of the trouble it will cost before an age learns to write a legible hand as good as that of an elephant's trunk or of a minister—before poor humanity has passed through preparatory schools, and hedge-schools, and private French governesses, and can enter with honour the Latin lyceum, royal and jesuit schools—before it can attend the fencing school, the dancing floor, a drawing academy, and a *dogmaticum* and *clinicum*. The devil! it makes me hot only to think of it. It is true nobody will call *you* the brood-hen of the future flight of starlings, the cod-fish spawner, wherein Leuwenhöck counts nine millions and a half of stock-fish eggs; it will not be laid at your door, my little Eve; but your husband will bear all the blame. He ought to have been wiser, people will say, and rather not have begotten any thing at all than such a rabble as the greater number of these robbers are; such, for instance, as the crowned emperors on the Roman throne, and also the vicegerents on the Roman chair; the former of whom will name themselves after Antonius and Cæsar, the latter

after Christ and Peter, and amongst whom may be found some whose throne is a Lüneburg-chair of torture for humanity, and a birth-chair of the scaffold, if it be not indeed a *Place de Grève* reversed, serving at one and the same time as a place of execution for the mass, and of pleasure for the individual! I shall also have Borgia, Pizarro, St. Domenico, and Potemkin, brought up against me ; and even granting that I could free myself from the reproach of these black exceptions, I must nevertheless concede (and anti-Adams will take hold of it *utiliter*) that my descendants and colonists cannot exist half an hour without either thinking or committing some folly ; that in their giant war of passions they never establish a peace, seldom a truce ; that the chief fault of man consists in his having so many *little* faults that his conscience scarcely serves him for anything else but to hate his neighbour, and to have a morbid sensitiveness for the faults of others ; that he will never part with his evil habits until he is on his death-bed, alongside which is pushed a confessional, much as children are made to go to stool before they are put to bed ; that he learns and loves the language of virtue, while he shows enmity to the virtuous—resembling in this the citizens of London, who hate the French, while they keep French masters to learn their language. Eve, Eve ! we shall gain little honour by our marriage. According to the fundamental text, Adam signifies red earth ; and verily my cheeks will be entirely composed thereof, and blush when I think of the inexpressible and uninterrupted vanity and self-conceit of our great-grandchildren,—a vanity growing with every century. No one will pull his own nose but he who shaves himself ; the high nobility will burn the family-escutcheon at the door of their secret chambers, and interweave the cruppers of their horses into their initials ; reviewers will set themselves above the authors, the latter above the former ; the Heimlicher von Blaise will present his hand for the orphan's kiss ; the ladies theirs to every one ; and the highest will kiss the hem of the embroidered garment. Eve, I had barely finished writing down my prophetic extracts of the world's history up to the sixth millennary, when you bit into the apple under the tree ; and I, like an ass, followed your example, and then every thing escaped me. God knows what may be the semblance of the male and female fools of the other millennaries.

And with this, we again and again recommend the work to the thoughtful reader.

IMAGINATION AND FANCY ; *or, Selections from the English Poets.* By LEIGH HUNT.—Smith and Elder.

To promulgate sound principles of criticism is one of the most serviceable offices that can be performed to literature. There is in everything a positive as well as relative excellence. To judge of positive excellence requires a knowledge of the principles and elements of the things criticised, whilst to judge comparatively is a mere empirical test applied according to the experience and capacity of the individual. Poetry has ever been amongst the most humanising and elevating of arts, and, indeed, may be said rather to be the highest and noblest expression of nature herself. To enable, then, the uninformed and

inexperienced to distinguish the genuine from the false, the gem from the crystal, is a great benefit to mankind. Time being the great circumscriber of all things in this sublunary sphere, it is most important that it should not be misapplied. The man who has spent his time in reading the poetry of Whitehead, Pye, and Darwin, will have very different notions from him who has devoted his hours to Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth. Many modes have been adopted of luring readers into the right path, by extracts, selections, eulogies, and criticisms; but never, until the present work, has the scientific mode been adopted. In the volume now presented will be found a clear exposition of the principles of poetry, exemplified by examples on the instant. Of the pure taste of Mr. Hunt; of his exquisite sensibility of the finest allusions of a poet; of that perfect intellectual and spiritual formation that enables him to enjoy the whole circle of sensations from tears to laughter; his numerous readers must be aware. His high, elegant, and multifarious attainments, have placed him in a situation to demand attention to his selection, and deference to his opinion. His style is peculiarly adapted to so spiritual and graceful a discussion; and every one who has the slightest poetical tinge in his constitution, will be beguiled most sweetly by this hard-easy and profound-clear dissertation. It is a most delicious tour through every species of poetical beauty, with one deeply imbued with every point of the glorious scenery he has so long dwelt amongst.

But lest this should be mistaken for the effusion of a partisan, we must record, that we cannot bend to Mr. Hunt's dicta in all cases. He appears to us not to be imbued with a *thorough* sympathy with Shakspeare, but rather yields to his commanding and astounding excellencies, than surrenders himself to his inimitable beauties. He evidently prefers others of the old dramatists and poets. He fails too, occasionally, in consolidating his feelings of certain portions of poetry into principles, and therefore in these places only bears his own testimony to the value of the passages he eulogises, but does nothing further to establish their claim to excellence.

It is, however, a book every one who has a taste must have, and every one who has not should have it in order that he may acquire one. May it be successful as to purchasers, for if so it will form a portion of a complete view of our glorious and unequalled national poetry.

REYNARD THE FOX. *A Renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, reproduced in Rhyme.* By SAMUEL NAYLOR.—Longman and Co.

To reproduce a work, is much the same effort, and requires the kind of talent, that a good actor exercises towards his author. He does for the writer, what the writer would have done for himself—if he could. It occasionally happens, that new beauties are thrown out, and

new ideas evolved in the process. Mr. Samuel Naylor has worthily performed this office towards this celebrated old European poem. He has proved himself an extremely elegant scholar, an admirable master of his own language, both in the prose and poetical portion, and a very excellent student in the German. To this scholarship he adds, what is extremely rare, a considerable poetic power, invention to make his adaptation suitable, and right gleesome relish of satire and humour. This is high praise; but as we do not intend to use words lavishly, and scatter our praise as stage-heroes do their bank-notes, we draw at sight upon the book, and are quite sure the readers will accept it, when they have perused the volume.

Very great taste is displayed in the mode in which this book is printed, and bound: and it stands alone amidst the gaudy annuals for chasteness of appearance. The size is of the old small quartos, and the letter-press is very agreeably varied with illuminated initial letters, and old English type. If not on account of its intrinsic merits, it should find favour at this present-making time, as a valuable token: and it is exceedingly satisfactory, to note the commencement of a new species of gift, and year-books. Where are all the butterfly books that have so unseasonably hitherto fluttered at this season? Assuredly banished to the nursery, or sacrificed to the scrap-book: but volumes like the present one, will take a permanent place in the choice book-case.

We have not space to dissertate on the quality of the old poem itself. The reproduction we think admirable, and quite equal, if not superior in some parts, to the reproduction lately made by Wordsworth, Horne, Leigh Hunt, and others, of Chaucer. Whether the poem itself is as good as that patriarch of poets may be doubted. We think it is not. It is, however, very good: occasionally truly poetic, sly, knowing, and keen; and written by one (whosoever he might be) of "a learned spirit in human dealings."

We regret that space will not permit our giving an extract; but heartily commending it to the lovers of old poetry and romance, and all the knightly "courtesies and devices" thereto appertaining, we must leave the book to introduce itself.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER III.

It would be tedious work for the reader, did we chronicle every event of the long life of little St. Giles from the hour that he was snatched from Short's Gardens, until time beheld him in the mature manhood of seven years old. A long life in sooth, that six years and a half; for how much had St. Giles accomplished in it! What a stride had he made in existence, passing over childish days—childish ignorance; exempt, by fortune of his birth, from all the puerilities, the laughing thoughtlessness of babyhood. He was now a suckling, and now a dwarfed man. There was no dallying pause, no middle space for him, to play with life, knowing not his playmate—no bit of green sward, with flowers for toys. Oh, no! he was made, with sudden violence, to know life. He saw not the lovely thing life, through golden shadows, roseate hues; he looked not at it through the swimming eyes of childhood,—a glorious thing to be approached through what seem beauties numberless, that gradually fade and fade as we advance upon the green uplands of time, unveiling to us by degrees the cold, hard, naked truth—the iron image, life. St. Giles had no such preparation. Suddenly, and with the merciless strength of want, he was made to look on life in its fiercest, foulest aspect. He saw at once the grim idol he had to serve, and all unconsciously, he served it. Unconsciously, too, he carried in his

* Continued from page 21.

look, his air, his speech, a premature wisdom. He had learned, as at once, his whole task ; but the suddenness of the teaching had wiped out childhood from his face : he had paid at one sum, although he knew it not, the price of life, for life's worst knowledge.

How very differently did young St. James con his lesson, life ! In reality, only six months younger than his squalid brother—for in this story St. Giles and St. James must fraternize—he was still the veriest babe. Why, it was gladness to the heart to look at him—to hear his blithe voice—to see him, in that happy freedom of infancy, when children play in the vestibule of life—as children sometimes play with flowers picked from graves in a church porch ; heedless whence they pluck their pleasures, thoughtless of the mystery of mysteries taught within. And what prophecies—with what "sweet breath composed"—were uttered to his glorification ! What a man he would make ! What a blessing he would prove to his begetters ! What a treasure to the world at large ! And so, young St. James, fed with the sweetest and the best, clothed with the softest and the richest—fondled, kissed, caressed —was, in truth, a glorious creature. There was happiness, delicate beauty, in his soft pink and white cheek—innocence, intelligence, in his large, laughing eyes. All he knew of the world was, that it was one large play-place filled with many-sorted toys ; with battledores, humming-tops, and rocking-horses. Compared with young St. Giles, how very ignorant !

In something more than the six years elapsed since our last chapter, St. Giles had made more profitable use of time. But then he had had the sharpest teachers—and so many opportunities ! Hunger and cold were his tutors, and rapid and many are the degrees of human knowledge conferred by them, albeit their scholars are not prone to brag of their learning. Young St. James was bounded by the garden, or the parks ; or when he saw and heard the hurry and roar of London, took his imperfect lessons through a carriage-window. Now, St. Giles—the matured, seven years' adult—was a busy actor in the great mart of men. Every day he carried some new lie to market, played some new part, in obedience to the fiend in his bowels, that once a day at least cried "eat, eat." And sometimes, too, the fiend would vary his cry, and after long grumbling, long suffering, too, would mutter "steal, steal." And what was there in the word to appal St. Giles? Nothing ; he had heard it so early : it was to him an old familiar sound—a household syllable. True it is, he had heard that it was

wrong to steal: he had heard many other things, too, that were wrong; many that were right. But somehow they were jumbled in that little active brain of his. He could not separate them. He supposed there were some people whose business in the world it was to steal; just as there were some people born to fine houses and fine clothes,—and some only born to cellars and rags. And so, wicked St. Giles would pilfer—such is human iniquity—with no more conscience than a magpie.

With this preface, touching the advanced years and various accomplishments of our heroes, let us now continue our broken narrative.

One of the seven airiest and finest streets that compose the Seven Dials—for we care not to name the exact spot—boasted the advent of a tradesman, who employed the whole vigour of his mind, and he himself thought not meanly of it, on the manufacture of muffins. At the time of our present chapter, Mr. Capstick had only lived a twelvemonth under the protection of St. Giles; paying the Saint due parish rates for such advantage. Where Mr. Capstick came from, nobody knew. It was plain, he was one of those people who now and then drop from the sky into a neighbourhood, for no other end than to adorn and dignify it. At least, it was plain that Mr. Capstick thought as much; and he was not a man to disguise his thoughts when they at all tended to his self-glorification. True it was, muffins had been known in St. Giles's, ere Mr. Capstick lighted his oven there. But what muffins! How, too, were they made—where vended? Why, as Mr. Capstick would observe, they were made as if they were bad halfpence—and they were quite as hard to chew—in guilt and darkness. Nobody knew what they were eating. Now, all the world might see him make *his* muffins. Indeed, he would feel obliged to the world if it would take that trouble. To be sure, he was throwing his muffins to swine—but he couldn't help that. It wasn't his nature to do any thing that wasn't first rate: he knew he was a loser by it; all men who did so were; nevertheless, a man who was a true man would go on ruining himself for the world, though he might hate the world all the time he was doing it. Nevertheless, his muffins were open to the universe. There was no mystery in him, none at all. And then he would say, glowing at times with a strange eloquence, "What a glorious thing it would be for the world, if every man made his muffin—

whatever that muffin might be—in the open light of heaven ; and not in a cupboard, a hole, a corner ! It was making muffins in secret, and in darkness, that made three parts of the misery of mankind." When people heard Mr. Capstick discourse after this fashion, they would confidentially declare to one another, that it was plain he was born above his business : he was a broken-down gentleman ; perhaps come of a Jacobite family, and made muffins to hide his disgrace. True it was, there was a pompousness, a swagger, an affected contempt of the people with whom he turned the penny, that gave some warranty for these opinions. Nevertheless, Mr. Capstick, with all his consequence, all his misanthropy,—and he wore his hatred of mankind as he would have worn a diamond ring, as a thing at once to put in the best light and to be very proud of—was a great favourite. The cellars of St. Giles's echoed his praises. He was, in his way, a great benefactor to his poorest neighbours. "You see, Mary Anne," he would say to his wife, "what a blessing there is in corn. When muffins are too stale to sell, they're always good enough to give away." And these remainder muffins he would frequently bestow upon the veriest needy, accompanied with phrases that spoke his contempt of human nature, his particular nature included.

Such was Mr. Capstick—such was the self-important muffin-maker—whom we have now to introduce to the reader. The time was about two o'clock on a gusty March afternoon ; and Mr. Capstick stood erect behind his counter, evidently strung for some important task. There was a weight of meaning in his broad, white face ; and a big black cap, selected it would seem with an eye to the picturesque, impending over his brow, imparted to it a severity not to be lost upon vulgar beholders. Having thrust his hands and half his arms into his breeches pockets—as though to place himself firmly on his centre—the muffin-maker proceeded to interrogate a child before him, speaking very loud, and frowning very significantly the while. The child, reader, was young St. Giles. You left him when he was a nursling ; and the boy man —the natural growth growing in such a soil, of the helpless, untaught, untended infant—stands before you. He is puny and dwarfed ; a miserable little chit in his anatomy ; but his sharp, fox-like face—his small black eyes, now looking bashfulness, and now brightening with impudence—his voice, now coaxing, and now drawling—prove him to be an almost equal match for his burly questioner the clever, pompous, world-knowing muffin-maker.

"So; you are the little dog that came begging of me in Bow-street?" growled Capstick.

"I'm the werry dog, sir," answered St. Giles, in no way daunted by Capstick's thunder.

"Don't you know that boys ought n't to beg? Don't you know that I could have you sent to jail for begging? Eh? Don't you know that?" asked the muffin-maker very loudly.

"Yes, sir; I knows it, sir," replied the child, with a wonderful knowledge of law.

"And if you know better, why don't you do better?" said Capstick.

"Don't know what better is, sir," returned St. Giles, looking down at the floor, and shuffling his feet.

"Humph!" mused Capstick, and then he somewhat gently asked, "should you like to learn it, my little boy?"

"Is n't it werry hard, sir?" inquired St. Giles. "Don't like hard learning, sir."

"What, you 've tried, have you? You 've been to school, eh? You can write a little, and read a little?" said the muffin-maker.

"No, sir; never went to school; never had time, sir. Besides, sir, father always used to say, school was so werry dummy."

"Dummy! What's dummy?" cried the muffin-maker.

Young St. Giles leered up in Capstick's face, and then giving himself a twist as though enjoying the tradesman's ignorance, the boy said—"Not know what dummy is! Why, sir, if you please, dummy 's *flash*."

"Oh! then you know *flash?*" asked Capstick of his infant teacher.

"I know a little, sir," replied St. Giles, very modestly: "know more, when I grows bigger."

"I dare say you will," cried the muffin-maker, pityingly. "And tell me, what 's your father doing now?"

"He 's a doing nothing now, sir."

"No!" said Capstick.

"No, sir,—he 's dead," said St. Giles; but whether the child spoke in simplicity or jest, it passed the penetration of the muffin-maker to discover.

"And you 've never been taught to do anything? Poor little wretch!" cried Capstick.

It was plain that young St. Giles rejected the compassion of

the muffin-maker; for he immediately, with much volubility, asserted; "I knows a good many things, sir; sometimes, sir, goes singing o' ballads with Tom Blast: was to have gone with him to-day; only Tom's so precious hoarse, crying dying speeches yesterday. Then I knows how to sell matches, and hold osses, and do a many things, sir, as I forget now."

Capstick looked at the urchin for a few moments, then leaning over the counter, and beckoning St. Giles closer, he said to him, in a tone of tenderness,—"You'd like to be a good boy, wouldn't you?"

"A course, sir," answered St. Giles, with stolid face.

"And so be a good man; and so at last get a nice shop, such as this, eh? You'd like it, eh?"

"Wouldn't I though!" cried St. Giles, playing with his hair and grinning.

"Instead of wandering about the streets—and singing ballads—and going along with boys, that at last may lead you to be hanged?"

"I saw Bill Filster hung, yesterday," cried St. Giles sharply, and his eyes sparkled as with the recollection of the treat.

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" groaned the muffin-maker. "You little rascal! who took you?"

"Went with some big boys," answered the unabashed St. Giles. "I give Phil Slant a happle to let me set upon his shoulders. Bill Filster used to live in our lane. Poor Bill! It was so prime."

The muffin-maker spasmodically whipped his cap from his head, and drawing a long breath, wiped his brows; the while he looked at young St. Giles with pity, and something like bitterness. The next moment he cried to himself, "Poor little wretch! Poor little animal!"

"I know'd Bill Filster. Once he lived in our lane. Oh, couldn't he sing a song! He teached me one about Dick Turpin. Sometimes," said St. Giles, bending his small quick eyes on Capstick, "sometimes people have given me a penny to sing it."

The muffin-maker made no reply; but with a lofty waving of the hand—immediately understood by St. Giles—commanded silence. Then did Mr. Capstick walk up and down behind his counter, self-communing. Put his flying thoughts into words, and they would read somewhat as follows:—"A little scoundrel! Poor wretch, how can he help it? What's he been taught? Wrong,

wrong ; nothing but wrong. There's a manner in the little villain, too, that promises something better. He's but a babe ! Poor miserable thing ! and what a knowing little rascal ! Well, it won't ruin me—thank God !—it can't ruin me." And then Mr. Capstick again laid himself across the counter, and said a little sternly to young St. Giles—" Come here, you sir."

" Yes, sir," said St. Giles, stepping up to the muffin-maker, and looking confidently in the face of his patron.

" If I was to be your friend, and try to save you from being hanged—there, don't cry,"—for St. Giles affecting sensibility had already raised his arm to his eyes—" If I was to save you from being hanged, for else you're pretty sure to come to it, would you be a good boy, eh ?"

" Oh, wouldn't I, sir !" cried St. Giles. " I jest would then."

" Well—do you think you could sell muffins ?" And this question Mr. Capstick put in a low, cautious voice, with his eye turned watchfully towards the back parlour, as though he feared some sudden detection.

" I should like it so ! " cried young St. Giles, rubbing his hands.

Capstick was evidently taken with the boy's alacrity for the profession, for he quickly said—" Then I'll make a man of you. Yes ; I'll set you up in business." With these words Capstick produced a small basket from behind the counter. " Be a good boy, now," he said, " an honest boy, and this basket may some day or the other grow into a big shop. Understand ; you can understand, I know, for you've a lot of brains of some sort in your eyes, I can see. Understand, that if you're civil and pains-taking, your fortune's made. This is the best chance you ever had of being a man. Here's a basket, and a bell,"—for in the days we write of, the muffin-bell was not unmusical to legislative ears—" and two dozen muffins. You'll get two shillings for 'em, for they 're baker's dozens. Then come here to-morrow ; I'll set you up again, and give you a lumping profit for yourself. There's the goods ;" and Capstick, with exceeding gravity, placed the basket in one hand of St. Giles, and a small metal bell in the other. " Tell me, my boy, did you ever see Lord Mayor's show ?"

" Yes, sir ; many times," said the seven year old St. Giles.

" And the Lord Mayor in his gold coach, and the trumpeters before him, and all that ? Now, attend to me"—and the muffin-maker became still more grave. " Attend to me. There's many a Lord Mayor who never had the start you have—who never was

so lucky to begin life upon muffins. So, when bad boys come about you and want you to idle and play with 'em, and do worse than that it may be—just think of the Lord Mayor, and what you *may* come to."

"Yes, sir, I will, sir," said young St. Giles, impatient to begin business.

"Then go along with you," cried Capstick; "and mind people don't call me a fool for trusting you. There, go," said the tradesman, a little pompously—"cry muffins, and be happy!"

St. Giles jumped from the step into the street, and rang his bell, and chirped "muffins" with the energy of a young enthusiast. Capstick, with complacency upon his face, looked for a time after the child; he then muttered—"Well, if it saves the little wretch, it's a cheap penn'orth."

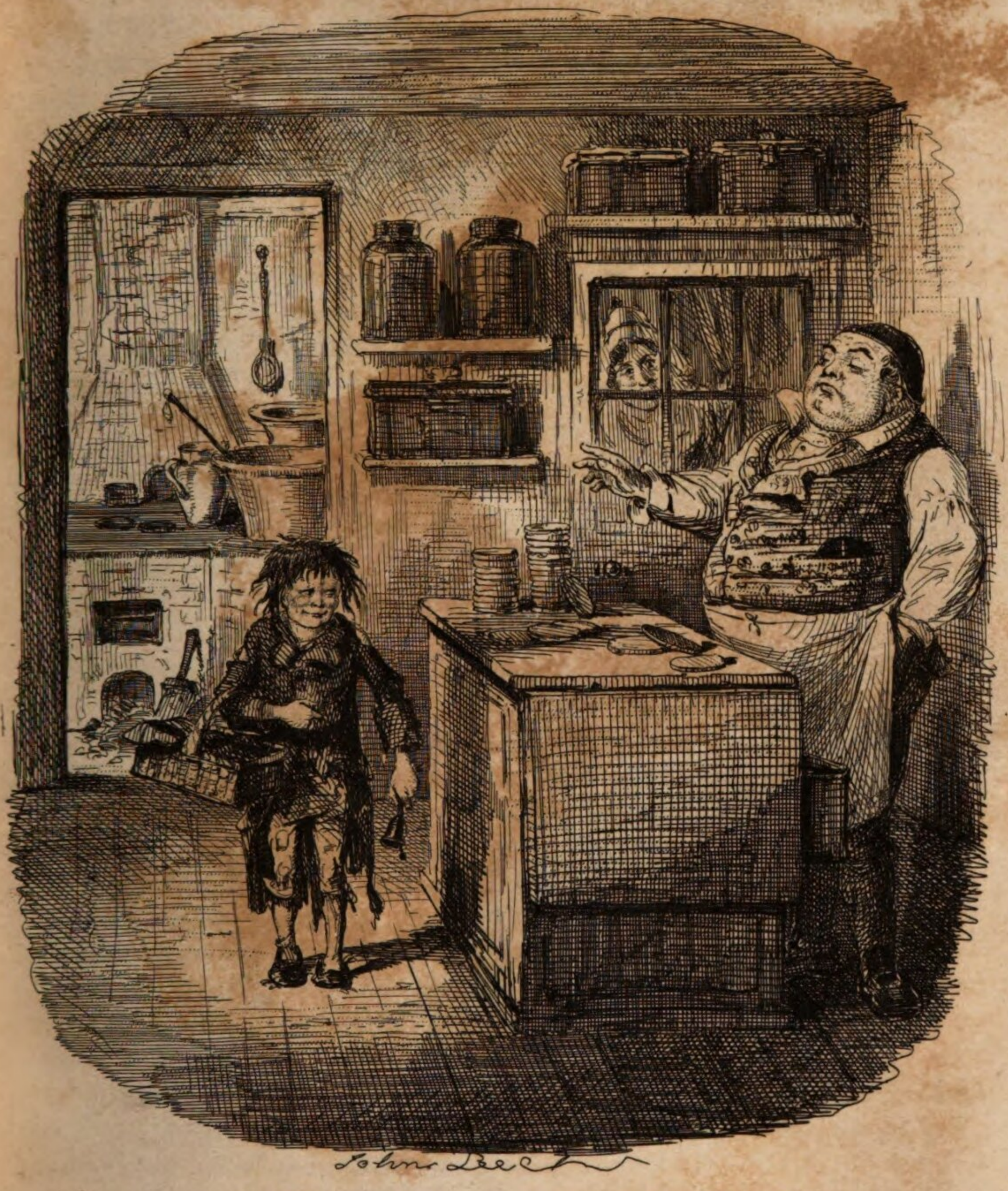
"At your old doings again!" cried Mrs. Capstick, who from the dark nook of a back parlour had watched, what she often called the weakness of her husband.

"My dear Mary Anne," chuckled the muffin-maker as though laughing at a good joke—"'tis the little rascal that, I told you, set upon me in Bow-street. I've given him a few of the stale ones—he's rogue enough to pass 'em off I know. Ha! ha! I like to see the villany of life—it does me good. After, as you know, what life's done for me, it's meat and drink to me to see the crops of little vagabonds coming up about us like mustard-seed—all of 'em growing up to cheat and rob, and serve the world as it should be served; for it's a bad world—base and brassy as a bad shilling." And with this ostentatious, counterfeit misanthropy, would the muffin-maker award to his best deeds the worst motives. And Mrs. Capstick was a shrewd woman. She suffered herself to seem convinced of her husband's malice of heart,—knowing as she did its thorough excellence. But then the muffin-maker had been bitterly used by the world. "His wine of life," he would say, "had been turned into vinegar."

"Well, you'll be ruined your own way," cried Mrs. Capstick.

"And that, Mary Anne," said the muffin-maker, "is some comfort in ruin. When so many people would ruin us, it's what I call a triumph over the villany of the world to be ruined after one's own desire."

"Good afternoon, ma'am—why, you're welcome as the flowers in spring," said Mrs. Capstick to a woman flauntily dressed, and burning in red ribands, who suddenly entered the shop; a woman,



"There, go cry Muffins, and be happy!"

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whose appearance did scarcely suggest the beauty and tenderness of spring flowers. "I have n't seen you these three months."

"Oh lor, no!" said the woman, "that court will be the death of all of us."

Let not the reader imagine that the speaker complained of the tainted air or confined limits of any court in the neighbourhood. No, indeed; she spoke of no other court than the Court of St. James.

"What! Queen Charlotte will so often make you take tea with her, eh?" said the muffin-man, with his severest sneer. "It's too bad; she oughtn't to be so hard upon you."

"Oh, there's so much dining and dining—cabinet dinners, my dear, they call 'em—for they always eat most when they've most to do,—that I might as well be in the galleys. However, they're all going to the play to-night, and—it's a poor heart that never rejoices—I'm going there myself."

"Well, I don't know that you could do a better thing," said Capstick; "there's a good deal to be learnt at a play, if fools will learn anything."

"Oh! a fiddle's end upon learning. I go for a nice deep tragedy; something cutting, that will do me good. There's nothing so refreshing as a good cry, when, my dear, you know after all there's nothing to cry about. Tears was given us to enjoy ourselves with—that is, tears at the play-house."

"They wash out the mind, like a dirty tea-cup," said the muffin-maker, "and give a polish to the feelings."

"They always do with me, Mister Capstick," said the woman, "I never feel so tender and so kind to all the world as when I've had a good cry; and, thank Heaven! a very little makes me cry. What we women should do, if we could n't cry, my dear, nobody knows. We're treated bad enough as it is, but if we could n't cry when we liked, how we should be put upon—what poor, defenceless creturs we should be!"

"Nature's been very kind to you," said the muffin-maker. "Next to the rhinoceros, there's nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it."

"I'm not talking of brute beasts, Mister Capstick," said the fair one, tossing her head; and then approaching the shop-door, she looked intently down the street.

Mrs. Capstick, to change the conversation, carelessly observed—"You are not looking for anybody, Kitty?"

"For nobody in particlar," said Kitty, and she again gazed very anxiously. "The truth is, one of our gentlemen is going to the play with me. We did n't leave the house together, for you know what foolishness people talk. I told him to meet me here. I 'm going to buy some muffins, you know," she quickly added, as a justifiable trading excuse for the liberty she had taken.

"Never mind the muffins," said Capstick; "if I can help you to a husband in any lawful way, Kitty, why I owe the world such a grudge, I 'll do anything to do it."

Kitty, in her maiden confusion, unconscious of the muffin-maker's satire, merely said, "Lor! Mr. Capstick."

"What sort of a gentleman is he?" asked Mrs. Capstick.

"There, again," said the muffin-maker, "if it is n't droll! There can't be a woman ever so old that, when she thinks she smells a sweet-heart somewhere, does n't snigger and grin as if her own courting days were come again. Well, you are a strange lot, you women!"

"What sort of a gentleman is he, Kitty?" repeated the unmoved Mrs. Capstick.

Kitty smiled very forcibly, and answered, "Oh, a—a dark gentleman. And now, Mrs. Capstick, let me have a shilling's worth of muffins. Dear me! Why do n't you come and live in Pell Mell? Muffins is the only things that we have n't tip-top at the West-end. You 're burying yourself here, in St. Giles's: you are, indeed. If you 'd only come West-end—only do n't let it be known where you come from—I could put your muffins, as I may say, into millions of families."

"It 's worth thinking of," said the sly Capstick. "I might be appointed muffin-maker to the Royal Family. Might put up the Royal Arms, with a gold toasting-fork in the lion's mouth."

"To be sure you might," said the sanguine Kitty; "and if you 've a mind to do it, I 'll speak to the cook—he 's the best of friends with the butler—the butler will speak to the valet—the valet will speak to master—and master 's only got to catch the king in a good humour to do anything with him. I tell you what do," said Kitty, as struck by a brilliant thought: "send in a couple of dozen muffins to-morrow, and I 'll manage to introduce 'em."

"And you think his gracious Majesty 's to be got at in this way, through the kitchen?" asked Capstick.

"I 'm certain sure of it; it 's done every day; or what 's the good of having a master in what they call a cabinet? There 's

nothing like working up'ards, Mr. Capstick—I know what the court is. I 'd have done a good deal for Jem—they call him Bright Jem, but I could never see his brightness — only he 's as proud as a peacock with a new tail. I could have got him —ha ! I don't know what I could n't have got him—only he 'd never let me ask for it. Ha ! if my foolish sister had n't married, as I may say, in the gutter, she might have been quite as well off as me."

"She seems very happy, for all that," said Mrs. Capstick.

"Poor thing ! she does n't know any better," said Kitty ; "she ought n't to be happy though. I 'm going to tea with her, and to take them muffins ; for though she has married a low tradesman, I can't forget she 's my sister ; and yet you should hear how I do get laughed at about it, sometimes in our house. But feelings is feelings, Mr. Capstick. Oh ! " added Kitty with much vivacity, and an affected flutter—"here comes the gentleman. Now, think of what I 've said, Mr. Capstick; there 's the shilling." And Kitty, taking the muffins, turned out of the shop, meeting a black servant —black as guilt—as he was about to enter. "Here I am, Cesar," said Kitty ; and taking his ebony arm, she walked with him away.

"Why, bless me ! She 's never going to marry a nigger ! " cried the muffin-maker's wife. "She 'll never do such a thing ! Eh, Mr. Capstick ?"

"Why, Mary Anne," said the misanthrope, "Miss Kitty is a long way the other side of a chicken. And when women of her time of life can't snow white, they 'll snow black."

CHAPTER IV.

We must again solicit the company of the reader to the lodging of Bright Jem, Short's Gardens. It is the same clean, dull room, as shown in our second chapter : one of the many abiding-places in which the care and industry of woman do somehow make poverty and snugness half friends ; in which penury has at least the cheerful hue of cleanliness. Bright Jem again smoked at the fire-place. Though more than six years had passed, they had run off his face like oil. Here and there his stubbly hair was dredged with grey ; his broad back was bent a little, nothing more. Indeed, Jem's was one of those faces, in which time seems at once to do its best and worst. It grew a little browner with years like walnut-wood ; but that was all.

We cannot say—and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer—if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness: in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed, is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance starts at sudden alteration, hinting in such surprise, decay and the final tomb. He grows older, with no former intimates—churchyard voices!—crying, "How you're altered!" How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off—say, an inch of his nose. This inch—only an inch!—would have destroyed the vanity of the very handsomest face; and so, driven the thoughts of a man from a vulgar looking-glass, a piece of shop crystal,—and more, from the fatal mirrors carried in the heads of women to reflect, heaven knows how many coxcombs who choose to stare into them,—to the glass of his own mind. With only such petty sacrifice, he might have been a philosopher. Thus considered, how many a coxcomb may be within an inch of a sage! True, there was an age when wise men—at least a few of them—glorified in self-mutilation, casting sanguinary offerings to the bird of wisdom. But this was in the freshness and youth of the world; in the sweet innocence of early time. But the world grows old; and like a faded, fashionable beauty, the older it grows, the more it lays on the paint.

And the sum and end of this swelling paragraph is this. If, O reader! you are young and believe yourself handsome, avoid the peril of beauty. Think of Narcissus, and—cut off your nose. Only an inch! And now let us descend to the hearth and home of Bright Jem.

Mrs. Aniseed still shone, in comfortable looks, at the fire-side. Her face was a little thinner, a little longer; but time had touched her as though, for the good heart that was in her bosom, he loved her.

A third person—a visitor—was present: a woman of any age. Her face seemed bloodless—white as chalk—formed in sharp outline. She was poorly drest,—and yet it was plain she aimed at a certain flow and amplitude of costume that should redeem her from among the vulgar. Her head was armed with a white stiff muslin cap, frilled and pointed: it seemed a part of her; a thing

growing upon her, like the crest of some strange bird. She sat motionless, with her arms crossed, like an old figure in faded tapestry. Poor soul! she seemed one of the remnants of another age, that time, as he clears away generations, forgets now and then to gather up; or it may be, purposely leaves them for a while as century posts of a past age. Miss Canary—such was her name—was very poor; nevertheless, she had one sustaining comfort, which—as though it were a cordial—she took to her heart twenty times a-day. It was this: "She was born a lady; nobody could deprive her of that." And it was this proud thought that, like an armed knight, attended her in the gallery of Covent-garden Theatre, where, condescending to poverty, she every evening offered for sale apples and oranges, cider, and a bill of the play. It was this thought of her born gentility that kept her taciturn and stately amidst the free comments of apprentices, the wit of footmen, and the giggling of holiday maids. The dignity of her utterance, her stately bearing, had some years past obtained for her the name of Lady Canary. And she deserved it. For she offered apples, oranges, cider, and a bill of the play, as though she really invited the gods to the fruit of the gardens of the Hesperides, to the very choicest sort of nectar, and a new poem by Apollo. There was no solicitation in her tone,—but a sort of disciplined condescension; and she took the money for her commodities with nothing of the air of a trader, but of a tax-gatherer,—or rather of a queen receiving homage in the tangible form of halfpence. And all this she owed to the constant thought that glorified her far beyond the heroines upon the stage—(empresses for a night)—to the possessing idea that "she was born a lady; and nobody could deprive her of that." It was this family pride—from what family she rose and declined she never told—that now engaged her in, we fear, an unequal controversy with Bright Jem; his wife, strange to say for a wife, taking no part in the debate, but sitting at the fire, now smiling and now nodding applause at either deserving party.

"No, Mr. James, no. I tell you, I was born a lady, and I could n't do it," said Miss Canary. "You are a very good man, a very kind creature, Mr. Aniseed; but excuse me, you do n't know what high life's made of."

"Not all made o' sugar, I dare say," said Jem, "no more than our life's all made o' mud."

"But I ought to know; for I tell you again, I was born a lady," cried the playhouse Pomona.

"Nonsense," said Jem. "I tell you, Miss Canary, there is n't sich a thing as a born lady in the world."

"Why! you never, Mr. James!" and Miss Canary was scandalised at the heresy.

"Born lady!" repeated Jem, laughingly; and then moving his chair towards his disputant, he touched her mittened arm with his pipe, saying—"Look here, now. There 's Mrs. Grimbles, at number five, she had a little gal last week,—you know that? Well; Mrs. Grimbles is a clear-starcher. That you allow? And for that reason—now tell me this,—for that reason is her little babby born a clear-starcher? Eh? I should like to know as much as that now?"

"Oh, Mr. James! you 're a good person,—but you know you 're a low man; no, no; you can't understand these things." And Miss Canary smiled a pitying smile.

"I tell you," said Jem, "there 's no such thing as born ladies and gentlemen. There 's little bits of red girls and boys born if you will,—and you may turn 'em into—now, look here," said Jem, "if there was to be some born gentlemen and some not,—why was n't there two Adams and two Eves, for the high folks and the low ones?"

"Oh, Mr. James!" cried Miss Canary, half rising from her seat—"For your precious soul's sake, I hope not; but I *do* think you 're an *athist*."

"I can't tell, I 'm sure," said Jem, not comprehending the conveyed reproach. "I don't know; but as for my soul, Miss Canary,—why, I try to keep it as clean and take as good care of it as a soldier takes care of his gun, so that it may be always in fighting order against the enemy."

"You think so, Mr. James; but with your notions, it 's impossible. Oh, Mrs. Aniseed, I do wonder at you! How you can hear your good man talk as he does, and still sit laughing in that way! Well, I bless my stars, I 've not a husband to be miserable about."

"Well, I 'm sure, Miss Canary, I wish you had," said Mrs. Aniseed, laughing the more. "If you was only as miserable as I am, what a deal happier you 'd be! People who live alone with nobody but a cat,—I don't know how it is, but they do get a little like their company."

"Susan," said Jem; and taking the pipe from his mouth, he looked full at his wife, and shook his head reprovingly. "I won't have it, Susan."

"La, Jem! May n't I speak in my own house?" cried the wife.

"It 's the very last place you ought to speak in, Susan, if you can't speak nothing that 's comfortable. If you and Miss Canary want a good bout together, why, I hope I know women too well to be unreasonable. 'Point a place and take an early hour that you may get it over in one day, and not at your own fireside, where you ask a body to come and sit down cosily with you. It 's a mean advantage. A wild Injun would n't do it."

"I 'm sure, Jem, I meant nothing," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"That 's it, Susan; that 's the shame and nonsense o' the thing. A man might bear a good deal of noise from you women —I don't mean you, Miss Canary—if there was half-an-ounce of meaning in it. But when you get upon an argiment one with another, you go at it like a monkey on a drum. It 's all a row without a bit of tune in it. And then, nine times out o' ten, after you 've been spitting and clawing at one another, you make it up you don't know why, and all of a sudden you 're sociable together as two kittens at the same sarcer of milk. And now, Susan, my old woman, get the tea."

Mrs. Aniseed, with a sudden smile at her face, called there by the kindly tone of the conjugal mandate, said, "You 're a queer cretur, Jem," and was about to quit the room. She paused a moment at the door, and nodding significantly to Jem, said "Muffins," and then vanished.

We know not whether the word reached Miss Canary, but she observed with new cordiality,—"She 's a dear woman, Mr. James; and now she can't hear me, I do n't mind saying it—I love her like any sister."

Bright Jem said nothing, but sucked his pipe with a loud smack.

"Nothing 's a trouble to her. She 's done many things for me, that I could n't have done myself; but then, as I say, Mr. James, I was born a lady, and though I do sell fruit in the playhouse, thank heaven! I never forget myself."

"Not when your cat 's a starving?" said Jem drily.

"Now we won't talk of that again, Mr. James. We 've talked enough about that. You may say it 's weakness—I call it a proper pride. I do n't mind going with a pie to the bakehouse—do n't much mind answering the milk—but I can't quite forget what I came of—no, nothing on earth should compel me to take in the

cat's-meat. Pride must stop somewhere; and till my dying day, I stop at cat's-meat."

"Well, I'm very glad, Miss Canary, I'm not your mouser, that's all," said Jem; who was interrupted in further speech by the sudden appearance of his wife, who somewhat flustered, yet with laughter playing about her mouth, bounced into the room.

"Jem," she cried, "who do you think's coming? And who do you think"—and here she approached her husband, and was about to whisper in his ear, when Jem drew himself majestically back.

"Mrs. Aniseed," he said, somewhat sternly, "you've no more manners than a poll parrot."

"Don't mind me," said Miss Canary rising. "I'll go upon the landing for a minute."

"Don't stir a foot, ma'am," cried Jem, jumping up and handing her the chair; then turning to his wife—"And this is your breeding,—to whisper company out o' your room! What have you got to say?"

"Well, then, nothing but this—Kitty's down stairs, come to tea. And she's brought somebody with her," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"Well, poor soul! I hope it's a sweetheart: she's been a long while looked over, and I hope her time's come at last. Does he look like a sweetheart? You women can tell that," said Jem.

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Mrs. Aniseed, and she burst into a loud laugh. At the same moment, Kitty Muggs entered the room all smiles and good-humour, shaking hands with Bright Jem, and her esteemed acquaintance, Miss Canary; who, more than once, had sunk the recollection of her ladylike origin, and visited the kitchen of St. James's as an especial guest of Kitty's.

"I never saw you look so well, Kitty—well, that bonnet does become you," said Miss Canary. "And what a sweet riband!"

"Why, Kitty, there is mischief in the wind, I'm certain," said Jem. "You've got somebody tight at last, I can see that. Don't pucker your mouth up as small as a weddin' ring, but tell us who it is. I'll give you away with all my heart and soul."

"Lor, Jem! you are such a man. It's only one of our gentlemen come with me; we're going to the play." And then a footstep was heard on the stairs, and Kitty running to the door, cried encouragingly, "Come up, Cesar." Cesar obeyed the invitation, and in an instant stood bowing about him on the floor. Jem was twitched by a momentary surprise, but directly recovered him-

self. Laying down his pipe, he advanced with outstretched hand to the negro.

"You're welcome, my friend. Anybody as Kitty Muggs brings here is welcome as she is." Jem, turning his eye, detected his wife painfully endeavouring to kill a laugh by thrusting her apron corner into her mouth. Whereupon he repeated in a tone not to be mistaken by his helpmate—"Quite welcome; as welcome as she is." Mrs. Aniseed, thus rebuked, with a great effort swallowed her mirth, and immediately busied herself at the cupboard. Cesar silently seated himself, and looked about him—pleased with the cordiality of his reception—with a face lustrous as blackest satin. In his great contentment, he saw not Miss Canary, who had risen from her chair, and still stood with unclosed lips and wandering eyes, evidently feeling that all her treasured gentility was quitting her for ever, drawn magnetically from her by the presence of the negro. She could not stay in the same room with a blackamoor—that was impossible. No; she was born a lady; and she would die rather than forfeit that consolation. Bewildered, yet endeavouring to make a graceful retreat, she still remained motionless, drawn taller, as pride and death will draw people.

"There's no need of ceremony, Miss Canary," said Jem, moving the chair to her with an emphasis—"Come, sit down, and make your life happy." Without knowing what she did, Miss Canary dropt in the chair; and then vehemently hated herself for the docility. Nevertheless, she would not remain in the room with a negro footman. A livery was bad enough; but a livery with a black man inside of it! There was no lie she would not tell to escape the degradation.

"You're very good, Mr. James; very kind, but I've such a head-ache," said Miss Canary, "I do think my head will split in two."

"Well, two heads, they say, is better than one," cried Jem, who saw at once the cause of the sudden illness.

"Got a head-ache!" exclaimed Kitty. "Where's my salts, Cesar?" Immediately, Cesar taking a small bottle, warm from his pocket, advanced towards Miss Canary, who tried to shrink through the back of the chair, as the black approached her. "Take a good smell at 'em," said Kitty, "they're fresh to-day; I had 'em for the play to-night. I never go without 'em, since I was taken out a fainting."

"Never mind the salts," said Mrs. Aniseed; "a cup of nice tea will do you good." And she set the tea-things on the table.

"Yes," cried Kitty, "and I've brought you some real gunpowder, some I got from our own canister."

Kitty was about to consign the treasure to the tea-pot, when Bright Jem snatched up the vessel. "Much obliged to you, Kitty, all the same, but you'll keep your gunpowder. I don't make my bowels a place for stolen goods, I can tell you."

"Stolen goods, Mr. Aniseed," cried Kitty; "stolen, why, it was only taken." Jem, inexorable, shook his head. "Well, you are such a strange man, and have such strange words for things!"

"No, Kitty," answered Jem; "it's having the right word for things, that makes 'em seem strange to you. I've told you this afore; now, don't you try it again."

Mrs. Aniseed, to divert this little contest, bustled about with uncalled-for energy; ringing the cups and saucers, and then calling out loudly for a volunteer to toast the muffins. "Permit me, marm," said Cesar, with exuberant politeness; the while Mrs. Aniseed drew back the toasting-fork, declaring she could by no manner of means suffer such a thing.

"Let him do it; he toasts beautiful," cried Kitty; and Cesar gained his wish.

"'Scuse my back, marm," said Cesar, as, stooping to the fire, he turned that part of his anatomy towards Miss Canary.

"Always as he is now," said Kitty in a whisper to Miss Canary, "good-tempered as any dog." And then she furtively pressed the forbidden gunpowder tea upon the spinster, assuring her that the queen didn't drink such. Reader, your indulgence for human frailty. Miss Canary, forgetful of her ladyhood, pocketed the stolen goods with the serenity of a seraph.

"And so you're a going to the play, Kitty, you and Mr. Cesar? Well, I think we shall have a good house. Of course, you go to our shop?" said Jem. "A deep tragedy to-night. All the better for you, Miss Canary, isn't it? Well, I never could make it out; that folks should suck more oranges, and drink more beer at a tragedy, than any other thing,"

"It 's their feelings, Jem," said Mrs. Aniseed.

"Well, I suppose it is. Just as folks eat and drink as they do at a funeral. When the feelings are stirred up, they must have something to struggle with, and so they go to eating and drinking."

"Romeo and Juliet 's always worth three shillings more to me than any other play," said Miss Canary, gradually reconciled to the black by the gunpowder. "Oranges relieve the heart."

"No doubt on it," said Jem. "Though I don't often look inside the house, still I 've seen 'em in the front row of the gallery —a whole lot of full-grown women—sucking and crying, like broken-hearted babbies."

"We 're all a going to-night, Jem," said Kitty, "that is, all our people. My lord and my lady, and, for the first time in his life, the dear child. Oh, what a love of loves that babby is. But you remember him, Susan? you recollect the night he was born, don't you?"

"I should think I did," said Mrs. Aniseed. "That's the night, you know, Jem, I brought home that blessed infant."

"Blessed infant!" groaned Jem. "Ha! he was a blessed infant. And what is he now? Why, he looks as if he had been brought up by a witch, and played with nothing but devils. A little varmint! when he sometimes comes sudden upon me, he makes me gasp again; there does seem such a deal of knowing in his looks. You might thread a needle with his head, it looks so sharp. Poor little bit of muck! Ha!" and again Jem groaned.

"Ha! the Lord knows what will become of him," cried Mrs. Aniseed.

"I know what will become of him," said Jem; "the gallows will become of him—that 's as plain as rope."

"Well, Mr. James," said Miss Canary—"and if they will—a little more sugar, please—if they will, these little wretches, rush to destruction, what 's to be done with 'em?"

"Rush to destruction!" cried Jem indignantly—"pushed, driven to destruction, you mean. Now, look at that little chap—see what he 's gone through. I wonder he isn't as full of wrinkles as a monkey. He wasn't above six months old when we had him. Well, they took him from us; to be sure we 'd no right to him; there was his own mother, and—no matter for that. They took him from us; and for a twelvemonth after that—I 've seen him now in one woman's lap, now in another's, with his pretty plump face every week getting thinner and thinner—poor little wretch!—as though, babby as it was, it knew something of the wickedness that was going on about it, and days counted double days upon it. There looked a something horrible sensible in the child—a knowingness that was shocking, crowded as it was into its bit of a farthing face. Well, so it went on for about two years. And then, I 've seen it barefoot in the mud, and heard it screaming its little pipe like a whistle, a singing ballads. And then,

when it wasn't four year old, I 've seen the child with matches in his hand; and I've heard him lie and beg, and change his voice up and down, and down and up—lord! it has made my blood turn like water to hear such cunning in a little cretur that natur meant to be as innocent as heaven. Well, and now what is he? At seven year old, what is he? Why, that little head of his is full of wasps as July. Now and then, a sort of look comes back upon his face, as if it was a good angel looking in it,—and then, away it goes, and there's a imp of wickedness, grinning and winking at you."

"I hope we shall be in time to get a good place," said Kitty, to whom the history of young St. Giles seemed a very low and wicked business. "I want to get in the front row, because I *do* want to see how that precious cretur, that dear angel, young master, likes it. Sweet fellow! They say he 's so sensible—shouldn't wonder if he knows every bit about it to-morrow. There never was such a child as that in the world."

"What! young St. James, eh? Well, he ought to be a nice little chap," said Jem. "He 's lived the life of a flower; with nothing to do, but to let himself be nursed and coddled. He hasn't had nothing to iron the dimples out of him yet. Howsomever, I shall have a look at him to-night when I call the carriage."

A few minutes more elapsed, and then there was a general move towards the theatre. Miss Canary, having suffered a promise to be tortured from her that she would visit Kitty at the West-end, left Short's Gardens to prepare her basket in the gallery. Bright Jem, having heartily shaken Cesar's hand—Cesar had remained silent almost as night during his visit, though he looked and smiled all kind of grateful eloquence—departed on his customary duty; and Kitty had then nothing to do, but to persuade her sister to accompany her and Cesar to the house. "I'll pay for you, Susan, so you needn't mind the expense," said Kitty.

"Oh, it isn't that," said Mrs. Aniseed, "not at all that, but—"

"Well, then, what can it be? Jem says you may go if you like, and I can see nothing to prevent you."

No, Kitty; you cannot see. Your eyes are lost in your heart, and you cannot see a footman of most objectionable blackness—a human blot—an ignominious stain that the prejudices of your sister, kind, cordial soul as she is, shrink from as from something dangerous to respectability. You, Kitty, cannot see this. You merely look upon Cesar Gum—the only creature of all the ten

thousand thousand men, who in your pilgrimage through life, has ever proffered to you the helping of his arm, who has ever stammered, trembled, smiled at your look, and run like a hound at your voice—you merely see in him a goodness, a sympathy that you have yearned for ; and for the tint of the virtue you see it not : to you it may be either black, red, or white. Certainly, so much has the fire of your heart absorbed the colour of your slave, that to you black Cesar Gum is fair as Ganymede. Sweet magician Love ! Mighty benevolence, Cupid, that takes away stains and blots — that gives the line of beauty to zig-zag, upturned noses—that smiles, a god of enchantment, in all eyes however green, blinking, or fish-like—that gives a pouting prettiness even to a hare-lip, bending it like Love's own bow ! Great juggler, Cupid, that from his wings shakes precious dust in mortal eyes ; and lo ! they see nor blight, nor deformity, nor stain ; or see them turned to ornament ; even, as it is said, the pearl of an oyster is only so much oyster disease. Plutus has been called a grand decorator. He can but gild ugliness ; passing off the thing for its brightness. But Love—Love can give to it the shape, and paint it with tints of his own mother. Plutus may, after all, be only a maker of human pocket-pieces. He washes deformity with bright metal, and so puts it off upon the near-sighted ; now Love is an alchemist, and will, at least to the eyes and ears of some *one*, turn the coarsest lump of clay to one piece of human gold. And it was Love that, passing his rose-tipped, baby fingers along the lids of Kitty Muggs, made her see white in black : it was Love that, to her vision, turned ebony to ivory.

"Didn't you hear Jem say you might go ?" again cried the unconscious Kitty.

"Shall be most happy, assure you marm," said Cesar, clasping his hands, and raising them entreatingly. "Take great care of you, nebber fear."

"Well, I will go," said Mrs. Aniseed, her repugnance conquered by Cesar's good temper ; and in a few minutes—for Mrs. Aniseed possessed, perhaps, that highest and most valuable of all the female virtues, a virtue that Eve herself was certainly not *born with*, she was a quick dresser—in a few minutes the three were on their road to Covent Garden Theatre. A few minutes more, and they entered the gallery. All things portended a happy evening, for they were early enough for the front row ; Mr. Cesar Gum taking his joyful seat between the ladies.

"Mind the bottle, dear," said Kitty in a low voice to Cesar, who nodded; his eyes sparkling up at the tender syllable. "Such a sweet drop of Madeary from our house, Susan; ha! ha! never mind, Jem."

The gallery filled with holiday-makers and gallery wits. Miss Canary was soon hailed as an old acquaintance; every possible dignity being thrown, like roses, upon her. One apprentice begged to inquire of her "When the Emperor of Chaney was coming over to marry her?" Another asked her, "What she 'd take for her diamond ear-rings?" But beautiful was it to behold the nun-like serenity of Miss Canary. She moved among her scoffers, silent and stately, as the ghost of a departed countess. "I mind 'em no more," she observed, as in the course of her vocation she approached Mrs. Aniseed, "no more than the heads of so many door-knockers." Cesar mutely acquiesced in this wisdom; and in an evil hour for him, turning a wrathful face upon the revilers, he diverted all their sport from Miss Canary to himself. "Bill," cried one, "isn't it going to thunder? It looks so very black." "I wish I was a nigger," roared another, "then I 'd be a black rose atween a couple of lilies, too." And then other pretty terms, such as, "snowball," "powder-puff," were hurled at Cesar, who sat and grinned in helpless anger at the green curtain. And then poor Mrs. Aniseed! she shifted on her seat, and felt as if that terrible burning-glass which brings into a focus the rays of "the eyes of all the world" was upon her, and she was being gradually scorched to tinder. At length the tragedy, "George Barnwell," began. Kitty was now melted by George, and now put in fever-heat by Millwood, of whom, leaning back to speak to Mrs. Aniseed, she confidentially observed, "I 'd have such creturs tore by wild osses." To this Mrs. Aniseed, reciprocating the humanity, curtly replied, "And so would I."

The second act passed, when Kitty exclaimed, in a spasm of delight, "There he is; there 's little master. Look at him, Susan—a sweet cretur," and Kitty pointed out a beautiful child, who, with its mother and father, had just entered the boxes. The child was superbly dressed, and when he entered wore a white beaver hat, with a large plume of pink and white feathers. "There he is," again cried Kitty; "we *must* drink his health." Whereupon Cesar produced the bottle, and the health of young St. James—he all the while unconscious of the honour—was drunk in Madeira from his paternal dwelling.

The play proceeded, and Kitty wept and sucked oranges—and wept, and snifted salts, and fifty times declared it was too deep; she'd never come again—and then sucked another orange—and then, when the play was over, said she was glad it was done, though she had never enjoyed herself half so much. And then she said, "After all, I think a good cry sometimes does us good; it makes us remember we are human creturs. But oh, that Millwood, Susan. When women are bad—to be sure it 's so wery seldom!—I'm afraid they beat the men." Every tear, however, shed by Kitty at the play, was recompensed by a roaring laugh at the farce. And, at length, brimful of happiness—all being over—the party rose to go home. "Let 's see 'em get into the carriage—they needn't see us," said Kitty; and hurriedly they quitted the gallery, and ran round to the box-door.

Bright Jem was in the very heat of action; his mouth musical with noblest names. Dukes, Marquesses, and Earls fell from his lips, as he called carriage after carriage.

"Marquess of St. James's carriage," at length he cried with peculiar emphasis; and a superb equipage rolled to the door. The Marquess and Marchioness entered the vehicle, and a footman, lifting in the child, in his awkwardness knocked off the boy's superb hat: it rolled along the stones, and—was gone.

There was a sudden astonishment, and then a sudden cry of "Stop thief!" Constables, and Cesar, who with Mrs. Aniseed and Kitty, had been looking on, gave chase; and in a few moments returned with the hat and the culprit, who, as it appeared, darting from under the horses' legs to the pavement, had caught up the property.

"Here 's the hat, my lord!" cried a constable, "and here 's the little thief."

"Lord have mercy on us!" cried Mrs. Aniseed, "if it isn't that wretched child."

"I know'd it. I always said it," cried Jem, almost broken-hearted. "I know'd he'd come to it—I know'd it."

It was even so. Young St. Giles was the robber of young St. James.

SLAVERY.

THE ONLY REMEDY FOR THE MISERIES OF THE ENGLISH POOR.

BY A PHILANTHROPIST.

WHOEVER is unprepared to cast aside not only his prejudices, but many of what may be considered well-formed opinions, had better not attempt to peruse the following few pages. I must demand of my reader that he come to the perusal the *beau ideal* of a juryman. No information that he has gained elsewhere, no feelings that he has cherished as virtues, no sentiments that he has cultivated as noble, and no opinions that he may have formed as infallible, must interfere with his purely and simply receiving the following arguments on their own cogency and truth alone.

The writer considers he has made a great discovery in moral and political science; and elevated by his subject above all personal influences, he commits it to be worked out by others, without the ostentation of recording his name, or deeming that the applause of present or of future generations can add to his sublime delight, in discovering and applying a "panacea" to the varied and bitter ills that beset three-fourths of the poor inhabitants of "The *United* Kingdom."

As some account of the means by which a great discovery has been arrived at is necessary, in order to prepare the mind for its reception with due respect, I shall give a brief outline of the process by which this all-important truth was elicited.

Born with natural sensibilities, I early learnt to shrink from pain endured by others, as if felt actually and bodily by myself. Thus constituted, what a scene was displayed to me when I came into the great and moving society of mankind! What mighty heaps of misery did I discern. What details did the records of the various courts of justice disclose! What regions of squalor, misery, and degradation did my travels reveal to me in every city, and even hamlet, I visited! The bent of my future avocations was soon fixed, and I became a philanthropist by profession. Not to make a trade of it at monster meetings, or fancy fairs, but as a pursuit to which I felt myself called by a spiritual voice, as distinct, I should say, as that which ever called a

theologian from a curacy of fifty pounds a year to a bishopric of twenty thousand.

It is not necessary to recapitulate the horrors I have witnessed in the regions of poverty. It is said that the eras of pestilence and famine are passed, but so will not those say who have visited the dwellings of the operatives of our great manufacturing towns, when the markets are glutted, and the mills and manufactories are closed. Pestilence still rages fiercely as ever, in the form of typhus, engendered by want. In the mission I have called myself to, I have stood upon the mud floor, over the corpse of the mother and the new-born child—both the victims of want. I have seen a man (God's image) stretched on straw, wrapped only in a mat, resign his breath, from starvation, in the prime of age. I have entered, on a sultry summer's night, a small house, situate on the banks of a common sewer, wherein one hundred and twenty-seven human beings, of both sexes and all ages, were indiscriminately crowded. I have been in the pestilential hovels of our great manufacturing cities, where life was corrupted in every possible mode, from the malaria of the sewer to the poison of the gin-bottle. I have been in sheds of the peasant, worse than the hovel of the Russian, where eight squalid, dirty, boorish creatures were to be kept alive by eight shillings per week, irregularly paid. I have seen the humanities of life desecrated in every way. I have seen the father snatch the bread from his child, and the mother offer the gin-bottle for the breast. I have seen, too, generous sacrifices and tender considerations, to which the boasted chivalries of Sydney and Edward were childish ostentation. I have found wrong so exalted, and right so debased—I have seen and known of so much misery, that the faith in good has shivered within me.

For a time, when I urged these things in the circles of the comfortable, I received many various replies. By some it was said that it was the lot of humanity—that it had always been so, and, therefore, always must. That to enlarge on the evil was only to create discontent, and so injure "the better classes." It was in vain I urged to these reasoners that for hundreds, and, perhaps, thousands of years, creatures little better than Calibans infested the morasses and forests of Europe. That civilisation had an onward progress, and that the history of the world proved the one great truth—that man is the creature of circumstances. By some the evils were denied; by some few deplored. By all, the discus-

sion was avoided; though the destruction that menaced the Roman empire from the invasion of the barbarian world was never so imminent, nor could the consequence be so dreadful, as that which the wealthy, and civilisation itself, would sustain from the insurrection of outraged poverty.

I next tried the politicians. I devoted some years to history and political economy. I even entered the senate. In politics I found no means of relief. The struggle there was for the preponderance in power, and the reply, "Help us to get into power, and then we will see what we can do." The utmost was to institute inquiries; and from the information thus gathered, has been collected a record of misery, such as never was before displayed.

It is true some few steps have at last been taken in the right direction; some few noble spirits have spoken out to the "comfortable," the dreadful truths. That something must be done is now acknowledged by all who think. The foolish, the careless, and the truculent, can no longer avowedly declare the cries and groans of the miserable multitude to be seditious discontent: nor ascribe their sufferings to the results of retributive justice.

Baffled in every search for a remedy at home, I determined to search foreign nations, and having carefully journeyed through Europe, I sought successively the East and West, until I had traversed the civilised countries of the world. It was in the remote regions of the East and West that I found a clue to my discovery. I here found mankind as multitudinous as at home, but much more happy. Starvation, except in cases of general famine, was unknown; and, on the contrary, I heard the sounds of revelry and dancing, of mirth and leisure, amongst the lowest classes. How different to the everlasting toil of the superior Englishman. "These, then," I said, "are the concomitants of bondage!" Having thus struck out the idea, I followed it up with logical severity, and enunciated the truth that *slavery and content, and liberty and discontent, are natural results of each other.* Applying this, then, to the toil-worn, half-fed, pauperised population of England, I found that the only way to permanently and efficiently remedy the complicated evils would be, to ENSLAVE *the whole of the people of England who have not property.*

Of course I expect a shout of execration and contempt at such a bold proposition; but, as I have already said, I seek only to gain the hearing, at first, of the impartial and the original thinker. That I am disinterested will at once be allowed, when I declare I

do not seek to be one of the enslaved. But let us proceed to examine how this mighty benefit would manifest itself. The first great advantage would be, that the lower classes of society would be placed on an equality with the domestic animals; and by becoming property, become valuable and valued. At present there can be no doubt that a horse that is worth fifty pounds is much more cared for than a man who is worth nothing. We have lately seen a case where a woman was allowed to expire in parturition, because no more than eight shillings was allowed for the midwife's fee; whereas, when a famous racing-mare foaled, ten guineas were not thought too great a sum to secure the attendance of a first-rate veterinary surgeon. Now, had the woman been a slave, her offspring would have been worth something, and, of course, her safety secured.

Like all great discoveries, the ramifications of the advantages are found to be endless, and, if once fully entertained, would be irresistible. Entire and complete slavery of the poor would put an end to all the discussions of their rights, and clearly and definitely work out the relative duties of all classes. We should have no more occasion for vague special pleading, such as we find in Paley and other moral philosophers, who endeavour to reconcile dependence and independence, and liberty and obedience. Sedition would be at once annihilated; for where there was no hope nor recognition of equality, there would be no attempt to raise claims which were stifled before born. All vain ambition, such as that now subsisting, between the potboy and the peer, as manifested in Chesterfields, mosaic gold and cigars, would be prevented. The potboy would be a contented slave, and the peer left to his superiority in clothes, trinkets, and sensualities.

It will of course be asserted that the people would not be contented as slaves, but it is only to make a state inevitable, and humanity is soon reconciled to it, as we are to death, governments, and the income-tax. Besides, what is liberty? a word now almost forgotten: a battle-sound, used to juggle men in every age and country: in Greece, Rome, and America, the war-cry of slaves to fight for the liberty of slavery. Must we, then, ever remain the tools of words: reject all the true advantages of slavery because we cannot bear the name, and take all its evils, and more, because we wish to renounce the sound? What are soldiers and sailors but bondsmen? Indeed, they are a happy specimen of slavery; well fed, clad, and tended; with plenty of leisure and

repose. Why then should they be happier than the peasant, who pines away his dreary existence on bread and potatoes and water? What is the convict but a slave, who by his crimes has earned his right to be kept well and safe from the elements and want? We reward the criminal with slavery and competence, and leave the honest man to liberty and want.

If indeed the old noble cry of "Liberty *and Beer*" could be realised, then it were vain to urge my discovery; but as Englishmen, in proportion as they have gained their liberty, have lost their beer, it behoves us to see whether they had not better hasten back to that state, when inventoried with their masters' swine they shared also their masters' superfluities.

It may be asked how slavery could stop the increase of population, which, flooding the market with human cattle, would render it worthless as a marketable commodity. But this very question carries its own answer. In order to prevent this evil, the proprietor would prevent too great an increase; and following the idea so bunglingly portrayed by the Poor Law Commissioners, prevent parties coming together before they were man and wife, instead of after, which is indeed shutting the door too late. Besides, the proprietor might breed for the foreign demand, and export; and in how much more efficient a way would this be done than by what is now called emigration! Instead of the people being carried off by societies, as many young orphans have lately been without any consultation, or huddled on board ill-conditioned ships, under various inducements, to be landed in foreign morasses and forests, they would be treated with all the care of oxen transported and sold at forty pounds a-piece. What an advantage to the foreign country to have fine picked breeders, sorted according to quality; and what comfort to the slaves themselves, who would be carefully conveyed and joyously received. As England is a fine breeding country, is rich in ships, and a third of the globe yet requires the human article, what a flourishing trade might be opened. What a relief to the old—what a blessing to the new country!

There is one result connected with slavery that there will be considerable difficulty in enforcing; but still I believe it is an inevitable accompaniment. That is the introduction of polygamy in the proprietary class. It might be difficult to get the theologians to reconcile it with the Gospels, but when one considers what wonderful things have been done in that way there is no occasion

to despair. When the New Poor Law is compared with the New Testament, it seems impossible to reconcile them—especially as in other portions of the social code a totally different conclusion is maintained. For instance, it will cost a rich man six hundred pounds to put away his wife, in consequence of the exceeding difficulty of getting over the text of "What God has joined together let no man put asunder." The Poor Law Commissioners, however, more powerful than Doctors' Commons, put man and wife asunder without any difficulty whatever. Such being the fact, surely a little latitude might be allowed in the case of polygamy, which is sanctioned by many examples in holy writ. The advantages of polygamy, united to slavery, are, that it checks population, and prevents that public and universal prostitution which seems to be the unavoidable accompaniment of an over-abundant poor population. By having many *wives* the rich man is at once rendered *moral*, and the slave of course is kept in order by his position and his proprietor. The entire removal of the large class of female victims of this wretched system of poverty-stricken liberty is surely itself worthy of consideration. There may be some opposition on the part of the females belonging to the proprietary class, but this must give way to the beautiful political economy of the principle. The male proprietary class will not allow clamour, in a case like this, to overpower their stern sense of duty to the commonwealth.

A loud but not effectual opposition may be expected from a class who derive a kind of vested interest in the preservation of what they are pleased to call the rights of freeborn Englishmen. The value of what they contend for has been ably delineated by De Foe, both in his book and his frontispiece. The gentlemen who have taken to themselves this vested interest are to be found on the opposition benches of the House of Commons, the writers of certain newspapers, and in the parlours and tap-rooms of public-houses, with democratic signs. Though all these classes have very much diminished in the present century, there are still one or two of the breed of the Wilkes and Henleys left, but they are of a dwarf kind, and flourish principally in the sister isle. Such as they are, however, they will appeal to Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Habeas Corpus Act, and sundry other worn-out topics, which, although they have cost much risk, trouble, and bloodshed to the promoters, have been found very inapplicable to the improvement of the condition of the increasing pauper population of this land of liberty.

In the train of these gentry will be found another set who, anxious to preserve our ancient literature, will object to the total annihilation of all those odes and poems relative to liberty which have been sung and spouted at public dinners and pot-house meetings ever since the people dared say their souls were their own. It certainly is vexatious (as the lady said when her husband was about to be hanged) that all for which Hampden bled on the field and Sydney died on the scaffold, should be found to be of no avail; but still, as we have two hundred years' proof of its inefficiency, it is of no avail denying the truth.

With respect to these literary and oratorical persons, who might be apprehensive that they would suffer a professional loss by the formal enslavement of the lower orders, a consolatory view may be taken. We have the noblest examples of rhetorical flourish on the side of liberty in writers and orators of the very nations where the most iron-hearted slavery existed. Leonidas was a Spartan, and in Sparta they slew Helots to make fun. Rome, and all the states of Greece, afford a beautiful example that the speechifying and poetising about liberty have nothing to do with the reality. Brutus had his door opened to him when he went out to slay Cæsar, and make his speech in the forum, by a slave who was chained to the lintel. These, it may be said, are heathen examples; but it is delightful to find in modern states, punctilious of their Christianity, parallel examples. Behold America, whose every second word is liberty, with her black population. Read her bravadoes, and behold her slaves! What country has distinguished itself more than France? yet consider, that where the Marseillaise is the popular hymn, it is frequently sung by conscripts. In our own happy land, "the birthplace of freedom, the land of the free," we have ample precedents and authorities. Impressment and enlistment have a slight antithesis to "Britons never will be slaves;" not to allude to factory operations and workhouse regulations. Enough, however, has been said to show that the literature of the country cannot suffer from the measure proposed. Indeed, it will probably increase in value, on the old principle of the greater the fiction the greater the poem. These then are groundless fears, and we shall have our odes and orations, when the great object shall have been compassed, as full of glowing images and eulogies of liberty as in the times of Pitt's volunteers, and be able then fully to equal America and France in the loudness of our eulogy of the imaginary, and in the complete absence

of the real. The literary men will therefore, of course, immediately adopt and advocate the noble purpose proposed.

To those who will still remain incredulous, we ask what liberty has done for the great mass of the people? Answer, ye enormous poor-houses—ye mighty jails—ye banished convicts—ye starving and over-worked populace. *Liberty without property is but a phantasma.* Independence indeed is a different thing, but then the property of the civilised world is already appropriated, and henceforward political morality can only acknowledge two things—the proprietor and the property. He who is not one must be of the other, to be of any value in the social scale. He either must be the preserver or the preserved — the possessor or the possessed. This is a great moral truth, that at once, like all such principles, puts everything in its right place. The proprietor will of course take care of his property; and the property thus will be sure to be taken care of by the proprietor.

The enunciator of a great truth is not compelled to show in what way his discovery is to be brought into operation. It was enough for the Marquis of Worcester, and for Windsor, to show how steam and gas could be applied; they were not called upon to lay down all the rails and pipes necessary to the practical fulfilment of their theories; so I am not bound to say how my great discovery of enslaving the whole pauper population of England is to be accomplished. Inferior geniuses may find great help in the proceedings of the Poor Law Commissioners, and many other parts of the conduct of great ministers and patriots, from Charles Stuart to Daniel O'Connell—and from Sir Robert Walpole to Sir Robert Peel. With the execution of this great national movement I can have nothing to do, though I shall be ever ready to defend my discovery.

As I feel, however, that my principles are perfectly in accordance with a new and noble race of young men with hot heads and cold hearts, who have lately flamed above the political horizon, I shall look to them for the practical fulfilment of this noble object, convinced that they will throw a grace over the enslavery of the people, and a glow of rhetoric on the annihilation of English liberty, that will add a charm to the benefit thus conferred. Deeply impressed with their inclination and their powers to effect this desirable object, I confide the revival and confirmation of English slavery to The Young Englanders.

PAUL BELL IN ACCOUNT CURRENT WITH WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ., LAUREATE.

My name is Bell; and I am a person of scanty consequence: occupied the whole day in a warehousing business, which gives me little leisure for putting myself on paper; otherwise the world might have heard of my present particular trouble earlier. I have no connection with the party to whom I perceive so many weekly inquiries are addressed:—"whether"—for instance—"A. B. ought to play knave or queen in such and such a predicament?"—"How many years have elapsed since Mrs. ———, of the ——— Theatre began to put on white; and since Mr. ——— sang the 'Little farthing rushlight' in the presence of Royalty?" Nor dare I claim cousinship with the educating Dr. Bell, who seems—if one may judge from Dr. Southey's Life—to have been rather fond of money for a philanthropist, and a *leetle* quarrelsome for a teacher. Though I be thought less of for the avowal, I must own myself a descendant of the Peter Bell the Potter whose case was publicly mentioned some years ago by Mr. Wordsworth, in one of that gentleman's beautiful pieces. And as this establishes in some sort a business connection between us, I conceive *I* have a right, in my turn, to make public a grievance of which he is the cause; private remonstrance having been tried, and found ineffectual. It is with regard to the part taken by the Laureate on the Railway Question, expressed in letters to the *Morning Post*, published about Christmas time:—a benefaction to the hard-working classes, which deserves acknowledgment! The matter in debate is a railway from Kendal to Low Wood, near the head of Windermere—and the terror is of the cheap pleasure-trains, calculated, the poet pleads, to inundate the district in which he resides, with mere riotous and unworthy persons; or, to quote his own designation, "Manchester tradesmen."

I do not quarrel with Mr. Wordsworth's desire of keeping the seclusion of his residence inviolate, any more than with the horror of Sir Timothy Dod, in "Gilbert Gurney," on seeing surveyors performing their evolutions on the lawn in front of his villa. Every Englishman's house, and his garden also, I presume we may add, is his castle; but when a poet, who has been all his life doing

his best to expose every rock, stone, and scrap of foliage, round about his residence to the gaze of his countrymen ("Manchester tradesmen" inclusive), takes in his elderly days to setting up the toll-bars of false and oppressive reasons, why such or such persons should be kept at a distance—let him look to it; and think of Rebecca and her Daughters! I, at least, as one of the class aimed at, must say my say; and, following his example, print it, too.

First, let me ask, is it quite fair in Mr. Wordsworth to fling at railway makers, as persons only interested in "gains and gambling speculations?" What are gains, pray? Premiums and profits on railway shares, only; or guineas remitted from Dover-street to Rydal, when a new poem is completed? What is "a speculation,"—if a book published on a Laureate's own account to kindle "a blaze of triumph," or to paper trunks, as Taste and Fashion will—is not one? And give me leave to assert, that with some small knowledge of "the business world" (as it is often disparagingly called), I have not found authors, actors, and artists the most disinclined to a high rate of interest for their money. On the contrary: I only wish they were generally less disposed to dabble in matters they cannot overlook for themselves, and to risk their modest fortunes in moonshine schemes! Hence, to raise a cry against projectors in general, as Mr. Wordsworth disinterestedly does, is a little foolish, as well as a little unjust. Why, in our counting-house (the head of the firm and his family being all admirers of poetry), we are indebted to him for these lines, framed above the chimney-piece of the private room:—

TO ENTERPRISE.

"But thou, O Goddess! in thy favourite isle
* * * * * *
Quicken the slothful and exalt the vile.
Thy impulse is the life of Fame:
Glad Hope would almost cease to be,
If torn from thy society.
And Love, when worthiest of his name,
Is proud to walk the earth with thee!"

So much for the "gambling speculation" part of Mr. Wordsworth's objection. Then comes his first great reason. The Manchester tradesman is not worthy of the Lake country, because he cannot understand it. He may stay at home; and if he wants a feast of Nature, devour "a rich meadow, with fat cattle grazing upon it." He may also luxuriate in "a heavy crop of corn;"

but let him beware how he casts sheep's-eyes on a rock, or a ghyll, or a scaur. He won't like them half so well. He shan't come near them. Why, is not this very like telling the schoolboy to stick to his suet dumplings, because he won't understand currant tart? I do not know how it may be in other families, but were I to preach such a doctrine at my table in holiday-time, I am afraid the young Bells, from great Tom downwards to little Ann, would ring a peal of laughter my ears would not soon hear the last of. But, only think!—in the self-same letter, Mr. Wordsworth tells us, that not every one even who is born among the finest scenes of Nature is able to enjoy them. The poets, before he came, says he, were but stupid when a mountain was in question. Gray was speechlessly reverent in Borrowdale (an example our Laureate has not followed). Burns never crossed the border to mount Skiddaw—*argal*, Burns had no love for Nature. How, let me digress to ask, should a farmer, with a family—a busy exciseman—have more time to ramble than a "Manchester tradesman?"—and in days when intercourse was limited and conveyance slow; my relative having, as all the world knows, supplied Yorkshire with crockery conveyed on an ass: whereas now he would assuredly have travelled the country on the Highflyer, or by aid of the Spitfire locomotive. To what, in fact, do these limitations of the Laureate amount, beyond the exclamation of Dr. Caius, "Dere shall no honest man dat shall come in my closet?"

Let me next call attention to the nature and tendency of Mr. Wordsworth's life and literary services. Have they not been directed to implant, in the readers of England, pure tastes and wholesome affections; a minute love of Nature, as preferable to coarse and turbulent pleasures? Was he not laughed at, in his day, for professing that a "Poor Susan in Wood-Street" was capable of enjoying the fancied pleasures of

> "A mountain ascending, a vision of trees?"

Did not saucy critics ridicule him, for daring to inform the genteel public, how my mother's brother was brought into regular courses, by impressions of pity and kindness, made more impressive by the scenery in which they came upon him; where

> "The rocks that tower on either side
> Build up a wild fantastic scene:
> Temples like those among the Hindoos,
> And mosques, and spires, and abbey windows,
> And castles all with ivy green?"

If we have a longing to drink at Duddon River (Manchester tradesmen may be thirsty after a dusty week's work—*sometimes*), whose fault is it? And now, when there is some talk of our seeing these things which he has taught us to yearn for and to wish to understand, what does our Poet do, but turn us over for relaxation to "pantomime, farce, and puppet show?" Verily, the end is curiously discordant with the beginning.

By way of clenching our content in being shut out of the protected district (for he will allow a *terminus* at Bowness), Mr. Wordsworth winds up his letter by telling us, that "there must be *privileges* in recreations and amusements,"—lakes, that is, for Laureates, and tea-gardens for Manchester tradesmen—inquiring of the London squareholders, how they would like their paradises of pleasure, to be overrun by operative children, or lovers in paper caps and oilskin-covered baskets. Now, I never heard that the Public intended to scale the Poet's beautiful garden wall which he describes so beautifully, because some of them might have a fancy for a holiday ramble on the shores of the Mere, without the labour of a seven miles' walk from Kendal (one of my children is lame, yet he has a pretty notion, for all that, of landscape painting). And I have been foolish enough to fancy there was a "*privilege*" in being able to bestow;—and to open as well as in shutting up, or barring out. My nephews and nieces, in London, are full of their pleasant days in Hampton Court Gardens, and Bushy Park at chesnut-tide; of their happy jaunts to Windsor, and Burnham Beeches,—thanks to the railway. Sir George Beaumont, Mr. Wordsworth's accomplished friend, thought it a *privilege*, seemingly, to help to educate the taste of the operatives of the metropolis, by bequeathing his pictures to the National Gallery. There is great Mr. Strutt too, of Derby, who has been making an *Arboretum* for his townsfolk. But what, according to the Laureate, can they know of trees—what right have they to enjoy them?—how many of them have been born in nursery gardens? I would rather have the "privilege" of the Poet of former days, when inspired to preach, how

"—— Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her—"

than the pride of his present seclusion, terrifying itself with a thousand imaginary fears of factory pale-faces, and begging all

landed proprietors, through the medium of the morning papers, to resist the unwashed rabble even unto Parliament.*

But I must have done. Book-keepers have not much time for writing to the magazines ; and perhaps I may not be "disseminating my goose in my own proper sphere"—as the poor old maid of quality phrased it, when angrily repulsing "a helping" from that savoury bird, sent in by a good-natured vulgar neighbour—in attempting a remonstrance, be it ever so humble. But I speak for many besides myself, who do not like to see a great man, in

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* Mr. Wordsworth has, in his railway antipathies, humble but zealous imitators. This may be seen from the subjoined extracts from an advertisement headed "The Richmond and West-End Junction Railway." The genteel dwellers at Richmond—the intensely genteel—tremble for the sanctity of their terrace and park, and the sweet retirement of their pastoral meads. Therefore, they meet, with "the Rev. R. E. Copleston, *Rector*, in the chair," and resolve, among other things—

"That the proposed railroad from London to Richmond will not be attended *with any advantage to the inhabitants of this parish* (Barnes) either as regards the carriage of goods or passengers ; but, *on the contrary, will much diminish their present conveniences in these respects.*"

[When the inhabitants of Richmond can travel to Hungerford Market in the space of fifteen minutes, instead of an hour and a half, the convenience of such transit must, of course, be *much diminished.* It is self-evident.]

"That the said railroad, which it is proposed to carry across the roads in this parish at a level, will be attended *with considerable inconvenience and danger.*"

[Show the inconvenience, Mr. Rector—prove the danger.]

"That there is *no commerce* at Richmond, or on the course of the proposed line, to render a railroad expedient or necessary.

"That its establishment would prejudicially *affect the interests* of private individuals, without accomplishing any public good."

[The commerce in luggage we grant to be little; but the commerce in living thousands who, in a few minutes, would escape from London streets to feel the influence of lovely scenery and fresh air,—would, we believe, be great, and profitable in a higher sense than that of money,—if, indeed, aught higher can be admitted by Rector Copleston and his "highly-respectable" flock.

But the railway would „ affect interests." Yes, it would affect the interests of the exclusively-genteel of Richmond—of the fastidiously-tasteful, who look upon the labouring poor, delivered from the closeness of a city, to enjoy the bounty of a beneficent nature,—as eye-sores in the prospect ; intruders on the Paradise of the "highly-respectable." Why should not Lazarus enjoy the same sun, and wander in the same green fields as Dives ; eh, Reverend Mr. Copleston, Rector ? In what Book, familiar to your Sabbath ponderings, is this forbidden ?—EDITOR.]

the evening of his days, casting discredit on the very principles and purposes which have been at once the pursuit and the ornament of his long and honourable career.

(Errors excepted.)

Ardwick, Manchester,
January 7, 1845.

HINTS ON MARRIAGE.

THE Poet says nought could relieve,
Or fill in Adam's heart the void,
Till he obtain'd a lovely Eve
His Paradise was unenjoy'd ;
But there midst flow'rs and verdant leaves
Grew *untaxed* food for many Eves.

By Nature gifted happily,
Eve charm'd with ev'ry word and look,
Her Handmaids Grace and Modesty,
Her mirror the dear running brook :
And Adam pretty things might say—
No Milliners had he to pay.

When Eve receiv'd the Angel Guest,
And cull'd with taste the choicest food,
Adam well-pleas'd enjoy'd the feast ;
Calling his Eve and all things good.
Well might the Host in converse shine,
Whose feast was costless, yet divine.

Then fair Ones, beautiful as Eve,
Would you, like her, the heart subdue ?
Your fashionable follies leave,
Have many virtues—fancies few :
For know a woman disenchants
Less by her faults than by her wants.

E. R.

PEASANTS AND PHEASANTS.

ARCADIA! 'Tis a pleasant sounding name—the quintessence and the seventh heavens of ruralism; bringing up, before the eyes of smoke-surrounded men, visions of nature's greenery; warbling in their ears the blended lullaby of birds and clear streams; suggestive of blue skies and golden bars of sunshine, lighting the solemn forest shades; the whole fair picture telling of contented lives, passed in slumbering groves and flowery meads; breathing the simple richness of the old poetry; merry with the gambols of Dryads and Fauns, and exalted by the rural majesty of the great god Pan!

And here in England do men strive to reproduce the picture. Here are orators and writers still enamoured of rural simplicity, of rural innocence; prating much of the healthy labour of the fields; drawing broad contrasts between the jarring clash of the smoky factory-bell, and—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn;"

between dim lane and alley and green hedge and furrow; between the burly countryman and the pale-faced dweller in cities. Much we hear of pleasant rural sports—of heaven's healthy breezes, rich only with the scents of nature's laboratory; highly do we hear extolled the bold peasantry of England—their rose-clustered cottages—their neat little gardens; and many a hypocritical wish is flung up to heaven for the calm retirement of a country life—the liberty and the ecstacy of solitary communion with nature—the fellowship of simple beings, untutored in the corruptions of swarming towns, generation after generation, as rudely honest, as simply good, as the "forefathers of the hamlet."

This is a language and a tone fashionable at present. *Couleur de rose* is a hue much in request among a certain class of describers,—glittering varnish meetly gloses that false paint.

But let us have reality: stern, unpoetic, unarcadian reality. Look over the land in these cold winter days. Look on drear, wet fields—on cottages, picturesque to gaze at, but through the thousand chinks of which the bleak wind comes moaning, and the driving rain and sleet make their way; think a moment of the

domestic economy of such places, portrayed by letters and narratives, published in every-day papers ; think of the family of six, or seven, or eight, living—no, not living, but kept from dying—sometimes not even that—by a pittance of six, or seven, or eight shillings per week ; hear the miserable details of the slow starvation they endure—of that existence in which lard is a luxury not every day obtainable—in which hard dry bread, and very little of that, is the dole which alone keeps actual famine from the door ; think of the hungry days, the cold, shivering nights endured, monotonous in their misery—the present comfortless, the future hopeless ; think of mental darkness—the pitchy darkness of ignorance—settled down upon physical suffering—making it more cheerless still ; and tell us whether that is not a terrible picture to place beside your fair Arcadian prospect.

And it is true : the one is imagination—the other a black fact. Who will question the suffering—the dense ignorance of the serfs, who hew wood and draw water ? And if they be questioned, to the questioner we reply, " Look at that lurid glare, that lights the night sky for miles and miles around ; look at waving fields and dark woods, and cottages and farms, all standing clearly out in the fierce illumination ; listen to the shouting of terrified men, and the screams of houseless wives and mothers, and the plunging and snorting of cattle flying from the rustling flames ;—hear and see all this—this blaze, kindled by Captain Swing's torch—this wide-spread desolation, wrought by desperate unreasoning men, in their wild schemes of revenge ; look at this baleful light of incendiarism, and take your answer out of that."

Of all the crimes that bad men commit, there is none more sinful than that of the rick-burner. But what can you expect ?—what offspring can you hope for from ignorance and want ?

Here is a strong hale man, with limbs like iron bars, and sinews like iron wires : and they are as willing as strong. Hoe, or spade, or bill, he can wield right manfully, but there is no work ; or if there is, the pittance paid for it is not sufficient to drive away want. He sits moodily in his dreary dwelling ; ignorance and wretchedness are tugging at his heart. He cannot reason ; he has not been taught ; the mind in him has not been fostered. But he can feel. There are children about him—hungry, crying children ; little wretches, growing up to suffer all he has suffered. There is their mother : a weak, worn woman ; ground down by fasting. There may he sit the live-long day, the fiends of hunger

and of cold gathering the family under their wings. And he is ignorant—grossly ignorant; so ignorant that he cannot comprehend the world's interpretation of God's gift, when he gave the wild fowls and animals of the earth for the use of man. Round his cottage for miles and miles are the squire's preserves; round him for miles and miles are perching and nestling pheasants and partridges; wild things of the earth—not property like sheep or cows—fed by no particular master, but ranging from field to field and coppice to coppice. Rich and nutritious is their flesh—a dainty present from God to man. There they are, fluttering almost over the cottage eaves, where human beings are starving. There they are, tame in the consciousness of their privileges;—for men and women may die by inches, and yet not dare to seize upon one single bird to stay the approach of dissolution. They are *tabooed*—not by the savages of New Zealand, but by the civilised of Old England. God's bounty to all is intercepted by the few. He gave to the rich and to the poor; the former say to the latter by their laws—"He may give, but we shall take care that you do not receive." The fowls of the air upon which man can feed, are reserved for wealthy appetites; the breast of a pheasant must only be picked up with a silver fork. "Game" has its guard of honour. Spring-guns and keepers insure its safety. It feeds unmolested upon the goods of the tottering rack-rented farmer; it gorges and fattens in the midst of starvation; it is as a holy consecrated thing—gun-proof, snare-proof—until a certain day; and then, when the harvest has been garnered; after this "game" has had time to do all possible mischief to him who grows the food it eats, to pay the rent he owes; then comes its moment of destruction—then is it shot down, destroyed wholesale. And for food? "Out upon it;—No!" cries every game-bag-bearing gentleman in the land; "for sport!"

Shot for sport! Not shot until a certain fixed time—the luxury of slaughter, only now and then indulged in to make it more tempting. And all this time the unemployed labourer, or the labourer existing on starvation-point wages, sits hungrily in his earthen-floored cottage. The last morsel of the loaf is devoured—no money—no credit at the baker's—the butcher is quite out of the question. Grinding, biting, cutting, slow starvation! And all the time the whirring of the flight of plump pheasants comes rustling upon his ear. "Who do they belong to?" he thinks. "I would not steal; no, no. I would not enter the farm-

yard, and take the fowls or the ducks. They belong to master, as much as my poor clothes or shoes to me. But can the squire, in his hall, look upon a pheasant, or a partridge, or a hare, and say 'This is mine, I identify it, I know it by its colour, its size; I have fed it, I have reared it; or it was given to me, or I bought it?' No, he cannot, he would not. These creatures are wild; no man's land is their particular home, no man's crops their particular food; they should belong to those who can take them, to those most whose necessities most require them. I require them; my family does; we are starving. But we may starve. If I spread a snare, I shall be sent to prison; if I look at a snare, I shall be sent to prison; if I fire a gun, the county jail; if I handle a gun, the county jail; and all this time living food is fluttering round me, only to be shot by people who have already plenty, but who like sport, that is, killing defenceless animals for amusement."

If not in words, at least in thoughts, is the last paragraph present in many a wretch's mind. He broods over it; that little spark of reason, which degradation and ignorance have not quenched, burns within and shows him the picture of his wrongs; heats, too, while it shows; heats all his bad passions; breeds and fosters everything foul and wicked in his dark mind. Then schemes of most unreasoning, most wicked, most absurd revenge, crowd dimly upon him. He takes not the right vengeance, but the nearest. His "wild justice" is misdirected. Blindly, madly, he thinks—"Property has wronged me; I will revenge myself on property." That most at hand and most liable to injury naturally suffers. Instead of going forth in the light of day to work, he skulks out in the darkness of the night to sin. With fitly-named matches the deed is easy, and the barn-yard is soon one baleful blaze!

Oh, must not there be something fearfully rotten in a system under which incendiarism is as common as it was during the last months of the bygone autumn? In two of the most fertile counties in England, in Norfolk and Suffolk—one of them, we forget which, called *par excellence* the "Parsons' County"—almost every night for weeks together has seen stacks and farms blazing, haggard labourers scowling round the fire,—fit attendants on this devil's illumination.

But the labourers are not forgotten quite. Are not there Sir Joseph Bowleys, "poor men's friends," in the world, worthy

compeers of the Cutes and the Filers? We have witnessed the annual festival, at which the dignity of wealth rewards the dignity of labour. We have seen and heard the proceedings; seen the pompous founder of the feast, and listened to his pompous speeches. And we accuse no man of hypocrisy. We are willing to admit that good men ignorantly and bigotedly do bad things, and that they are in some sort good men still. But we prefer justice to generosity; and though we approve of pity, we would rather see a state of things in which pity would be a superfluous virtue.

At these feasts we have mentioned, we have seen the prizes awarded to those who bore poverty best, whose stomachs were most tolerant of emptiness. Here was a pound or two pounds to a gaunt old man who had bred up a large family, coming comparatively seldom upon the parish; there double the money to a meek nipped-up looking woman, whose appetite had been so manageable, and who had drilled her huge family of children's cravings so well, that they actually got on upon a few shillings a week, without applying at the workhouse at all. Great applause greeted the devotees. But they hardly seemed to comprehend their own merits; they took the money because it was offered to them, stupidly, like machines. God help them! The ignorance of brutes was upon them. They were marched round the room in procession, grinning vacantly. Fair girls, bred up in every luxury, were present, gazing on the smock-frocked creatures before them, curiously as they would upon the inmates of a menagerie; and after they had been duly "poked up," duly admonished and bepraised—not much, it is to be feared, to their edification—the prize receivers were dismissed to dwell contentedly in hovels, to live contentedly on an uncertain seven or eight shillings a week for a family; all manfully-borne privation—all stifled sufferings to be duly rewarded at the next meeting of the Farmers' Club, with, perhaps, a medal and a speech about the proverbial fruits of perseverance, and the proverbial dignity of labour!

Young England, dance round the maypole, then! Or perhaps you would like to grease it, and put a leg of mutton upon the top, for starving men to climb to; or play cricket, and such manly games. Every man has not a rood of earth; let him have at least a "dry skittle-ground!"

And what is this sporting—this game-killing, for the enjoyment of which keepers are organised; man-traps set; a fictitious crime created; and districts demoralised? Is it reasonable and humane?

—a pursuit befitting thinking, kind-hearted men? In what are its great attractions? It consists of killing defenceless animals for the amusement of the slayers. For their amusement solely. They are not sacrificed in order to be converted into food, or because their increasing numbers might prove alike inconvenient and destructive. Colonel Hawker is, we believe, a sporting writer of high repute. In one of his works—touching duck-shooting, if we remember right—the Colonel stigmatises as unworthy of the glorious name of sportsmen, mean-spirited fellows, who go out merely to fill the game-bag, in order to transfer its contents to the spit and the pan. Such people, the Colonel adds, are mere "pot-hunters." To constitute a sportsman then, it is necessary to kill for the sake of killing; to make war for your own amusement, not your support, upon defenceless animals. A fine spectacle is it, indeed, and worthy of civilisation, to see about as many sturdy horsemen as would constitute a very respectable regiment of cavalry, aided by a pack of ferocious dogs, flying at full tilt over a country; breaking down fences; trampling on shooting corn; all wild excitement and unmeaning fury; after one poor, defenceless little wretch, with a sharp nose and a long tail, which you could kill with a blow from a good-sized cane. It is placed in the ranks of "vermin," however, and we somehow or other think it a duty incumbent upon us to worry and destroy every living creature we choose to nickname "vermin." But the growth and breed of this peculiar sort of "vermin" is encouraged. Men plant gorse coverts for its shelter; take great care that it shall flourish, and gain strength and vigour. They use it, in fact (like Isaac Walton and the frog), "as though they loved it"—the love in question only leading to the ultimate catastrophe of worrying and throttling the unlucky wretch by dogs. If there be anything next to not being created a fox, for which we are thankful to Providence, it is for not being created a fox-hunter. As with the fox, so with the deer and the hare. These two creatures are, perhaps, the most timid and defenceless of quadrupeds; yet the one is regularly bred up like a domestic animal, in order to be hunted. It is brought upon the ground in a cart, turned out, run to the earth by dogs, and if it can be saved, maimed and mutilated from their jaws, carefully tended to be in readiness for suffering maiming and mutilation again. And this is sport, gentlemen of England! A hare, however, seldom affords so much pastime; it is invariably killed by the greyhounds, whenever they catch it in their fangs. The harm-

less little wretch sets up, in its agonies, a cry—a plaintive, shrill wail, very like the noise of a young child. What fine sport to hear this! In otter-hunting, again, a pleasant diversion is afforded from the ordinary routine of cruelty—by striking an iron spike or spear through the writhing, agonised sufferer. Here is sport in all its phases; different, each species, in its means and appliances, but all united in the grand end of producing enjoyment by the infliction of suffering.

Now, the reply of your red-coated, top-booted sportsman to any such considerations as these, is always "maudlin stuff, cant, morbid sympathy!" The words sound well, and they seem to mean something. But what? Half a century ago had any man denounced bull-baiting, badger-drawing, cock-throwing, and so on, the self same formidable epithets would have been showered upon him—strung dozens in a row like onions. How loud would have been the shout against reprobating the national, manly sports of England—the recreations of our hardy forefathers—those pastimes which imparted to Englishmen their pluck and their indomitable spirit! Such would have been the howl once rung in our ears, had we dared to differ from popular opinion upon such a delicate point. But now, is there a savage in wide England who looks longingly back upon the sports once so common of baiting a fettered bull with dogs, more savage and strong than wolves, or tying two cats together by the tails, flinging them across a bar, and leaving them to scratch and tear themselves to death? Society would hoot such a fellow out of its pale. We believe the very Ojibbeways would be squeamish about shaking hands with him. Our national temper has been changed and softened—our humanity has been developed, our sympathies extended; and did Squire Western himself live now, he would probably have been a member of the Humane Society, and, as squires go, a very reasonably civilised specimen of that breed of humanity.

But the change is not yet half wrought out. People now see and shrink from the cruelty of the field-sports of their fathers. We hope and believe that future generations will see and shrink from the cruelty of those of to-day. Nothing is so extraordinary as the inconsistency of your sporting man. What he would designate cruelty to one class of animals, he has no objection at all to practise towards another. If he sees two wicked urchins tying a kettle to a dog's tail, with the full intent to hunt him almost to madness, he will very probably, and very properly, give the

monkeys a sound shaking, and liberate the victim. But he will not be persuaded that it is just as cruel wantonly to hunt a hare or a deer as a dog ; perhaps more so, for the dog could be the most formidable enemy of the three. The word "game" is a spell which perverts all his thoughts, paralyses all his sympathies. He has no pity for game. It was intended to be hunted, to be run down. He would not kill a cat—a cat is not game. Were you to ask such a man if he liked pulling out the legs and wings of flies at a window, he would be very much shocked at the question. Yet a fly is not a more utterly defenceless creature before a man's fingers, than a partridge or a pheasant is before a man's gun. Were you to ask him how he would relish shooting down live fowls in the hen-coops in Leadenhall-market, he would be grievously offended. Yet pheasants are sometimes almost as tame as barn-door chicks. We have stood in the preserves of a noble duke in a midland county of England, where we could have knocked down pheasants with our stick, certainly as easily as we could have fractured the skulls of cocks and hens in a barn-yard. A great *battue* was shortly to take place in this huge game-coop. It might just as well have taken place in a poulterer's shop, just as great dexterity and celerity would be required for the slaughtering process in the one place as in the other. However, it seems that shooting tame pheasants in a *battue* is gentlemanly, and that wringing the necks of poultry in a market is unpleasant and vulgar. A very great distinction, with a very little difference !

If a man attacks an animal stronger and fiercer than himself—we must, at all events, allow him the qualification of intrepidity—your hunter of tigers is a more terrible fellow by far than your mere courser of hares. But if he be the greater Nimrod, he has to pay the greater price for his credit—he may very well like the sport of hunting a tiger, but have no inclination for the sport of the tiger hunting him. The exterminator of hares—as he does not play so deeply—can never suffer so severely. The tiger-slayer may look down upon the hare-slayer, as a fellow who has broken into the Bank may sneer at a companion in trouble who only picked pockets. The Bank-breaker may well pity a poor creature whose unambitious soul soars not above the low level of petty larceny ; but there is rich comfort for the small thief, in the consideration of the relative inconveniences of a life in Norfolk Island and three months on the treadmill at Brixton. "What foolhardiness is it," may exclaim the votary of sporting petty

larceny, "to think of attacking an animal which may turn and injure you so seriously!" "What cowardice it is," may retort the votary of sporting felony on a large scale, "to think of attacking an animal which can do neither the one or the other!" And, in our opinion, either will have the other very fairly.

This then is what sporting is. We believe we have painted it fairly. Let it be proved that the animals are killed for use, and merely for use, and that the least cruel mode is adopted of killing them, and we retract all we have said. We do not object to butchers, but to sportsmen—not to shambles, but to preserves. We cast our eyes back, and we see cruelties, long considered as forming the very essence of English sport, given up and reprobated on all hands. Fox-hunting and *battue* shooting are national games now. Bull-baiting and dog-fighting were so once. But the day of the one has past away, and we do not see why that of the other should not follow it. If unthinking cruelty be leaving us, we trust it will leave us entirely, that not even the black shadow of its wings shall remain behind!

The day that sees the abolition of the Game Laws will see a triumph of common sense, common honesty, common humanity. It is a melancholy thing to cast the eye over rural newspapers and see the long columns devoted to reports of the convictions of half-starved men who have offended our modern forest laws. Legislate as you please, preach as you please, argue as you please, and you will never convince the common sense of either learned men or ignorant men, that killing a pheasant is a crime like stealing a sheep. But if poaching be not within the circle of moral crime, it is an easy stepping-stone to all crime. The *malum prohibitum* speedily brings on the *malum in se*. The man who makes his first entry into the county jail as a poacher, will probably make his next as a thief. The midnight slaughter of game leads to the midnight slaughter of game-keepers. Theft and murder end the drama begun by poaching.

And all this complicated career of crime is wrought, because one man is not allowed to kill to satisfy his hunger, a something—which is not property—which another man is allowed to kill to satisfy a wanton pleasure. Let this be reformed altogether. Let this, one of the greatest anomalies, one of the foulest sores in our social system, be burnt out of it. Declare that the wild things of the earth were made for all men, not for a few men; and for all men to consume, not for any wantonly to destroy.

A. B. R.

THE DRUM.

YONDER is a little drum
Hanging on the wall,
Dusty wreaths and tatter'd flags
Round about it fall.

A Shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills
Watch'd the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought and gave
The little drum its din.

O pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills
With velvet verdure spread,
And pleasant 'tis amid its heath
To make your summer bed.

And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills
That trickle to its vales,
And balmily its tiny flowers
Breathe on the passing gales.

And thus hath felt the Shepherd boy
Whilst tending of his fold,
Nor thought there was in all the world
A spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day,
But change with Time will come,
And he—(Alas! for him the day!)
He heard the little drum.

"Follow," said the drummer-boy,
"Would you live in story;
"For he who strikes a foeman down,
"Wins a wreath of glory!"

"Rub-a-dub and rub-a-dub,"
The drummer beats away—
The Shepherd let his bleating flock
On Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid waste of sand
The Shepherd now is lying,
Around him many a parching tongue
For water 's faintly crying.

O that he were on Cheviot's hills
With velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath,
Where oft he 'd made his bed.

Or could he drink of those sweet rills
That trickle to the vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess
Of Cheviot's mountain gales.

At length upon his wearied eyes
The mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again—
Till waken'd by the drum.

" Take arms! Take arms," his leader cries,
" The hated foeman's nigh ; "
Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel,
And thousands fall to die.

The Shepherd's blood makes red the sand,
" Oh! water—give me some!
" My voice might reach a friendly ear,
" But for that little drum!"

'Mid moaning men—'mid dying men,
The drummer kept his way,
And many a one, by " glory" lured,
Did curse the drum that day.

" Rub-a-dub and rub-a-dub,"
The drummer beat aloud—
The Shepherd died, and ere the morn,
The hot sand was his shroud.

And this is glory? Yes ; and still
Will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that glory, like its drum,
Is but a sound and hollow.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

No. 2.

HAZLITT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE—HIS HABITS OF LIFE—HIS MODES OF COMPOSITION.

HAZLITT is considered by some of his friends to have had many points of intellectual character and temperament in common with Rousseau. But I do not know how they would set about to make out the resemblance, except in one isolated feature—that of the morbid feeling which possessed Hazlitt, as to the sinister effect of his personal appearance and manner, on ordinary observers. Rousseau fancied that his friends were always hatching plots and conspiracies against him: in like manner, Hazlitt fancied that everybody (*except* his friends) who looked upon him, perceived something about him that was strange and *outré*.

There was about as much and as little foundation for the feeling in the one case as the other: it was in fact the result of a consciousness in both that there *was* something within, which each would have desired to conceal: but there was this vital difference between the two—that in the case of Rousseau, the weaknesses and errors of which he feared the discovery and promulgation, were such as all men consent to be ashamed of; whereas in the case of Hazlitt, his extreme sensitiveness pointed at failings that could hurt nobody but himself: moreover, what *he* chiefly feared from the eyes of the world was, that they would see in him, not what he was, but what the lies and libels of his political and personal enemies had proclaimed him to be. He feared that vulgar eyes would discover in him, not the man he was, but the "pimpled Hazlitt" that Blackwood had placarded him on every bare wall that knew no better throughout the empire.

There are few things that exercise a more marked and unequivocal influence on the lives and characters of men of great susceptibility of temperament, than any *personal* peculiarity, especially when it is one obvious to all the world: witness the case of Byron,

to whose personal defect might probably be traced every one of the leading events and features of his strange and melancholy career. And the same might perhaps be said of Hazlitt, with this aggravating qualification—that in his case the peculiarity was wholly imaginary, except in so far as the imagination, while acting upon his mind, made that into a fact which had else been only a figment of his own brain. If Hazlitt had not in his moody moments fancied himself a mark for vulgar and ignorant wonder "to point the slow unmoving finger at," he might have been living among us now, one of the most delightful ornaments of social life, and the noblest examples of the advancing spirit of his day and country—the pride and pleasure of his friends, and himself the happy witness of the coming on of that glorious dawn of better things which his own writings have so materially helped to bring about.

The result of this morbid imagination—this one idea which haunted him like a visible phantom—this falsehood, which, knowing it to be such, he nevertheless palmed off upon himself as a palpable truth, till at last he believed it—the result of this was, that, with the most social disposition in the world, and with social qualities of unsurpassed amount and value, Hazlitt, during the latter years of his life, lived almost alone in the world—simply because he could not persuade himself to seek that social intercourse which he had lost the power of purchasing at the ordinary price, of complying with all the minutiæ in the received usages of modern life and manners. He felt, in this respect, like a man who is travelling in a strange or savage country, with his pockets full of gold, for which nobody will give him bread in exchange, because his coin has not the conventional stamp of the place, or because the people he has to deal with set no value on anything but those smooth shells and glittering beads with which he has neglected to provide himself.

There can be little doubt that Hazlitt's manner, superinduced upon him by his own morbid mistake as to his personal appearance, had more to do with his peculiar and painful destiny as regards the private relations of life, than any one but himself would perhaps have been willing to admit. And therefore it is that it becomes a point worthy of especial notice in these Recollections. Indeed there probably never occurred a more striking example of the vast influence of external trifles over the moral and intellectual condition of man; nor can I conceive a finer

theme for the pen of Hazlitt himself to have descanted upon and illustrated; for he was even more intensely aware of the facts of the case, and of their causes and consequences, than if any one else had been the subject of them. And this knowledge was a perpetual aggravation of the evil, without, on the other hand, contributing in the smallest degree to its cure. It was one of those fatal cases in which the sufferer "weeps the more because he weeps in vain."

Nothing could be more curious, and at times affecting, than to observe (as those who thoroughly knew Hazlitt might often do) the working of these feelings, in his occasional intercourse with society. You would suppose, perhaps, that the external deference and respect, not to mention the personal homage and admiration, of a man like Hazlitt, were reserved for the distinguished philosophers, men of science, poets, scholars, and statesmen of the day. Alas! the chancellor Oxtensteirn himself had not a more contemptuous notion of the means and materials it takes to make "a great man," in the estimation of the world (whether of fact or of opinion), which great men are destined to govern. Accordingly, in the presence of these, even the most deservedly celebrated among them, Hazlitt felt himself perfectly at ease and on an equality. But bring him face to face with one of those sleek favourites of fortune, who are supposed to find especial favour in fair eyes, or (above all) one of those happily constituted persons, who combine the several attributes and peculiarities of manner, look, attire, &c., which go to form the "gentleman" of modern times, and he was like a man awe-struck, and confounded with a sense of his own comparative insignificance.

I remember once gaining his leave to introduce him to a person whose only error in these respects was, that he carried them all to the verge of coxcombry; but who, *en revanche*, had the most earnest and sincere admiration for Hazlitt, and was, in all other respects, a cultivated and accomplished man. My friend had long solicited me to bring about this meeting; and though, in the early part of my acquaintance with Hazlitt I had avoided it, as a service of danger to all parties, I soon found that it might be effected, not only without any peril to my friend, but with real gratification to Hazlitt himself, who had the most unmingled admiration for the qualities in question, unimpaired by the slightest touch of envy towards the owner of them.

The meeting took place at Hazlitt's chambers; and after a

little of the same sort of blank embarrassment and school-boy shyness, that one may fancy a country recluse might have exhibited on being called upon to sustain a personal interview with George the Fourth, I never knew Hazlitt spend a happier evening, or one so entirely free from those occasional fallings back into his other and less natural self, which were at once the sin and the curse of his social life. With the exception of this one occasion, I do not know that I have ever passed an evening with him, the intellectual enjoyment of which was not at intervals broken in upon by *looks* passing over his noble countenance, which, where they did not move the observer to terror or wonder, could not fail to excite the deepest pain and pity. But on the evening I am referring to, I particularly remarked that nothing of this kind occurred.

The reason of this, on after reflection, became obvious to me. Our talk was, almost without exception, on the ordinary topics of the passing hour—the public and social events of the day—the theatres—the actors and actresses—our mutual friends (not forgetting their weaknesses)—a little "scandal about Queen Elizabeth"—in short, anything and everything but books, book-making, book-learning, and those exclusively *literary* themes, which Hazlitt liked less than any others that could be started. The consequence was, that old associations and painful recollections never once came back to him—broken friendships and buried affections found no unoccupied place in his mind, on which to cast their shadows—present annoyances were crowded out of doors—future contingencies were as if they could never happen—and the sometimes moody, gloomy, constrained and taciturn recluse, was (to the no small astonishment of my other friend) free and fresh-hearted as a school-boy among his mates; gay and voluble as a bird in spring; making the room echo with shouts of laughter, in the thorough heartiness of which no one surpassed him.

The strange and unhappy mistake of Hazlitt, respecting the effect of his manner and bearing on casual observers, was peculiarly active in regard to women; nor could any evidences, however strong and unequivocal (and the reader will see hereafter that such were far from wanting), remove or weaken this feeling, which amounted to nothing short of a monomania. In proof of this I could, if the nature of the case permitted, allege numerous instances in which the most indisputable marks of female favour

and distinction (whether accorded to his intellectual pretension or not, no matter), were looked upon and resented by him as *personal affronts!* In his numerous "affairs of the heart" (for, like his favourite, John Buncle, he was always in love with somebody or other), to the fair one's indifference he was indifferent, and continued to love on: if she recognised his homage, and was angry at it, he accepted the token as a kind of involuntary compliment;—but if she smiled on him, he was confounded, and cured! It was clear that she meant, first to entangle, and then to laugh at and insult him!

I may have some singular matter to unfold in connection with this part of my subject hereafter. In the mean time, the curious reader is growing anxious for the removal of the veil which hides this supposed Mokanna from view. What will he or she say, when, in dropping it, I exhibit a form of excellent symmetry, surmounted by one of the noblest heads and faces that ever symbolled forth a refined, lofty, capacious, and penetrating intellect?

The truth is, that for depth, force, and variety of intellectual expression, a finer head and face than Hazlitt's were never seen. I speak of them when his countenance was not dimmed and obscured by illness, or clouded and deformed by those fearful indications of internal passion, which he never even attempted to conceal. The expression of Hazlitt's face, when anything was said in his presence that seriously offended him, or when any peculiarly painful recollection passed across his mind, was truly awful—more so than can be conceived as within the capacity of the human countenance; except, perhaps, by those who have seen Edmund Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach* from the front of the pit. But when he was in good health, and in a tolerable humour with himself and the world, his face was more truly and entirely answerable to the intellect that spoke through it, than any other I ever saw, either in life or on canvas; and its crowning portion, the brow and forehead, was, to my thinking, quite unequalled, for mingled capacity and beauty.

For those who desire a more particular description, I will add, that Hazlitt's features, though not cast in any received classical mould, were regular in their formation, perfectly consonant with each other, and so finely "chiselled" (as the phrase is), that they produced a much more prominent and striking effect than their scale of size might have led one to expect.

The forehead, as I have hinted, was magnificent; the nose precisely that (combining strength with lightness and elegance) which physiognomists have assigned as evidence of a fine and highly cultivated taste; though there was a peculiar character about the nostrils, like that observable in those of a fiery and unruly horse. The mouth, from its ever-changing form and character, could scarcely be described, except as to its astonishingly varied power of expression, which was equal to, and greatly resembled that of Edmund Kean. His eyes, I should say, were not good. They were never brilliant, and there was a furtive and at times a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their overhanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant impression, to those who did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly towards you; as if he were afraid that you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you. His head was nobly formed and placed; with (until the last few years of his life) a profusion of coal-black hair, richly curled; and his person was of the middle height, rather slight, but well formed and put together.

Yet all these advantages were worse than thrown away, by the strange and ungainly manner that at times accompanied them. Hazlitt entered a room as if he had been brought back to it in custody; he shuffled sidelong to the nearest chair, sat himself down upon one corner of it, dropped his hat and his eyes upon the floor, and, after having exhausted his stock of conventional small-talk in the words, "It's a fine day" (whether it was so or not), seemed to resign himself moodily to his fate. And if the talk did not take a turn that roused or pleased him, thus he would sit, silent and self-absorbed, for half an hour or half a minute, as the case might be, and then get up suddenly, with a "Well, good morning," shuffle back to the door, and blunder his way out, audibly muttering curses on his folly, for willingly putting himself in the way of becoming the laughing-stock of—the servants! for it was of *that* class and intellectual grade of persons that Hazlitt chiefly stood in awe. Of the few private houses to which his inclinations ever led him, he perfectly well knew that even if there had been (which, as we have seen, there was not) anything unusual or *outré* in his appearance, his intellectual pretensions would alone have been thought of. But there was no reaching the drawing-room without running the gauntlet of the servants'-hall; and this it was that crushed and confounded him. I am satisfied that

Hazlitt never entered a room—scarcely even his own—that he was not writhing under the feelings engendered during his passage to it; and that he never knocked at a door, without fearing that it might be opened by a new servant, who would wonder what so "strange" a person could want with their master or mistress.

To those who are not accustomed to the mental vagaries of men of genius, this must seem like a species of insanity. But there would, I think, be no difficulty in accounting for it on perfectly rational principles; at least, I am sure *he* would have found no difficulty in doing so, even in his own case, much less in that of another person. I shall not myself attempt this explanation; but I will venture to hint at the grounds of it, because they belong to the subject which I have undertaken to treat. Those grounds are to be sought, as I conceive, first, in that radical defect in Hazlitt's moral conformation, at which I have reluctantly glanced in the outset of these Recollections; secondly, in that intensely vivid state of excitability in which his intellectual faculties, and especially his imagination, at all times existed, and that consequent intense perception of all things within and about him, which showed him, as with a microscopic eye, a thousand trifles that were invisible to ordinary observation; thirdly, that oppressive and overweening self-consciousness which, as it were, projected the shadows and lights of his own mind upon all things on which he looked, and caused external objects to reflect back to him his own thoughts and sensations, as if they were bodily images; thus creating an intellectual world which blended itself with the physical, and prevented him from being wholly present in or occupied with either; and lastly, that despairing abandonment of all attempt at self-control, which (being fully and intensely conscious of it) made him stand in perpetual dread of himself,—uncertain that from moment to moment he might not be tempted to commit some incredible outrage against those rules and usages of civilised life, which, nevertheless, he was the last person in the world to hold in contempt.

The reader will, I hope, not suppose that I offer the above as anything more than the *materials* for an explanation of one of the most curious and interesting phenomena that ever arose out of the condition and operations of the human mind. The explanation itself might (as I have hinted) have formed an admirable theme for Hazlitt's own pen; but I scarcely think there is another left

among us capable of handling it to any satisfactory result. For myself, I will not venture to pursue it further. But I will say, that, however the weakness in question used to pain and even shock me, I never felt the least surprise at it. On the contrary, it always struck me as a natural and intelligible commentary on the peculiar mental condition from which it sprang—a sort of physiognomical expression, as easy to be interpreted as those of the face itself: the only singularity of the case being, that whereas most other men are able to conceal all external evidences of what is passing or has passed in their minds, except those which are written on their faces, Hazlitt's was "all face."

Hazlitt's way of life was as little adapted to the ordinary course of things in a "regular" family, as can well be conceived. He always lived (during the period of my intimacy with him) in furnished lodgings, and those of a very inferior class;—not from any lack of means, for he had only to take his pen in hand to, as it were, coin money; still less was it from any parsimonious feeling, for he was profuse in his expenditure, so far as related to the personal comforts of himself and those dependent on him. But, on adopting this mode of life, he fancied that his peculiar habits would have subjected him to perpetual inconveniences and affronts, except from those to whom the moderate stipend he paid was a material object. But he was far from escaping them by this expedient, of descending in the scale of social order; for the lower you descend in that scale, the less toleration there is for anything that does not precisely conform to the preconceived notions of the observer. In fact, this was one of the great mistakes that he made in "the act and practique part of life;" and it was the source of much bitterness and misery to him; for, strange as it may seem in such a man, it was not from the flow and current of his own thoughts, feelings, and reflections, that his daily life took its tone and colour, but from the petty events and outward accidents of the hour. And above all, it was on the personal civility and respect of those about him, that his very existence seemed to hang. Now, by keeping himself among a class of persons, to a certain degree removed from the mere vulgar, his name and pursuits would have secured him from personal disrespect, if they did not procure him the opposite; whereas, in descending two or three steps lower in the scale, the effect of his intellectual pretensions

was not merely nullified, but turned against him. In the former case, the gazers at the celebrated author did but "wonder with a foolish face of praise;" but in the latter, they shrunk from him, as if he was a wizard, or stared at him as at a wild beast. And we are sadly too apt to become what people believe us, rather than what we seek and desire to be.

Hazlitt usually rose at from one to two o'clock in the day—scarcely ever before twelve; and if he had no work in hand, he would sit over his breakfast (of excessively strong black tea, and a toasted French roll) till four or five in the afternoon—silent, motionless, and self-absorbed, like a Turk over his opium pouch: for tea served him precisely in this capacity. It was the only stimulant he ever took, and at the same time the only luxury: the delicate state of his digestive organs prevented him from tasting any fermented liquors, or touching any food but beef and mutton, or poultry and game, dressed with perfect plainness. He never touched any but *black* tea, and was very particular about the quality of that, always using the most expensive that could be got: and he used, when living alone, to consume nearly a pound in a week. A cup of Hazlitt's tea (if you happened to come in for the first brewage of it) was a peculiar thing; I have never tasted anything like it. He always made it himself; half-filling the teapot with tea, pouring the boiling water on it, and then almost immediately pouring it out; using with it a great quantity of sugar and cream.

To judge from its occasional effect upon myself, I should say that the quantity Hazlitt drank of this tea, produced, ultimately, a most injurious effect upon him; and in all probability hastened his death—which took place from disease of the digestive organs. But its *immediate* effect was agreeable, even to a degree of fascination; and not feeling any subsequent re-action from it, he persevered in its use to the last, notwithstanding two or three attacks, similar to that which terminated his life.

To the very few who felt a real and deep interest in this extraordinary man, and to whom it was evident that his restless and resistless passions, and his entire, and even wilful, subjection to them—added to other points, to be hereafter referred to, in his moral and physical constitution—made him one of the most wretched of human beings, it was no less curious than pleasing to see him luxuriating over his beloved tea, in a state of deep and

still repose, that nothing could disturb—not even the intrusion of a stranger or a dun—events that, at other times, were but too apt to move him from his propriety.

For the last four or five years of his life, Hazlitt never touched any liquid but tea. During the previous four or five years, he used to drink large quantities of cold water. I have frequently seen him take three or four quarts while sitting after supper,—which was his favourite meal. Wine, and all fermented liquors, he had forsworn before I knew him; and he religiously kept to his resolution. *This*, he used to say, was the reason why Blackwood's people called him "*pimpled* Hazlitt"—thus holding him up to the world as a dram-drinker! Had they told nothing but the truth of him, they would not have made him out to the world as any worse than he really was; and he did not desire to pass for anything better. Whereas, by ascribing to him precisely *that* vice which was the farthest removed from his actual habits, they gained a great point against him. "Had I really been a gin-drinker and a sot," I have heard him say, "they would have sworn I was a milk-sop." *

His breakfast and tea were frequently the only meals that Hazlitt took till late at night, when he usually ate a hearty supper of hot meat—either rump-steak, poultry, or game—a partridge or a pheasant. This he invariably took at a tavern—his other meals (except his dinner sometimes) being as invariably taken at home.

There were three or four houses only that he frequented: for he never entered the doors of any one where his ways were not well known, or where there was any chance of his *bill* being asked for till he chose to offer payment of it. And when treated in a way that pleased him in this latter particular, he did not care what he

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* Lord Byron took this for granted, and had the wit to discover that the epithet "pimpled," might also be applied to his writings! And so it might, with about equal fitness; for, as his face was as clear and pale as marble, so was his style the most simple and transparent of the day. Sir Bulwer Lytton, in his admirable work on "England and the English," has also adopted the invention, as if it were an unquestioned fact, merely disputing the utility of alleging it against him. "What purpose," he asks, "salutary to literature, is served by hearing that Hazlitt had pimples on his face?"

Throw dirt enough, and some of it will stick. That was the precept and the practice of Hazlitt's enemies; and there is no denying that, in his case, it succeeded to a miracle.

paid. I have known him pay with cheerfulness sums of twenty or thirty pounds for suppers only, or chiefly.

The houses Hazlitt frequented were the Southampton Coffee-house (in Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane), Munday's, in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and (for a short period) the Spring Garden Coffee-house. The first of these he has immortalised, in one of the most amusing of his Essays, "On Coffee-house Politicians." Here, for several years, he used to hold a sort of evening levee, where, after a certain hour at night (and till a very *un*certain hour in the morning) he was always to be found, and always more or less ready to take part in that sort of desultory "talk" (the only thing really deserving the name of "conversation") in which he excelled every man I have ever met with. But of this hereafter. Here, however, in that little bare and comfortless coffee-room,* have I scores of times seen the daylight peep through the crevices of the window-shutters upon "Table-Talk" that was worthy an intellectual feast of the Gods.

When Hazlitt dined at all—which was often not more than two or three times a week—this meal seemed only a sort of preliminary to his everlasting Tea, for which he returned home as soon as he had dined, and usually sat over it for a couple of hours, afterwards he almost invariably passed two or three hours at one or other of the large theatres, placing himself as invariably in a back corner seat of the second tier of boxes, and, if possible, shrouding himself up from view, as if he felt himself "a weed that had no business there," in such a scene of light, gaiety, and artificial seeming.

To the play itself, on these occasions, he paid scarcely any attention, even when he went there in his critical capacity as a writer for the public journals; for, notwithstanding the masterly truth and force of most of his decisions on plays and actors, I will venture to say, that in almost every case, except those of his two favourites, Kean and Liston, they might be described as the result of a few hasty glances and a few half-heard phrases. From these he drew instant deductions that it took others hours of observation to reach, and as many more of labour to work out. In this

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* No longer so now, I am sorry to add; for it has recently been renovated and "improved" out of all agreeable association or recollections,—so that, like the Mitre, Wills's, Tom's, &c., there is nothing left of "the old familiar" spot but its name.

respect his faculty was, I imagine, never before equalled or even approached; and his consciousness of, and confidence in it, led him into a few ridiculous blunders. Still, upon the whole, he was doubtless right in trusting to these brief oracles and broken revelations, rather than pursuing them to their ultimate sources,—as most others must do if they would hope to expound them truly and intelligibly: for his was a mind that would either take its own course or none: it was not to be "constrained by mastery" of rule or discipline. It was knowledge of this truth, and his habit of acting on it, which constituted the secret of his success as a writer.

Though no one could possess a more social turn of mind than Hazlitt did under ordinary circumstances, I never met with any other man who so little needed society. If ever there was a mind "sufficient to itself," it was that of Hazlitt; and I believe that bodily health and the "appliances and means" of personal comfort being supposed, he could have passed his life alone on a desert island, with perfect satisfaction, and even with high and constant intellectual enjoyment: for with him thought and contemplation were ends in themselves, not merely means to some end disjoined from them; or, at all events, they were means to the attainment of that TRUTH which was, in itself, the great and all-sufficing end of his intellectual being.

What is understood by "society" in its ordinary sense, Hazlitt shunned altogether; and, above all, that "literary" society in which his admirable powers of conversation qualified him to shine so conspicuously. He had enough of books and criticism and philosophy in the way of his profession; it was the *business* of his life to "coin his brain for drachmas;" the *pleasures* of it he wisely sought from other sources, and chiefly from calling back the feelings and recollections of the Past; for it is, I think, remarkable that, though Hazlitt's views and sentiments respecting mankind were "as broad and general as the casing air," he never, or very rarely, employed his thoughts upon the Future.

The reason, I believe, was, that he could not do so without including *politics* in his speculations; and this was an almost interdicted subject with him: it was touching upon a string that "echoed to the seat where *hate* is throned." Politics was the *experimentum crucis* that his temper could not bear the test of.

It was capable of changing him from a reasonable being into a wild beast. It stirred up the bitter and rancorous feelings that, to the very last, lay festering in his heart, and eating into its core like some "poisonous mineral"—deposited there by the events that had terminated the French Revolution; and those feelings were still more firmly rooted by the subsequent downfal of his idol, Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons. I have heard those who knew him in his early youth say, that it was the great events of the French Revolution, and the new era of thought and of things that they seemed to create throughout Europe, which first called forth Hazlitt's intellectual faculties from that dreamy torpor in which they might otherwise have lain for years longer, perhaps for ever. His early metaphysical work, and many remarkable features of his after character, show us that those events *found* his heart filled with all tender and kindly affections towards his fellow-beings, and all high and happy hopes and aspirations as to their ultimate destiny. What those events, or rather their immediate sequents, *left* that heart, those only can know who had for years studied it as "a book where men might read strange matters." In brief, they found his bosom the birth-place of universal Love; they left it "the very heart and throne of tyrannous Hate."

I shall have much more to say on this part of my subject hereafter. At present I glance at it incidentally, because it is the pivot on which moves the whole character of Hazlitt's actual life and destiny. Had his faculties and sensibilities opened and developed themselves at any other period, or under any other political aspect, than that of the first French Revolution, he might have been the very model of a wise and happy man. But as it was, his whole intellectual being—his temper, affections, passions, meditations, and pursuits—took a sinister turn from those events, which never afterwards left it, or at least which was never afterwards absent when its first exciting cause was recalled into action. On all matters but political ones Hazlitt's perceptions were almost super-humanly clear and acute, and his judgment was infallible. But about the political prospects, tendencies, and events of the day, he was like a child or a woman—either utterly indifferent to them, or regarding them in a light directly opposed to the true one.

I will give one or two remarkable instances of what I mean.

The downfal of Napoleon, and the restoration of the Bourbons,—which every man of ordinary political sagacity and foresight must have looked upon as the certain coming on of that natural supremacy of the MANY over the FEW, of which the first French Revolution did but furnish the rude foretaste and barbarous ante-type,—Hazlitt regarded as the final consummation of the triumph of "Legitimacy" and "Divine Right," and the utter extinction of human liberty from the earth. The writings and principles of Bentham and his friends and followers, which have already gone far towards creating a new era in human society, he looked upon and treated with utter and unmingled contempt. And as to the aristocracy of England, or of any other country, coming to feel and admit even the political expediency, much less the natural justice, of Reform and social regeneration,—he would as soon have looked for the Millennium.

The truth is, that many—perhaps it may be said most—of the commanding and first-rate intellects that have been among us, have not been so much in actual advance of their age, as others of an inferior grade and a different temperament. It has seemed to be sufficient for them to *produce* the momentum, of which others could better feel, direct, and see the results. It was so with Bacon. We have no evidence that he anticipated the vast consequences to which his principles of philosophising have led, and the still more vast ones to which they are now leading. Like Hazlitt in regard to morals, he was no "perfectibility" man, in respect of science and knowledge: and to anticipate *that* in the possible existence of which we have no faith, is a moral contradiction. Though Hazlitt would readily have admitted that the world has never been in the same moral or intellectual condition for any two centuries together, and that every nation has, from time to time, differed as much from itself as it has at all times differed from all others, yet he laughed at those who predicated for the future anything very different from that which has existed in the past. He sighed and wept over the wreck of human liberty, its hopes, tendencies, and consequences, as he might be supposed to have done over a mortal bride and her offspring; seeming to forget that principles are imperishable, that truth and justice are unchangeable and immortal; and, what is still more to the purpose, that the human mind has a natural and necessary sympathy with these, and a craving after them, which have the strength and the perma-

nence of instincts, and therefore cannot be wholly eradicated or suppressed.

But Hazlitt's want of hope in the future condition of his fellow-beings was more a personal, than an intellectual failing; a thing arising more from his own individual circumstances and feelings, than from the convictions or calculations of his understanding. He was a disappointed man; and despondency was a disease, not a natural quality, of his mind. He had nothing in after life to look forward to for himself; and he had nothing to satisfy him in the present. The past was his only refuge: and even there he found little that was personally gratifying to him—much that was deeply painful and disappointing, no less to his hopes, than to his actual experience. And a man so placed, is not likely to see too much good in prospect for his fellow-creatures; he is too apt to "lay the flattering unction to his soul," (for such it is in such cases) that misery is the destined lot of human nature. That we are all apt to do so, is at once the curse and the crime of that nature; because (like jealousy) it makes the misery on which it feeds. Hope is more than a blessing—it is a duty, and a virtue; and in its absence, we not only cannot accomplish the destiny that awaits us—we do not merit that destiny, and therefore shrink from admitting its existence, or its possibility.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

Music for the Million! How smoothly the syllables slip off the tongue! How softly and pleasantly they sound to the ear on repetition! Music for the Million! Softly and pleasantly? Nay—they make sweet melody: you shall not hear sweeter from the dripping leaves of summer when the birds are singing in them.

Music for the Million! Melody, say you? Misname it not. Melody is indeed a high and tender thing, that strikes gently upon the heart-strings, and they sing in unison. But—Music for the Million! it is more than melody—it is deepest, grandest Harmony; the voices of a choir of angels—the music of the spheres.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION! The theme grows and gathers as you pronounce and ponder on it; it swells and mounts into mighty hosannahs, that strike upward to the stars; it spreads and spreads, and mounts and mounts; it presses against the gates of heaven; they open; it enters like a mighty river entering a mighty sea; and lo! it is absorbed in that which has received it! it is gathered into that which gave it birth. MUSIC FOR THE MILLION! The Voice of a Singing People! That—that is the VOICE OF GOD.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION! "Well—be it so," says good old Tom Noddy; "let us see about it—let us have a meeting at Exeter Hall, and enter into a penny subscription. Whom shall we persuade to take the chair? Shall it be our good Lord John? Perhaps he will be so gracious as to take part in a plebeian glee: if so, the thing is done. He joined in a game at cricket with the boors—and lo! agrarian agitation ceased! Or shall it be the other of the Gemini of Young England's Olympus—he of the winning tongue, who can 'talk the savageness out of a *boor*'—a starving one?—And the Professor—which shall it be? Hullah? or Nathan? or ——"

Nay, good Thomas Noddy, not so fast. Tie a knot in your handkerchief, and we will "see about" that kind of "Music for the Million," by and by. *That* is but one of the thousand happy sequences that will wait upon the music we wot of. But Exeter Hall is not the place to listen for its coming. It must be born—say, rather, re-born—of the brooding silence of the scholar's study—the midnight lamp must light it into life. At present it survives but in the seething brain of the poet—henceforth, the only true and trustworthy "man of the people." But there it is—the bright antithesis of the little black spot in the distance, that portends the tempest; there it is—the little *white* spot that speaks the coming on of the pageant of the People's Jubilee.

So distant! Then for us it may never come?

Nay—not so. That which we see—that which we feel—that which we know—is with us—it is ours; we hold it—we have it. Our telescopes bring the stars into our chamber windows; our microscopes make manifest the invisibles of the earth, the water, and the air. Has the mind of man less virtue than certain modicums of glass and brass?

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION! In what direction shall we listen for it?

There was once a star which drew the wise men of the East to follow it, till it led them to aelowly shed, where they found a little babe sleeping in a manger; and they fell down and worshipped it. They, the wise m n of the East, fell down and worshipped the little babe sleeping in the manger. That little babe was the mighty minstrel who, a new Prometheus, brought from heaven, and taught to those on earth, the only veritable Music for the Million.

The star-led Magi did but fall down and worship the little babe, and sing aloud the simple music that beamed from his countenance. But presently there came wiser men than the wise men of the East; and they had the simple music copied out, and put human words to it, and joined a learned base to the melody, and overlaid it with flourishes and *fiorituri*, and adapted it to all sorts of instruments, and trained a mighty array of surpliced choristers to sing it, and built magnificent temples for its public performance, and (worst of all) made the Million, for whom it was brought down from heaven by the little babe, pay money to hear it;—till at last that Music for the Million has come to be little more to the Million than is a Philharmonic concert.

But was the little babe and its music born in vain? And did the wise men of the East fall down and worship foolishly? So far otherwise, that when the wise men of the East shall once more wisely suffer themselves to be star-led to the lowly manger, and shall again fall down and worship that babe, and listen humbly for that heaven-sent music,—then shall it be heard again, and become the true Music for the Million—then, and not before.

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION! But whither shall we turn to listen for it?

In what directions do the radii of the circle issue from its centre? The source of what we seek, is the source and centre of all good; and in seeking it in a loving spirit, we shall surely find it—for it is LOVE. When the cries of human misery "echo to the seat where LOVE is throned," then shall Music for the Million be born again, never again to die.

And how to waken that echo?

Not by weeping and wailing by the way-side; still less by standing there and railing; but by walking steadily and sturdily on. They who seek shall find, seeking in the spirit of love.

But there are many paths before us—which shall we take?

Many there are, and not one of that many but is a right one;

for its end is right: albeit not a few are steep and rugged, and beset with dangers, that may appal the stoutest heart, and "give us pause" before we pursue them. But there is one, short as it is sure—safe as it is plain. Let *him* point to it who has pointed to all good things, with a spirit that embraced and comprehended all. It is a mad king who utters the oracle—made mad by his wrongs, and oracular by his madness. Listen to him, ye whom the oracle concerns. Listen to his voice—the voice of a King—as it speaks awfully amid the awful pauses of the storm!

> Take physic, Pomp!
> *Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel!*
> Then shalt thou shake the superflux to them,
> And shew the Heavens more just!

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel. That is all. Do that, Pomp, and the task is accomplished.

Nor deem the task too hard, or the circle of action too narrow. Let "Pomp" stand for all between the palace and the pent-house. Poverty and riches are words meaningless, except as they have relation the one to the other. Who is *not* rich, compared with him whose daily toil cannot procure the means of daily food, and warmth, and shelter? You who *have* these, "expose yourselves to feel what *wretches* feel"—what *they* feel who have them *not*—and the end is reached.

You see not how? Then have you no faith in your own nature, and are, till you achieve that faith, poorer than the wretch you pity: for you do pity him, whoever you be, and whatever. Though you may have lifted yesternight the assassin's knife,—if, to-day, the half of your last crust would save the life of a starving fellow creature, you would give it.

You think not? Know yourself better; for till you do, there is no hope of that "Music for the Million," of which we are asking you—even you—to help the coming on.

Nor deem that there is no "feeling what wretches feel," without feeling it in the flesh. It is not *so* that we ask the rich to feel it, or we should know that the quest were vain. That Queen of France who could not understand how the people were starving, while there were plenty of *brioches* to be had for paying for, was not a stone-hearted queen, but only an ignorant one. Let all the "Pomp" that lies between wealth and the poorest competence learn *what* it is that those "wretches" feel, who make up the Million in behalf of whom our homily is preached, and all will soon be well.

But *how* to learn it without the contamination of contact? ask the Pomps, of every grade, from the denizens of palaces, downwards.

The reply brings us to our conclusion; which the critical Pomps of the world will pronounce, a "lame and impotent" one:

READ THE NEWSPAPERS.

If fillagree lords forego the luxuries of their lordly homes to fraternise with unsavoury mechanics, and play at quoits with unlicked ploughboys, it is because they *read the newspapers;* and in so doing, cannot choose but "expose themselves to feel what wretches feel."

If hack politicians put on the guise of Peter the Hermit, and make pilgrimages to the manufacturing districts, to preach patience to the poor and penitence to the rich,—it is because they *read the newspapers*, and thus "expose themselves to feel what wretches feel."

If superfine Lady Patronesses of Almack's indecently expose themselves in print, and give the profits of the exhibition in charity, —it is because they *read the newspapers;* and something (they know not what) comes into their eyes, that dims the light of their drawing-room lustres. They have inadvertently put themselves in the way of feeling "what wretches feel."

If turtle-fed aldermen cannot sleep on their beds of down, till they have built wash-houses for the shirtless, and baths for those who have no bread,—it is because they *read the newspapers*, and their fine sympathy with "what wretches feel" has interfered with the digestion of the calipash.

If city traders grow eloquent in their indignation, at the libellous impeachment of paying less than three farthings for the making of a shirt,—it is because, by *reading the newspapers*, they "expose themselves to feel what wretches feel;" for the "Song of a Shirt" might melt the heart of a city trader, let alone a stone.

If reading the newspapers can work these miracles, what may they not do? They may, in time—they will—bring about that new Millennium, the surest sign of whose advent will be the universal prevalence of

MUSIC FOR THE MILLION.

THE NOVELIST AND THE MILLINER.

Not willingly we speak to you, you thin, wry-shouldered Milliner—red-eyed and angular—much though you love us. No! not all the deep, devoted, strong affection that you have for us can ever lessen or destroy the grudge we bear you!

What! at shut of even and of shop—when work is done—when tired needles rest in pocket-books, their shorn plumes drooping from their glittering crests—when back-stitch and base-stitch, splay-seam and over-seam, cuffs, and ruffs, and muffs, and puffs, spencers and stomachers, are forgotten quite—when skirts and bodies, mantles, frocks, pelisses, finished or unfinished, thrust into half-open drawers, drooping from bed-post and from window-shutter, helpless over chairs, seated sinkingly beneath the table or upon, are all unthought of and unseen—when chintzes, muslins, silks, satins, and satinets,—when old-maid bombazette, and more old-maiden bombazine, and even the young good-looks of Indiana, mousseline de laine, and Saxony, are in vain for you;—no brittle thread, a fret—no needle, intolerant of the same—pangs of vexation and weariness of wrist—no sudden rent to take the breath away—no wrong stitch, seen at the millionth, any more a heart-break—no Lady Jane's body joined to Lady T.'s skirts, and no Lady G.'s riding-dress, all puffed and plaited, lined and twined, finished perfect and complete, but—wrong side outmost—despair and syncope!—What! when all these blessed events have taken place—when this whole painful, vulgar world of clippings and cuttings, paper shapes and paper patterns, broken needles, ends of thread, scattered pins and empty bobbins, has sunk to you; extinguished, like the sun, in night and after hours—sit you not reading by the light of those few red cinders, now fast blackening a-top, and momently sinking closer and more close, jostling each other and murmuring? Sit you not there, barely supported on the edge of your receding chair, with quivering feet upon the fender? Sit you not there, wide-legged, o'er the grate, unseen, at ease—with stooped head, flushed cheek, and glittering eye—turning so eager-rapid, with that yellow, needle-eaten finger, our reddened, fair-marged pages, curling and crumpling within their cracking, *gizened* boards? Sit

you not there, we ask, absorbed—abstracted—swallowed up in wonder and delight; heeding nothing—seeing nothing—but the fair Elysian world we give you, there to wander in, till even odours of happy Arabie—perfumes of burning worsted—(for indeed, the flannel petticoat *will* take on process of eremacausis—slow combustion) can hardly bring you to your dim room and drooping skirts again? And, more; the fire extinguished (by the laying-on of hands) and the fright allayed, sink you not into your chair again? Seek you not eagerly to renew acquaintance with that same fair Elysian world? Strive you not to execute the strange, mysterious rites, whereby accomplishment of that is had? But, alas! do not the few red cinders—now still fewer and less red—refuse to hold for you the lamp whereby to see the talismanic scroll; whereby to read the letters of that magic cabala of ours which opes the gates to these enchantments? In wrathful-wise seize you not the poker then? Stir you not up the few red cinders, nervously, into hectic flushes—smiles, but harbingers of death—or, at best, into fitful, momentary gleams, which can but seem to you sneers of malign derision, ape-like mockery; as, for one instant, playing with you, they give to sight the mystical inscriptions, then snatch them back to night again?

Dash you not up then, passionately, in sudden burst of galled vexation, paroxysm of fret abruptly yielded to? Count you not, with hurried, shivering feverishness, how many chapters you have yet to read before the end may come? Dash you not down again, in dogged self-will, stooped head and flushed cheek, placed defiantly almost on the very bars, resolute to master, ere the night shall end our dear third volume? Sentence after sentence, fruitlessly strain you not on, desperately, frantically, in the mad attempt? Till at length, completely vanquished, wholly tamed, the breath of unwilling resignation issuing relievingly from the chest, with sore eyes, hair burning hot upon the brow, you find yourself compelled, in exhausted hopelessness—heart-broken even—to shut for the night.

And then, as you sit a good half-hour yet, fall you not into the pleasant, pleasant reverie? In dream become you not the Ladye fair you lately read of? See you not yourself wending forth from that high castle-gate, while, stooping gallantly, rides beside you that stately knight,—all clad in steel, but helmet off, and black curls tossing in the breeze—gazing so rapturously on you there, maiden-modest, in your cotton-velvet dress, mounted on milk-white

palfrey, with your pinchbeck locket hanging from your neck by its watered ribbon gracefully, and the gilt leather card-case, which a friend bestowed, just innocently peeping from your lovely hand?

The scene changing, are you not assailed and carried off by livid scowling robbers, mysteriously silent and interesting? Pass you not through a whole world of adventure, a thousand perils, a thousand wonders,—deep defiles, mountains, rocks and chesnut-trees, — setting suns, shadows and moonlight, — caves, castles, trap-doors, secret passages, sliding panels, daggers, lamps and oratories,—one savage butcher-robber, with a bull-neck and bushy eyebrows,—one mild and milky—which latter befriends —secret signs, looks and scraps of comfort, —escape planned, effected,—cottage,—old woman,—bread and milk,—pursued, overtaken,—robbers without cottage,—awful suspense,—little incidents, and *such* dialogues!— discovered,—butcher-robber slays milky one,—led back in triumph; in short, a whole host of men, all scowling, stamping, tearing, struggling and fighting for the single poor *you*, like a herd of black bulls for the one white heifer; till, at last, rescued by own brave knight—his helmet on this time for variety,—kisses and softnesses,—separated again,—harsh sire, cruel uncle,—convented,—but, finally, banns of marriage proclaimed three times on one Sunday,—married in pale blue satin, trimmed with blonde; splendid wedding-supper,—Maggy Sharp and Mary Young invited just to see,— gorgeous bridal-bed,— cold white sheets,—three sons and three daughters, and a long life of health, wealth and happiness.

Or, the vision altering its shape, have you not gone to that dear, native, country town, to visit your poor old parents? Chances there not to be a ball while you are there—some charity one—in which are mingled aristocrats from the castle, and drapers from the town? Does it not happen that you go thither, and that my Lord Underjaw, lord of the neighbouring manor, sees you? Is he not smitten with your pallid beauty, mild, silent, pale face? Does he not eagerly ask, whisperingly, "Who is the pale lady in the blue?" Do not the eyes and the lorgnettes of the aristocrats turn at once and with a bustle towards you? Ah! that pale-face classical; the loveliest lady there may never hope to match it. Are they not amazed, chagrined, enraged to think that a mere counter-girl should thus outshine them? Intolerable! And that my Lord Underjaw should so evidently be taken with her! Do not their crops swell out big and red against you, not without

utterance, like a flock of provoked turkeys? Still do not my Lord's eyes follow you the whole night over? Nay, seems he not once as if he would approach—speak, ask you, to dance with him? But does he not command himself? Ah! with what thoughts go you not home, of dukes, and lords, and pale ladies in the blue.

Well, on the following morning, while you chance to be in the shop, drops not my lord in to purchase whip-cord? Seeks he not occasion to lengthen out his visit, ever recollecting some new want he had? Stands he not gazing at you? And you, behind the counter there, are you not looking down, making all manner of awkward motions, drawing all manner of strange figures on the ground with the toe of one foot, with one hand holding on by the edge of the counter, and with the forefinger of the other adhesively rubbing said counter, not without sound? Ever and anon, cast you not up your eyes on him with sudden, furtive, seeming-artless glances, half-consciously, half-modestly—such glances as tug strangely at the thrilling heart-strings? Goes he not away at length as in a dream, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, unconscious of existence, thinking only of you, lost in wonder that the like should be? Comes he not back again, and yet again, ever finding new occasion to return? Are there not conversations now, longer or shorter? At length, begins he not to praise, to give expression to the wonder and the love wherewith you have possessed him? Venture you not timidly to call it flattery? Seem you not to think, less or more directly, to hint even, that such words from him can only point to wickedness? But is he not so respectful? Surely he is filled with genuine love, if ever man was! By and by, comes he not accidentally on you in your walk one day? Is not the accident repeated? At length, are you not seen publicly to walk together? Is not every woman's tongue, within the borough and beyond, redolent of the topic, never tired of wagging on it? What a hum arises! The whole wasp-hive roused, from the sunk floor to the attics! You are become the centre of three thousand staring eyes, the pivot of the waggings of three thousand envious tongues. What a flutter, and a bustle, and a spite it is! How your own little heart goes throbbing, half-fearingly, half-hopingly; and your own little head goes proudly tossing in answer to a thousand vulgar lookings of the eye, and shakings of the head, and outspoken utterances! How it all goes on simmering, and churming, and yammering around you! while you, firm in the love of that high man, and sure of yourself,

bear the brunt of it all bravely, though not without struggles and misgiving. But, on the whole, does it not drive you closer to him? Grow you not more and more intimate? Grow you not more and more into love? Ah! he is so noble, and so good, so kind, so gentle, and so wise, and loves you so! What a gush of tenderness comes over you, melting your whole soul! you feel as if your bosom were the only place to lay such jewel in.

At length he makes proposals—dishonourable ones. Haughtily, scornfully, they are repulsed at once. How abjectly, how passionately, he supplicates for pardon, supplicates on his bended knees! At length, though wrung with agony, thunder-stricken, shame-stricken, yet gradually soothed by his entreaties, and feeling him, indeed after all, still the nearest, still the dearest, still the only one to whom you can look for support and sympathy—sit you not on the ground in a passion of bitter, bitter tears, wringing his hand and sobbing out convulsively that "you knew, you knew you were but a poor country girl born to drudgery and misery; that you knew, you knew you were not for him; that you deserved it all?" Till does he not seem as if he would cry too, and strives he not to soothe you so? "He was only trying you, only trying you; he had no intention." And, at length, are you not reconciled?

By-and-by, deceived, misled, tempted by the softness he has seen, and suspecting he has been hardly bold enough, he repeats his wish. Ah! does not the spirit of ten thousand empresses heave within you? In what imperial dignity and scorn you turn from him, hearing not his words, his fervid entreaties to be heard; you reach your home. Oh, the bitterness of your abasement! How you are crushed to the earth! How you would fain hide yourself in the earth! The shame!—the shame! your weak simplicity jeered and laughed at! A country girl fit for a lord! That you should have been gulled, mocked, scoffed at! That you should not have seen it all!—that you should have been blind to it all! O, the weak, weak fool; the bitter, bitter, deep abasement; the bitter prostration beneath the punishment; the acknowledgment that you deserved it all! But, by-and-by, does not the tempest lull?—are there not tears of love, regrets, hopes? Come there not letters—passionate appeals? Finally, is there not a meeting, half by accident? How the first coldness and aloofness melts, thaws, and vanishes; and the reconcilement becomes complete; for now he makes honourable proposals.

Then come the preparations for marriage. And now, how the envy deepens and the hum increases. But are there not some who cringe, and fawn, and flatter? With what bitter satisfaction do you not receive and watch them? Then is there the wedding, a very blaze of splendours. Yet do you not carry it all with a sort of proud humility? How kind you are to your poor old parents! You are never tired of heaping comforts on them. You cannot resist, however, driving into the town, in your little model of a phaeton, with the two milk-white ponies, having, as the sole ornament about you, one stately feather in your bonnet, bending at the top gracefully, proudly enjoying the gazes and remarks of all observers. Neither can you help stopping at the door of old Presume's hotel, to send in your footman, patronisingly, with an order for a few casks of porter, and an invitation to your old intimate, half-friend, half-foe, rattling, vulgar Mary Presume, who stands galled and gaping at the bar, that you will be glad to see her at the Castle. Nay,—worse than this, and weaker still,—hardly repressing something like malicious triumph struggling up within you, can you resist calling condescendingly on your best friend Maggy, whose marriage tea-set, dining-tables, crystal, and evening parties used to spite you so?

Well, is not she too invited to the Castle? and do not they both come? With what inward chuckling ecstacy, boiling up almost incapable of being repressed; ready at a touch to explode and scatter all—nay, does it not explode when, on examining your London toilette-case, you cannot help presenting Mary with a Paris bottle of perfume? But with what outward coolness, *nonchalance*—as if they were all common matters, things of course—you take them from the drawing-room to the scullery, from the garret to the cellar, watching, with such fierce keenness of enjoyment, their wonder, amazement, envy; but seemingly not watching, not noticing at all. Ah, yes; it is all pure ecstacy—ecstacy, not the less exquisite for being spiced with a little, half-malignant feeling of victory and triumph! And how can they be else than amazed, wonder-stricken, envious? Is it not all tinselled footmen, ivory, ebony, or-molu, china; such as a Queen might—— But the watchman under your window, drowsily snuffling out half-past two, breaks the china, and warns you to your bed.

Ah! and then fondly deluding yourself for the millionth time, slip you not beneath the pillow our dear third volume, with the extravagant determination that you will awake betimes and finish

it? But, alas! you do but wake to find you have overslept yourself. Languid, worn out, exhausted—even more so than at laying-by of needle on the night before—to you slumber hath brought no rest, repose no blessing. You lie in sort of bitter-sweet prostration; sleepy, sleepy, but nervously incapable of sleep. You cannot rise; it seems as if some strange affinity—attraction—were glueing you to the bed beneath; as if some electric cloak were clinging to your skin; as if a weight were laid subduingly upon you, chaining you down there, half willingly, half unwillingly; and when, at length, with sudden effort of the will, you wrench those chains in twain and spring upon the floor, go you not about your little processes of dress drowsily and sulkily, cold and shivering, snuffling, croaking, whimpering, empty of hope, heartless, comfortless, miserable? For, to you, as often virtually to all of us, again has this life become a broken loop, a burst button-hole; or if not burst, not broken,—to the loop there is no hook; to the button-hole, no button.

Well, even then, amid the morning disarray of bed and bed-appendages, let but our dear third volume, gliding from its lurking-place, attract your eye,—with what eagerness, half wilfully yet half remorsefully, you spring to it,—seize it,—read from it! You read, and lo! the sorcerer has waved his wand. Despite some little qualms that weigh unseen, yet not unfelt, upon your breast, prompting that unconscious knocking of the hand at the door of your breast-bone,—the weariness, the pains, the drudgeries of life, fall from your spirit, you are free once more—free, clear, and joyous; again within the crystal battlements; again wandering in that fair Elysian world—treading a new earth—breathing a new air—living a new life. And shall we—we who make all these things so for you—we, by whose victorious toil it is that thus there is set down for you, even in the very midst of this poor, painful, vulgar, week-day world, a faëry land of warmth, and balm, and happiness, wherein is refuge ever, and a place for you;—we, who have endured long agonies of labour and privation, thus to secure for you a magic treasure—an Aladdin-lamp, whereon you need but look to call up genii to your bidding—shall we, who alone below are as sun, and moon, and stars, and light, and warmth to you; as a fond mother's bosom for you to nestle in, to lay your poor, wearied, lacerated, palpitating heart upon, and be so happy—shall we be all this and do all this for you, and shall our highest recompense—our best reward—our

very utmost fee—be some paltry three-pence, doled out weekly to the circulating library, not one thousandth part of which e'er reaches us besides? No, no; we never can away with it! not all the deep, devoted, strong affection that you have for us, can ever lessen or destroy the grudge we bear you!

THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Letter III.—To Mrs. Hedgehog, of New York.

My dear Grandmother,—We 're all safe for a time; the Pope hasn't quite got hold of us yet. You recollect when I was a boy, how I would fling stones, and call names, and go among other boys pelting 'em right and left, and swearing I didn't mean to hurt 'em, but played off my pranks only for their good. And then when I used to get into a terrible fight, you remember how you used to come in at the last minute, and carry me off home just as I was nearly giving in? And then, how afterwards I used to brag that if grandmother hadn't taken me away, I 'd have licked twenty boys; one down, another come on! Well, well; the more I see of life, the more I 'm sure men only play over their boys' tricks; only they do it with graver faces and worse words.

What you did for me, the Archbishop of Canterbury has done for the Bishop of Exeter. Almost at the last minute, he has wrapped his apron about the Bishop and carried him out of the squabble. And now the Bishop writes a letter, as long as a church bell-rope, in which he says he only gives up fighting to show that he 's obedient—more than hinting, that if he 'd been allowed to go on, he 'd have beaten all comers, with one hand tied behind him. At all events, he 's very glad there 's been a rumpus, as it proves there 's pluck on both sides. Yes; he says—

"Whatever may have been the temporary results, *I do not and cannot regret* that I deemed it necessary publicly to assert those principles of church authority, which it is alike the duty of all of us to recognise and to inculcate. The very vehemence with which the assertion of them has been resisted, *proves*, if proof were necessary, *the necessity of their being asserted*, and of our never suffering them to fall into oblivion."

If this isn't talking in the dark, I don't know what a rushlight is. You might as well say, that the "vehemence" with which a man resists a kicking, "proves the necessity" of kicking him. Because folks wouldn't at any price have surplices forced down their throats, and offertory bags poked into their pews, why that 's the very reason you should try to push both surplice and bag upon 'em. As I say, it shows there 's blood on both sides—and it 's a comfort to know that both parties are ready for a tussle. Well, I 've heard this sort of preaching from a Tipperary cabman, and never wondered ; but it *does* sound droll from a bishop.

I 've read something somewhere about the thunder of the church ; and have now no doubt that it must be very serviceable ; it must so clear the air after a certain time. Here, for months, has Exeter been thundering in the newspapers—crack, crack, crack ! it 's gone almost every morning, till people wondered if the steeple of their own parish church was safe ; and now, at last, he sits himself down, and smiling as if his face was smeared with honey, folds his hands and softly says—"Thank heaven ! we 've had a lovely storm."

Talking about thunder, I once read a poem—one of those strange, odd things that give your brain a twist—called *Festus*. There was a passage in it, that certainly did bother me ; but now I can perfectly understand it. Somebody says to another—

"Why, how now !
You look as tho' you fed on *buttered thunder*."

Now, the Bishop of Exeter—I say it with all respect, grandmother ; for you know you always taught me to love the bishops—is this very man. You 've only to read his letters, really so noisy, and yet, as he declares, meaning to be so soft—to be sure that what he lives and thrives upon is *buttered thunder*.

The bishop, of course, isn't alone in his happiness at the row. One of his best friends, the *Morning Post*, believes it will do a deal of good. True piety, like physic, wants shaking to have its proper effect. The *Post* talked a little while ago about "the means which have made the Church arise from its slumbers *like a giant refreshed ;*" that is, getting up in a white surplice, to be refreshed with ready money from the pews. I don't know how it is ; but I don't think the Church ought to be compared to a giant. All the giants I know, are people of very queer character. The best of 'em gluttonous, swaggering, overbearing chaps, with nothing

too hot or too heavy for 'em to carry off: now, these are not at all the sort of creatures that we are likely to think of, when we're reading the Bishop of Exeter's letters. No: they rather remind us of a shepherd playing on his pipe—I've only read of these things—to his sheep and lambkins.

The *Morning Post* further says—

"We are not among those who feel alarm at the present state of the Church. *The fermentation will throw off the scum*, and what is good will remain."

Now, grandmother, you know enough of boiling to know that "the scum" always floats on the top. Now is anything on the top to be thrown off? Don't flurry yourself: the *Post* doesn't mean that. What it means is, that a whole lot of the vulgar members of the Established Church will be so fermented by the surplice, the offertory, and other Popish ingredients—grains of Paradise as they tell us—that they'll be thrown clean out of it. You know how Bill Wiggins once poisoned the pond, so that the fish was floated dead ashore. In the same way, the Church may get rid of its small fry, and "what is good will remain." Then the Church will be something like. Now, it's old and weather-stained, with time blotches and cracks about it. But how fine it will look with crucifixes and pictures of the Virgin inside—a clean white surplice always in the upper pulpit—and the whole building beautifully and thickly faced with *Roman* cement!

But at this present writing, it isn't all over in the city of Exeter. The bishop, having had his fling,—one of his journeymen, the Rev. Mr. Courtenay, Minister of St. Sidwell's, comes in for a little more than his share of the performance. Don't think I'm profane, dear grandmother—no, quite the reverse. But you *have* in your time been to Astley's, and seen the riding in the ring. Well, the principal rider comes, and does all manner of wonders whilst cantering and galloping, and going all kind of paces. When he's done, he makes his bow, and goes off. And then, after him, comes the clown. Well, he's determined to outdo all that's been done before him,—and for this purpose goes on with all sorts of manœuvres. Now the Bishop of Exeter has made his bow, and the Rev. Mr. Courtenay is, at the time I write, before the public. He *will* preach in a surplice. And that he may do so with safety—for all the folks in Exeter are in a pretty pucker about it—he goes to and from church, as I may say, in the bosom of the police. Oh dear! isn't it sad work, grandmother? this

noise about black and white gowns, when Churchmen ought to think of nothing but black and white souls? Black and white! as if there was a pattern-book of colours for heaven! However, how it will end nobody knows; but if the matter goes on as it promises, it is thought the Rev. Mr. Courtenay will call to his aid the yeomanry, and be escorted to St. Sidwell's by a body guard armed with ball cartridge. It is said, he has bespoken two howitzers to keep off the mob from the church doors.

I've hardly time to save the packet; so remain

Your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P.S.—They do say that Mr. Courtenay wants to be made a martyr of. But the days for burning are all gone by. Besides, other folks declare, that the parson of St. Sidwell's would have been too green to burn at any time.

LETTER IV.—TO MICHAEL HEDGEHOG, AT HONG KONG.

DEAR MICHAEL,—When you quitted England, in the Hong Kong division of police, I promised to write you all the news I could; at least, such news as I knew you 'd like. The crimes and evils of population were, I know, always a favourite matter with you. I 'm sorry to say, the evil's getting worse every day. And no wonder. You 'll hardly believe it, Michael, seeing what a surplus of pauper flesh and blood respectable people have upon their hands, that there 's a set of ignoramuses who absolutely offer a premium for babies; for all the world, as they give away gold and silver medals for prize pigs. I take the bit of news I send you from *The Times*. You must know, that a few weeks ago, a "Mrs. Clements, of 21, Hunt-street, Mile-end New-town," had at once "three children, two girls and a boy." All, too, impudent enough to live. Well, *The Times* published an account of the misdemeanour, and —would you believe it?—some "generous individuals," as they are stupidly called, sent, among 'em, 38*l*. for the mother and little ones.

Now, what is this, as you 'd say, but fostering a superabundance of population? It 's no other than offering bribes to bring people into the country,—already as full as a cade of herrings; and when every trade is eating part of its members up, for all the world as melancholy monkeys eat their own tails! Is n't it shocking to

encourage the lower classes to add to themselves? There 's nothing that money won't do; and I 've no doubt whatever that, for some years to come, all children at Mile-end will be born by threes and fours. A shrewd fellow like you must have remarked how people imitate one another. You never yet heard of an odd act of suicide, or any kind of horror with originality in it, that it did n't for a little time become the fashion as if it was a new bonnet, or a new boot. And so, among the lower orders it will be, in the matter of babies. Now, if Mrs. Clements had been sent to prison for the offence, then the evil might have been nipped in the bud; but to reward her for her three babies who could show no honest means of providing for themselves, why it 's flying in the face of all political economy. Three babies at once at Mile-end is monstrous. Even twins should be confined to the higher ranks.

You 'll be glad to hear that we 've been giving a round of dinners to your Chinese hero, Sir Henry Pottinger. At Manchester, he was hailed as the very hero of cotton prints. They dined him very handsomely,—and you may be sure there was a good deal of after-dinner speaking. A Rev. Canon Wray answered the toast for the Clergy. I once read of a melancholy man, who thought all his body was turned into a glass bottle, and so would n't move for fear of going to pieces. Now, I 'm certain of it, that there 's a sort of clergyman, who, after some such humour, thinks himself a forty-two pounder; for he is never heard at a public meeting that he does n't fire away shot and gunpowder. The Rev. Canon said (or rather fired) his thanks, that Sir H. Pottinger "had opened a way for the march of the Gospel." Now, Michael, I never heard of any artillery in the New Testament. And he further said,—

> "British arms seem scarcely ever to know a defeat. In the east, west, north, and south, our soldiers and sailors are, in the end, ever victorious. I cannot but think that, as Great Britain holds the tenets of the Gospel in greater purity than any other nation, so she is intended by the Divine will to carry inestimable blessings to all distant benighted climes."

Well, Michael, I 've heard of a settler in mistake sowing gunpowder for onions; but the Rev. Canon Wray, with his best knowledge about him, thinks there 's nothing like sowing gunpowder for the "scriptural mustard-seed." I suppose he 's right, because he 's a canon; and therefore not to be disputed with by your ignorant, but affectionate Brother,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

Letter V.—To Mrs. Barbara Wilcox, at Philadelphia.

Dear Sister,—It gave me much pleasure to learn from your letter that yourself, husband, and baby got safe and sound to your present home. You ask me to send you my portrait. It is n't in my power to do so at present; but if I should be unfortunate enough to kill anybody, or set a dockyard a-fire, or bamboozle the Bank—or, in short, do anything splashy to get a front place in the dock at the Old Bailey, you may then have my portrait at next to nothing. Then, I can tell you, it will be drawn in capital style—at full length, three quarters, half length, and I know not what. I 've read somewhere that in what people call the good old times—as times always get worse, what a pretty state the world will be in a thousand years hence!—when there were dead men's heads on the top of Temple Bar, grinning down, what people call an example, on the folks below,—that there used to be fellows with spy-glasses; and, at a penny a peep, they showed to the curious all the horror of the aforesaid heads, not to be discovered by the naked eye. Well, the heads are gone;—and the spy-glass traders too; but for all that, there 's the same sort of show going on, and a good scramble to turn the penny by it, only after a different fashion. Murderers are now shown in newspapers. They are no longer gibbetted in irons; no, that was found to be shocking, and of no use:—they are now nicely cut in wood, and so insinuated into the bosoms of families. The more dreadful the murder, the greater value the portrait; which, for a time, is made a sort of personal acquaintance to thousands of respectable folks who pay the newspaper owner—the spy-glass man of our time—so much to stare at it as long as they like.

I am certain that the shortest cut to popularity of some sort, is to cut somebody's throat. A dull, stupid fellow, that pays his way and does harm to nobody,—why, he may die off like a fly in November and be no more thought of. But only let him do some devil's deed—do a bit of murder, as coolly as he'd pare a turnip: and what he does, and what he says; whether he takes coffee, or brandy-and-water "cold without;" when he sleeps, and when he wakes; when he smiles, and when he grinds his teeth,—all of this is put down as if all the world went upon his movements, and couldn't go on without knowing 'em. To a man, who wants to make a noise, he doesn't care how, all this is very tempting. I

hope I mayn't come to be cut in wood,—but still one would like to make a rumpus some way before one died.

There's commonly an Old Bailey fashion, the same as a St. James's fashion. Just now—as you want to know all the domestic news—poison's carrying everything before it. 'Twould seem as if people suddenly thought their relations rats, and treated 'em accordingly. I never yet tried my hand upon a book, but I do think that I could throw off a nice little story with lots of arsenic in it,—a sort of genteel Guide to Newgate. I've been reading about a lady, one Tofana, who made a great stir some years ago. She could give arsenic in such a manner, that she set people for death, as you'd set an alarum. She got a good many pupils, young married ladies, about her, who all of 'em put their husbands aside like an old-fashioned gown. Now, I do think that a novel called *The Ladies' Poisoning Club; or Widowhood at Will*, would just now make a bit of a stir. I don't mean to say that I could write a book; that is, what folks call *write:* but I've a knack; I know I could imitate writing, just as an ape imitates a man. The subject grows upon me. I certainly think, I shall make a beginning. However, of this you shall hear more by the next packet. I do think I could make a hit in what I call arsenicated literature. There's arsenicated candles, why shouldn't there be arsenicated books?—In haste,

Your affectionate brother,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P.S.—If I do the book, I shall follow it up with a sort of moral continuation, to be called *The Stomach Pump*.

New Books.

DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JAMES HARRIS, THE FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY. Edited by his SON. Vol. III.—Bentley.

IT was in the year 1794, that Lord Malmesbury was officially despatched to Brunswick by George the Third, to demand for his hopeful son, the Prince of Wales, the hand of the Princess Caroline. The Prince, that his debts might be paid, had graciously consented to suffer matrimony; and his cousin was the chosen victim. As Lord Malmesbury's account of this mission is by far the most interesting part of this

volume ; as it moreover supplies abundant proofs that kings and princes may, after all, be very vulgar people ; we shall confine our extracts to his Lordship's description of his delicate task, ending with the fatal marriage of the Princess Caroline with the "First Gentleman in Europe." Alas ! for the reputation of the First Gentleman ! What is it now ? Gone, like a burst bladder.

His lordship gives the following portrait, in little, of the bride elect :—

"The Princess Caroline (Princess of Wales) much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows, good bust—short, with what the French call 'des épaules impertinentes.' *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*"

The Duchess Dowager, a shrewd old lady, with a perfect appreciation of the character of George the Third, her brother, comes out, a capital gossip, in the book. She told Malmesbury among other things, that "all the young German princesses had learnt English, in hopes of being Princess of Wales." All, of course, *but one*, had a lucky escape. As for the Princess's father,—

"He entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much, or too little. He also touched on the Queen's character, with which he is perfectly acquainted. He was rather severe on the Duchess of York —he never mentioned the King. He said of his daughter, 'Elle *n'est pas bête*, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, *et il le fallait*.' The Duke requested me to recommend to her discretion not to *ask questions*, and, above all, not to be free in giving opinions of persons and things aloud ; and he hinted delicately, but very pointedly, at the free and unreserved manners of the Duchess, who at times is certainly apt to forget her audience. He desired me to advise her never to show any jealousy of the Prince ; and that, if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this *in German*, but that enforced by me, it would come with double effect."

It appears that some little bird had whispered in the ear of the Princess the ominous name of the Countess of Jersey ; a person, whom the delicacy of the Prince of Wales made a Lady of the Bedchamber to his wife.

"She asked me about Lady Jersey—appeared to suppose her an *intriguante*, but not to know of any partiality or connection between her and the Prince. I said that in regard to Lady Jersey, she and all her other ladies would frame their conduct towards her by hers towards them ; that I humbly advised that this should not be familiar or too easy, but that it might be affable without forgetting she was Princess of Wales ; that she should never listen to them whenever they attempted anything like a *commérage*, and never allow them to appear to influence her opinion by theirs. She said she wished to be popular, and was afraid I recommended too much reserve ; that probably I thought her too prone *à se livrer*. I made a bow.

She said, 'Tell me freely.' I said, 'I did;' that it was an amiable quality, but one which could not in her high situation be given way to without great risk; that as to popularity, it was never attained by *familiarity;* that it could only belong to respect, and was to be acquired by a just mixture of dignity and affability; I quoted the Queen as a model in this respect. The Princess said she was afraid of the Queen—she was sure she would be jealous of her and do her harm. I replied, that, for this reason, it was of the last consequence to be attentive towards her, to be always on her guard, and never to fail in any exterior mark of respect towards her, or to let drop an inconsiderate word before her. She took all this in good part, and desired me to continue to be her *mentor* after she got to England, as well as now. She said of her own accord, 'I am determined never to appear jealous. I know the Prince is *léger*, and am prepared on that point.' I said I did not believe she would have any occasion to exercise this very wise resolution, which I commended highly; and entreated her, if she saw any symptoms of a *goût* in the Prince, or if any of the women about her should, under the love of fishing in troubled waters, endeavour to excite a jealousy in her mind, on no account to allow it to manifest itself; that reproaches and sourness never reclaimed anybody; that it only served as an advantageous contrast to the contrary qualities in the rival; and the surest way of recovering a tottering affection was softness, enduring, and caresses; that I knew enough of the Prince to be quite sure he could not withstand such a conduct, while a contrary one would *probably* make him disagreeable and peevish, and certainly force him to be false and dissembling."

Many conversations are chronicled, in which Malmesbury gives advice worthy of the best thoughts of Polonius. Alas! the nuptial commissioner utters his gravities to unprofitable ears.

"Masquerade.—I walked with the Princess Caroline, and had a very long conversation with her. I endeavour not to mix up much serious matter at such a place, but whenever I found her inclined to give way too much to the temper of the entertainment, and to get over-cheerful and *too mixing*, I endeavoured to bring her back by becoming serious and respectful. When we returned to the 'balcon' (the masquerade was in the Opera House), she entered, of her own accord, into the kind of life she was to lead in England, and was very inquisitive about it. I said it would depend very much on her; that I could have no share in settling it, but that my wish was, that in private she might enjoy every ease and comfort belonging to domestic happiness, but that when she appeared abroad, she should always appear as Princess of Wales, surrounded by all that 'appareil and etiquette' due to her elevated situation. She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said, Thursday, and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine Service on that day. 'Does the Prince go to church?' she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. 'But if he does not like it?' 'Why, then, your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty, can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church.'"

The following anecdote develops character :—

"I persuade the Princess Caroline to be munificent towards them [the *émigrés*, who were perishing from want,]—she disposed to be, but not knowing *how* to set about it. I tell her, liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a severe virtue. She gives a louis for some lottery tickets, *I* give ten, and say the Princess ordered me—she surprised ; I said I was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *precise* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French *émigré*, with a pretty child, draws near the table—the Princess Caroline *immediately*, of her own accord, puts ten louis in a paper, and gives it the child ; the Duchess observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her a *demand on her purse*. She embarrassed—'Je n'ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick.' I answer, 'Qu'ils deviendront plus beaux entre les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche.' She ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening, Princess Caroline, to whom these sort of virtues were never preached, on my praising the coin of the money at Brunswick, offers me *very seriously* eight or ten double louis, saying, 'Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre.' I mention these facts to show her character : it could not distinguish between *giving* as a benevolence, and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction, than any that human nature could possess. *The idea was, I was sorry to see, new to her*, but she felt the truth of it."

Washing a Princess :—

"Argument with the Princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick ; I disapprove this. She maintains her point. I, however, desire Madame Busche to explain to her that the Prince is very delicate, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propreté* ; of which she has no idea. On the contrary, she neglects it sadly, *and is offensive from this neglect*. Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the Princess comes out the next day well washed *all over*."

Again and again does his Lordship read lectures on cleanliness and delicacy of language to the bride elect, who certainly comes before us as a sort of royal *Miss Tomboy ;* a slattern and a hoyden :—

"I had two conversations with the Princess Caroline. One on the toilette, on cleanliness, and on delicacy of speaking. On these points I endeavoured, as far as was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings ; and these never well washed or changed often enough.) I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a '*short*' one. What I could not say myself on this point I got said through women ; through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an Englishwoman,

was inattentive to it. My other conversation was on the Princess's speaking slightingly of the Duchess ; being peevish towards her, and often laughing at her or about her. On this point I talked *very seriously* indeed—said that nothing was so extremely improper, so *radically* wrong; that it was impossible, if she reflected a moment, that she should not be sorry for everything of the kind which escaped : and I assured her it was the more improper from the tender affection the Duchess had for her. The Princess felt all this, and it made a temporary impression : but in this as on all other subjects, I have had but too many opportunities to observe that her heart is very, *very* light, unsusceptible of strong or lasting feelings. In some respects this may make her happier, but certainly not better. I, however, must say that, on the idea being suggested to her by her father that I should remain on business in Germany, and not be allowed to attend her to England, she was most extremely afflicted, even to tears, and spoke to me with a kindness and feeling I was highly gratified to find in her."

His Lordship arrives with his precious charge in London; and the "happy couple" are introduced to each other :—

"I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales : the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her, (gracefully enough,) and embraced her; said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, 'Harris, I am not well ; *pray get me a glass of brandy!*' I said, 'Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?'—upon which he, much out of humour, said, *with an oath*, '*No ;* I will go directly to the Queen,' *and away he went.* The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment ; and, on my joining her, said, 'Mon Dieu ! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela ? *Je le trouve très-gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait.*' I said his Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to further criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him."

We much question, whether throughout his Royal Highness's stables there could have been found a groom capable of the brutal, heartless, conduct of this "First Gentleman in Europe!" The marriage takes place. The Princess, it may be, stung by the indifference of her spouse, becomes vivacious and rattling; and one day, after an exhibition of the kind, in which the Princess had behaved "very lightly and even improperly," the Prince, taking Malmesbury into his closet—

"Asked me how I liked this sort of manners : I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée ;* that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would from high spirits and little thought certainly emancipate too much. To this the Prince said,

'I see but too plainly: but why, Harris, did you not tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?' I replied, that I did not consider what the Duke (a severe father himself towards his children) said of sufficient consequence; that it affected neither the Princess's moral character nor conduct, and was intended solely as an intimation which I conceived it only proper to notice to his Royal Highness at a proper occasion—at such a one as now had offered; and that I humbly hoped his Royal Highness would not consider it as casting any *real* slur or aspersion on the Princess; that as to not writing to his Royal Highness from Brunswick, I begged him to recollect I was not sent on a *discretionary* commission, but with the *most positive commands to ask the Princess Caroline in marriage, and nothing more;* that to this sole point, respecting the marriage, and no other, those commands went; any reflection or remarks that I had presumed to make would (whether in praise of or injurious to her Royal Highness) have been a direct and positive deviation from those his Majesty's commands. They were as *limited* as they were *imperative.* That still, had I discovered notorious or glaring defects, or such as were of a nature to render the union unseemly, I should have felt it as a bounden duty to have stated them; but it must have been *directly to the King,* and to no one else. To this the Prince appeared to acquiesce: but I saw it did not please, and left a *rankle* in his mind."

Books like these are of the highest value; inasmuch as they reduce the seeming great to their proper value, and show the world to what mere golden vulgarities men have crooked the knee—to what things men raise statues. For ourselves, we shall never look upon the bronze effigies of George the Fourth—in Trafalgar Square or elsewhere—without thinking of Harris, and the "glass of brandy." Never was royal bird so completely plucked of its gay and golden feathers as the Fourth George—never did monarch stand such a poor, naked, "forked animal," as the late "First Gentleman in Europe."

This book abounds with valuable matter. It needs not our recommendation to the reader; for the few extracts that our limits enable us to give, bespeak the character of the work. Throughout, Lord Malmesbury appears the beau idéal of an ambassador and royal commissioner. He was honest, phlegmatic, a little conventional, but straightforward; with a head as cool and clear as crystal.

VACATION RAMBLES AND THOUGHTS. By T. N. TALFOURD, D.C.L., Serjeant-at-Law.—Moxon.

HAPPY is the man who, having successfully toiled to honour through all "the winding ways" of law, still retains within him the fresh spirit of enjoyment, and the keen sense of beauty, which enable him to write a book like this. The work is a triumphant reproof of those who, in the confined limits of their own minds, believe that the drudgery of the law—for how much, mixed with all that is exciting, and pregnant with highest human interests in the practice of an advocate, how much must remain that *is* mere mill-horse drudgery—denies to its professors them-

selves the highest poetic enjoyment; and more, the exalted privilege of conveying in vivid, cordial-hearted words, a quick sense of that delight to others?

The work is truly named. It is the delightful fruit of three vacation rambles, in the years 1841-2-3. We think it was said of Sterne, that when he preached, he seemed now and then about to throw his wig in the faces of his congregation. Judging from the heartiness, the almost schoolboy *gusto* with which our author escapes to his *Rambles*, sure we are, that as the vacation approached he must often—quickened by the thoughts of the scenery he was about to visit—have felt disposed to throw his wig in the faces of the jury, bidding them send their verdict "after him."

The great beauty of the book is,—it makes the reader completely one of the party. He is carried along in happy company, feeling all the happier for such "blithe society." The Serjeant travels over ground almost as familiar to thousands of readers as Oxford-Street; but then he takes on his journey a new mind, new eyes, and we are made more than pleasantly conscious of many, many beauties and peculiarities which heretofore escaped us. The Ramble of 1841 took our coifed truant, Mrs. Talfourd, a son and niece, to Paris by way of Havre and Rouen; at which latter place, our author is justly indignant at the wretched monument, still permitted by the French, to the Maid of Orleans. "But these are the countrymen," says the author, "of that brilliant scoffer, who turned her heroic story into lasciviousness, and in his *hatred to all greatness*, included even the female victim of English spite." No one can defend the *Pucelle:* assuredly, it is a satyr-like piece of wickedness: but, Serjeant, Voltaire was something more than "a brilliant scoffer" (by the way, Wordsworth calls him a "shallow scoffer"—scoffer "is easily said"). He came to do man's work; and he *did it* manfully. What a heap of abominations did that grey goose-quill of his help to sweep from France! True it is, he only "worked by wit and not by witchcraft"—but again we say it, he worked well. To return, however, to pleasanter ground.

In 1841, the Serjeant proceeds to Geneva, thence onward, and returned through Switzerland and down the Rhine. In 1842, our rambler ascends the Rhine, and gets as far as Como. In 1843, the Serjeant, with his companions of 1841, visits the vale of Chamouni,—and ambitious yearnings tempt him to essay the ascent of Mont Blanc; his son, however, who—we nevertheless hope is still destined successfully to climb—broke down, and a retreat was beaten to the Grands Mulets. We regret that we cannot give the Serjeant's eloquent description of this attempt. It places the scenery in wonderful reality before the reader. We have merely indicated the various routes of the writer, that travellers bound thither may know what delightful companions await them in these two volumes of *Vacation Ramblcs;* so full of cheerful thoughts, so beautifully, so truthfully reflecting in their pages the delicious scenery around. They are books that make the reader wiser, happier. Can books have higher purpose?

MEMOIRS OF THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD. By HORACE WALPOLE.—Bentley.

THIS work is a valuable addition to our historical knowledge—historical in its best sense—of a most important part of the reign of George the Third. "It is my part," says Walpole, "to explain as far as I could know them, the leading motives of actions and events; and though the secret springs are often unfathomable, I had acquaintance enough with the actors to judge with better probability than the common of mankind; and where these memoirs are defective or mistaken, still they may direct to the inquiry after sounder materials, and prove a key to original papers that may appear hereafter." And the book is characterised by that fascination of style which has made Walpole the prince of gossips. It has all his airiness and brilliancy of colour; with something more of his party rancour, his bitterness, his contempt of political adversaries, as he grows older. His party injustice is, in many instances, pointed out by the editor, Sir Denis Le Marchant, who has enriched—not encumbered—the book with notes, which throw a light upon much that, to the general reader, would at this time be obscure.

George the Second is dead, having requested "that his body might be embalmed as soon as possible, and a *double quantity* of perfumes used; and that the side of the late queen's coffin, left loose on purpose, might be taken away, and his body laid close to her's." And now is the "revered" George the Third king! Somewhat ominously, in sooth, does the father of his people begin his reign over his little ones. Hear Walpole:—

"The first moment of the new reign afforded a symptom of the prince's character; of that cool dissimulation in which he had been so well initiated by his mother, and which comprehended almost the whole of what she had taught him. Princess Amalie, as soon as she was certain of her father's death, sent an account of it to the Prince of Wales; but he had already been apprised of it. He was riding, and received a note from a German valet-de-chambre, attendant on the late king, with a private mark agreed upon between them, which certified him of the event. Without surprise or emotion, without dropping a word that indicated what had happened, he said his horse was lame, and turned back to Kew. At dismounting he said to the groom, 'I have said this horse is lame; I forbid you to say the contrary.'"

The humanity of his new majesty, and what his parasites pleased to call his firmness, quickly asserted themselves:—

"The king's speech to his council afforded matter of remark, and gave early specimen of who was to be the confidential minister, and what measures were to be pursued; for it was drawn by Lord Bute, and communicated to none of the king's servants. It talked *of a bloody and expensive war, and of obtaining an honourable and lasting peace.* Thus was it delivered; but Mr. Pitt went to Lord Bute that evening, and after an altercation of three hours, prevailed that in the printed copy the words should be changed to *an expen-*

sive but just and necessary war, and that after the words *honourable peace* should be inserted, *in concert with our allies.* Lord Mansfield and others counselled these palliatives too ; but it was two o'clock of the following afternoon before the king would yield to the alteration."

The king falls in love with the Duke of Richmond's daughter, but his princess-mother resolves to thwart the match. However, his majesty displays his magnanimity by causing Lady Susan Lenox to be appointed *one of the train-bearers* to his royal bride !

"Early in the winter, the king told Lady Susan Strangways, Mr. Fox's niece, and the confidante of Lady Sarah, that he hoped she (Lady Susan) would not go out of town soon. She said, she should. 'But,' replied the king, 'you will return in summer, for the coronation ?' Lady Susan answered, 'I do not know ; I hope so.' 'But,' said the king again, 'they talk of a wedding. There have been many proposals ; but I think an English match would do better than a foreign one. Pray, tell Lady Sarah Lenox I say so.' The next time Lady Sarah went to court (and her family took care that should not be seldom) the king said, 'he hoped Lady Susan had told her his last conversation.'

"The junto was not blind to these whispers and dialogues. Lady Bute was instructed to endeavour to place herself in the circle, and prevent them. And the Princess Augusta marked her observation of what was going forward to Lady Sarah herself, laughing in her face, and trying to affront her. But Fox was not to be so rebuffed. Though he went himself to bathe in the sea (possibly to disguise his intrigues), he left Lady Sarah at Holland House, where she appeared every morning in a field close to the great road (where the king passed on horseback) in a fancied habit, making hay.

"Such mutual propensity fixed the resolution of the princess. One Colonel Graeme was despatched in the most private manner as a traveller, and vested with no character, to visit various little Protestant Courts, and make report of the qualifications of the several unmarried princesses. Beauty, and still less talents, were not, it is likely, the first object of his instructions. On the testimony of this man, the golden apple was given to the Princess of Mecklenburg, and the marriage precipitately concluded. The ambassador was too remarkable not to be farther mentioned. This Graeme, then, was a notorious Jacobite, and had been engaged in the late rebellion. On a visit he made to Scotland, his native country, after this embassy, David Hume, the historian, said to him, 'Colonel Graeme, I congratulate you on having exchanged the dangerous employment of making kings for the more lucrative province of making queens.'"

The bride is brought over ; and whatever vivacity she imported with her from Germany was soon tamed down by her prosaic helpmate. Here, too, is young Queen Charlotte, with all her early piety, in "tears and terrors," at the bare thought of approaching the sacramental table with the pomps and vanities of the world glittering upon her in costly diamonds. Doubtless, her majesty outlived such pious scruples :—

"The Duke of Cumberland gave her away ; and after the ceremony they appeared for a few minutes in the drawing-room, and then went to supper. She played and sung, for music was her passion, but she loved other amuse-

ments too, and had been accustomed to them; but, excepting her music, all the rest were retrenched; nor was she ever suffered to play at cards, which she loved. While she was dressing, she was told the king liked some particular manner of dress. She said, 'Let him dress himself; I shall dress as I please.' They told her he liked early hours; she replied, she did not, and 'Qu'elle ne voulait pas se coucher avec les poules.' A few weeks taught her how little power she had acquired with a crown. The affection she conceived for the king softened the rigour of her captivity. Yet now and then a sigh stole out, and now and then she attempted, though in vain, to enlarge her restraint. What must have penetrated deeper, was that policy did not seem to be the sole motive of the mortifications she endured. At times there entered a little wantonness of power into the princess's treatment of her. The king made her frequent presents of magnificent jewels; and as if diamonds were empire, she was never allowed to appear in public without them. The first time she received the sacrament she begged not to wear them, one pious command of her mother having been not to use jewels at her first communion. The king indulged her; but Lady Augusta carrying this tale to her mother, the princess obliged the king to insist on the jewels, and the poor young queen's tears and terrors could not dispense with her obedience."

The frequent notices of Pitt are among the most valuable things in the book. Walpole metes out niggardly praise to the great minister: but nevertheless, despite of himself, is often compelled to do homage to his genius and the deep sincerity of his every purpose. Here is a picture of Pitt, risen from a sick bed, to deliver himself on the preliminaries of a peace with France and Spain. Parties were hanging in suspense when—

"The doors opened, and at the head of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt, borne in the arms of his servants, who, setting him down within the bar, he crawled by the help of a crutch, and with the assistance of some few friends, to his seat; not without the sneers of some of Fox's party. In truth, there was a mixture of the very solemn and the theatric in this apparition. The moment was so well timed, the importance of the man and his services, the languor of his emaciated countenance, and the study bestowed on his dress, were circumstances that struck solemnity into a patriot mind, and did a little furnish ridicule to the hardened and insensible. He was dressed in black velvet, his legs and thighs wrapped in flannel, his feet covered with buskins of black cloth, and his hands with thick gloves. He said a few words in support of the motion for sending the preliminaries to a committee; not in order to give time for raising animosities, but as it was for the dignity of the king and the country to weigh them maturely. Parts of the treaty, he confessed, were, beyond his expectation, good; but his mind was wounded by what regarded our trade and our allies. He wished for a committee, that he might call merchants to the bar, to state the importance of what we were to keep, of what we were to give away. He would be convinced we were doing right, or he would *inflexibly arraign*."

Pitt's reply:—

"His speech it would be difficult to detail; it lasted three hours and twenty-five minutes, and was uttered in so low and faint a voice that it was

almost impossible to hear him. At intervals he obtained the permission of the house to speak sitting, a permission he did not abuse, supporting himself with cordials, and having the appearance of a man determined to die in that cause and at that hour. This faintness and the prolixity with which he dwelt on the article of the fisheries, gave a handle to the courtiers to represent his speech as unmeasurably dull, tedious, and uninteresting. But it contained considerable matter, much reason, and some parts of great beauty; but thunder was wanting to blast such a treaty, and this was not a day on which his genius thundered! His health or his choice had led him to present himself as a subject of affliction to his country, and his ungrateful country was not afflicted."

After all, it would seem, Young England is a poor, coxcombical imitator. He is not even original in his eccentricity; for behold the picture of a Young Englander, of 1764:

"While men were taken up with the politics of the age, there was a minister so smitten with the exploded usages of barbarous times, that he thought of nothing less than reviving the feudal system. This was the Earl of Egmont, who had actually drawn up a plan for establishing that absurd kind of government in the island of St. John. He printed several copies of his scheme, and sent them about to his brother peers. And so little were they masters of the subject, and so great was the inattention of the ministry to the outlying parts of our empire, that his lordship, in the following year, had prevailed with the council to suffer him to make the experiment, if General Conway had not chanced to arrive at council and expose the folly of such an undertaking, which occasioned its being laid aside. Lord Egmont was such a passionate admirer of those noble tenures and customs, that he rebuilt his house at Enmere, in Somersetshire, in the guise of a castle, moated it round, and prepared it to defend itself with cross-bows and arrows, against the time in which the fabric and use of gunpowder shall be forgotten."

We have selected the above few extracts, as a fair example of the interest and value of the work. What stirring matters are told in it! We have Wilkes in all his reckless democracy, with a full account of the explosion of that bomb-shell, number 45; and worse than all, we have innumerable instances of the baseness and flagrant dishonesty of public men; from which iniquity we at least arrive at the satisfactory conviction that, in spite of those who avow the world to be still the same, with all their faults, with all their imbecility and tergiversation, public men *dare not* be the like flagitious knaves that graced the early part of the reign of George the Third.

In the book before us, we see men in place who ought rather to have been in the pillory. Where is now the *genus* Colonel Barré,—a sort of legislative *Captain Gibbet?* Why, such a swaggering ruffian would not, politically, enjoy six months' life. Let those sceptics who doubt our advancement in political virtue, consult this, in many instances, terrible record of state-craft, state-hypocrisy, state-villany. In much that degrades and debases man, its records of the doings of a court might be confidently compared with parts of the Newgate Calendar.

ESSAYS: *Second Series.* By R. W. EMERSON.—J. Chapman.

THE duty of the critic (as the noticer of works is somewhat presumptuously termed) is at all events twofold, and may be interpretative as well as judicial. The former exercise of the duty is the one to be pursued towards minds of the quality of Emerson's; and we are the more anxious to attempt the task, as a medium is required between the utterers of abstract truth and the unreflecting multitude. We shall not attempt an analysis of the new philosophy,—new at all events to the mass of men who speak the English language, whether born American or British. There shall be nothing transcendental in our attempted interpretation, for space will not allow us to speculate on principles, but only to speak of impressions.

The writings of Emerson in America, are silently and surely making as great an inroad on the style and thoughts of superficial and second-rate writers, as Carlyle is in England. With this, novelty may have something to do, but the freshness of philosophy much more. The world of readers, wearied with the monotonous cadences and glittering antitheses of a worn-out school, have, at length, from abusing the innovators, turned their admirers; and welcomed that as inspiriting and suggestive, which they at first termed impertinence and insanity.

It is ever thus that the weaker intelligence at first rebels and subsequently worships the stronger. From being the object of the most scurrilous and contemptuous (and contemptible) abuse, from one end of the United States to the other, Emerson, the gentle and retiring thinker, has become the pride of American literature, a fashionable lecturer, and a quoted authority. We all know that Carlyle's course has been nearly similar in England. He, however, has had to deal with a more phlegmatic race, unmixed with the blood of German and French, which gives a more facile, if a more ferocious, tinge to American humanity.

But let us record our impressions and opinions of the little but important volume. On a first perusal, there was much that seemed dark and fragmentary. The illustrations are brilliant and glowing images; but their logical applicability seemed only asserted and not shown. And herein, perhaps, may consist the want of the element of popularity. The uninformed can most readily, and, indeed, they themselves are apt to think can only, receive knowledge by a gradation of reasonings. Not so think and know those superior intelligences, whose more fiery and *spirituel* intellects receive or have inherent in them the power of penetrating and perceiving the absolute relations of things, uninfluenced by the conventional slime that thickens over and renders dull the mental perceptions of common men. This power of seeing things as they are, belongs to the order of minds termed philosophic and poetic; and is one and the same order of mind turned either to investigation or enunciation; and it is this intellect modified either by a different range of sympathies and organic capacities, that forms either

the philosopher or the poet. To our, perhaps, limited knowledge, the full conjunction of powers has as yet been only visibly portrayed in one man. Need the name of Shakspeare be repeated to those who have made his works their manual of nature, human and inanimate?

The philosopher and the poet are so nearly allied, as to be scarcely distinguishable; for the philosopher who is not also the poet, can scarcely be known as the philosopher. If he *cannot* utter his perceptions, and does *not* derive impressions from them, he must lack the power of utterance to manifest himself; and if he can utter them, the very expression would be the music of nature, and to the human heart and ear, poetry. The imperfect, fragmentary, and factitious intelligences, often claiming to be, and received as, poets and philosophers, are in no way concerned in this statement.

That Emerson is, in a high degree, possessed of the faculty and vision of the *seer*, none can doubt who will earnestly and with a kind and reverential spirit peruse these nine essays. He deals only with the true and the eternal. His piercing gaze at once shoots swiftly, surely through the outward and the superficial, to the inmost causes and workings. Any one can tell the time who looks on the face of the clock, but he loves to lay bare the machinery and show its moving principle. His words and his thoughts are a fresh spring, that invigorates the soul that is steeped therein. His mind is ever dealing with the eternal; and those who only live to exercise their lower intellectual faculties, and desire only new facts and new images; and those who have not a feeling or an interest in the great questions of mind and matter, eternity and nature, will disregard him as unintelligible and uninteresting, as they do Bacon and Plato, and, indeed, philosophy itself.

Objection has been taken, by writers even of distinction, to the style of these philosophers. But though faults of style may be discovered both in the English and American (though much seldomer in the latter), this is not in the main a just charge. The expression of profound and novel truths must, to a certain point, be obscure. It is not possible to state long processes of thought in brilliant repartees, nor to express sensations and intuitions scarcely at all in words. To a totally ignorant mind, it would be impossible to give an idea of the higher processes and reasonings of abstruse mathematics, and in a brief sentence make him comprehend the doctrine of fluxions; nor to a man who had never known the sense of vision, to explain the sensations it is capable of producing. Emerson and other philosophers do not write to save thinking, but to suggest it. They write to stimulate the active powers of the soul, and do not intend to trot round the intellect they seek to instruct, in a ready-made ring of ideas. They have solved certain problems, and they show the results; they give enough help to enable the reader to gather the data of the theorem, but they do not work it for him. To those who are merely recipient of facts, they say go to those who deal in them. If you want principles, work them out yourself.

Of the nine Essays, the most powerful seem to be those on "The Poet" and "Nature." They abound in profound thought, revealing "innate universal laws," and with Shakspearean illustrations. To give specimens in these instances, is indeed to offer a brick as a sample of the Palace. But we make a few extracts as lures, for surely those who can value them, and know there are mines of such, will not be slow to cultivate the soil that yields so richly.

"The poet has a new thought; *he has a whole new experience to unfold;* he will tell us how it is *with him*, and *all men will be the richer* in his fortune."

"The *experience* of each new age requires a new confession, and the world always seems waiting for its poet."

"What! that wonderful spirit has not expired! these stony moments are still sparkling and animated!"

"Every one has some interest in the advent of the poet, and no one knows *how much* it may concern him. We know that the secret of the world is profound, but who or what shall be our interpreter we know not."

"Talent may frolic and juggle: genius realises and adds."

"It does not need that a poem should be long. Every word was once a poem. Every new relation is a new word."

"As the eyes of Lyncæus were said to see through the earth, so the poet turns the world to glass, and *shows us all things in their right series* and *procession*."

"The poet is the namer, or language-maker, naming things sometimes after their appearance, sometimes after their essence, and giving to every one its own name, and not another's, and thereby *rejoicing the intellect*, which delights in detachment or boundary."

"The poets made all the words. * * For though the origin of most of our words is forgotten, each word was at first a stroke of genius, and obtained currency, *because for the moment it symbolised the world to the first speaker and the first hearer*."

"The religions of the world are the ejaculations of a few imaginative men."

"The difference between the Poet and the Mystic is, that the Mystic nails a symbol to one sense, *which was a true sense for a moment*, but soon becomes old and false. For all symbols are fluxional: *all language is vehicular and transitive*, and is good as ferries and horses are for conveyance, and not as farms and houses are for homesteads."

"Mysticism consists in the mistake of an accidental and individual symbol for a universal one."

These extracts can in no way convey the powerful eloquence of the whole essay, nor give even a glimpse of the harmonious ray that penetrates melodiously the whole dissertation. It is almost a wrong to pluck it in this manner, instinct as it is with the brightest life.

We cannot, however, refrain from concluding with a few more random selections of wise apothegms and felicitous expressions.

"Dearest Nature, *strong and kind*."

"The *taciturnity* of Time."

"* * *Unrepenting* Nature."

"The rounded world is fair to see
Nine times folded in mystery.

Tho' baffled seers cannot impart
The secret of its *labouring* heart,
Throb thine with Nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from East to West.
Spirit that lurks each form within
Beckons to spirit of its kin ;
Self-kindled every atom glows,
And hints the future which it owes."

The descriptions in the Essay on "Nature" are enchanting, but our space prevents our giving more than a glance at them.

"Nature is the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance."

"There are days, &c. * * * when everything that has life gives signs of satisfaction, and the cattle that lie on the ground seem to have great and tranquil thoughts."

"Cities give not the human *senses* room enough."

"Man is fallen : nature is erect and serves as a differential thermometer detecting the presence or absence of the divine sentiment in man."

"We are encamped in nature, not domesticated."

"Our music, our poetry, our language itself are not satisfactions, *but suggestions.*"

"Are we fools of nature? One look at the face of heaven and earth lays all petulance at rest, and soothes us to wiser convictions."

"The knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the centre to the poles of nature, and *have some stake in every possibility*, lends that sublime lustre to death."

We must conclude, and cannot do so with better words than those used by the old editors of the great poet of Nature—"Reade him, therefore ; and againe, and againe : And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him."

ANGELS' VISITS. Poems by MISS ANNA SAVAGE.—Longman and Co.

THIS is, in every respect, "a dainty book." The covers are of a snowy whiteness, impressed with angels resplendent in silver ; and he must be more than a stoic who can turn over the gold-edged pages with any other feeling than that of a desire to be pleased. Fortunately, for the critic's virtue, there is nothing within to make him regret his prepossession ; for it scarcely can be considered a defect, that the tone of the charming volume is in perfect keeping with its elegant exterior, and perhaps, therefore, more acceptable in the *boudoir* than the study. In spite, however, of the conventionalities, which will betray the reader of modern poetry, "Angels' Visits," although bearing evident influence of other minds, has an individuality of its own. The present is evidently a maiden effort ; and young poets labour under the common difficulty of novices, in having more to unlearn than to acquire. Miss Savage, in her next angelic flight, must trust more to the strength

of her own pinions, and try and forget all that she has read before, and write as her impulses prompt; and she will approach nearer to the seventh heaven of true inspiration. We may now assure her that she has produced a volume rich in promise, and of more than average performance.

A poem, with the somewhat unpropitious title of "The Boy Pygmalion," is a favourable specimen of the author's powers. "The Sculptor-Stripling," as the speaker designates himself, is recalling the object of—

"The love that beam'd upon him in his boyhood's happier days."

He tells us, with equal grace as sweetness, that—

"Years pass'd on—our happy childhood glided all too lightly by,
Years that knew no harsh distinction, blindly formed by destiny;
Thou went'st forth in Beauty's triumph, happy in its heartless glare,
I amid the world's wild struggles, to forget thine image there.

Thou hast wealth, more dearly valued than thy birds and flowers now,
What to thee thy guileless girlhood—what thy long-forgotten vow?

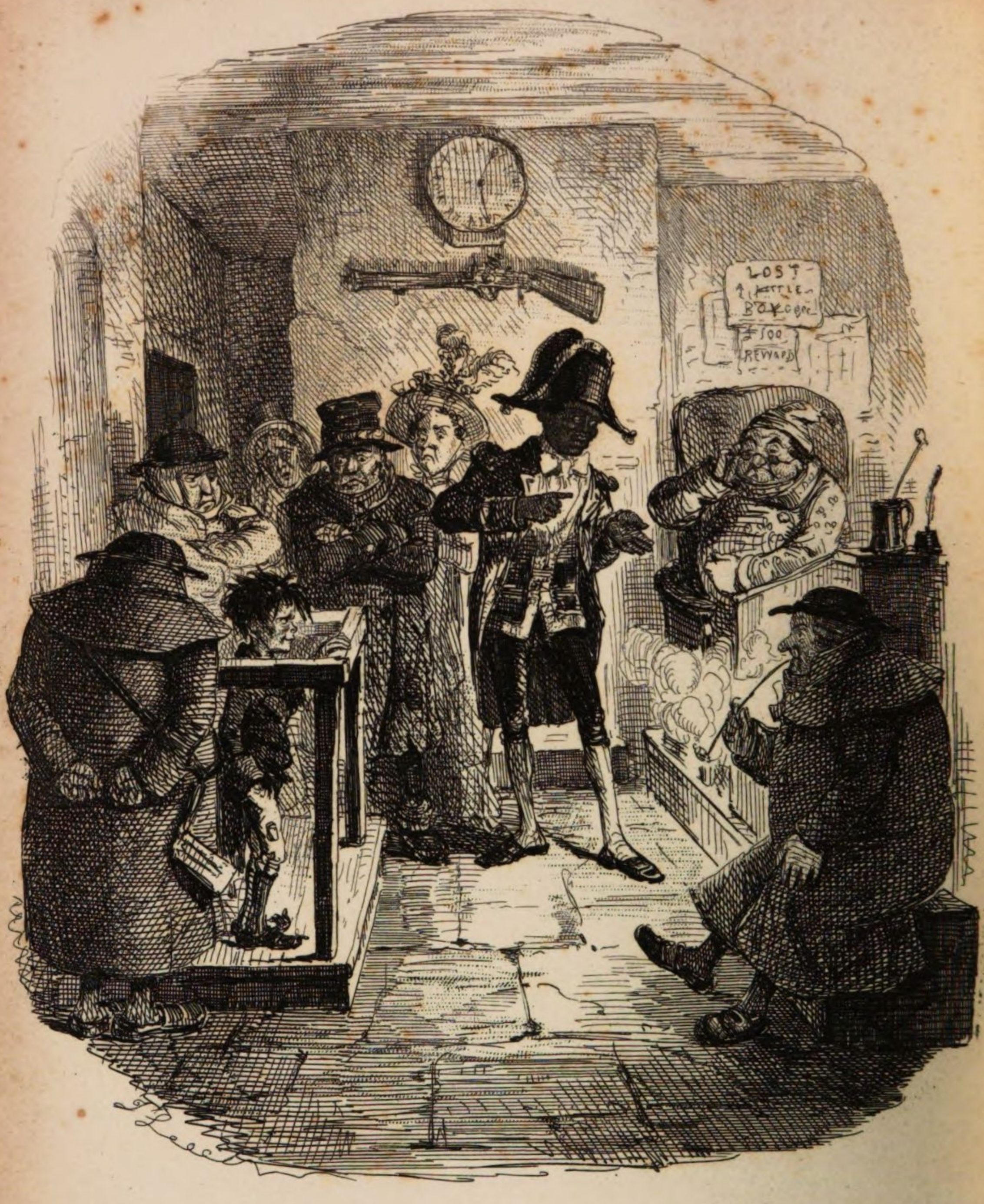
* * * * * *

For I loved thee, how I loved thee! e'en thy lightest accents came
Like sweet music heard in slumber, flushing my pale brow with flame;
Yes, I loved thee e'en in boyhood, for my mind was old in thought,
And with that mind's matured expansion thou did'st grow with genius fraught.

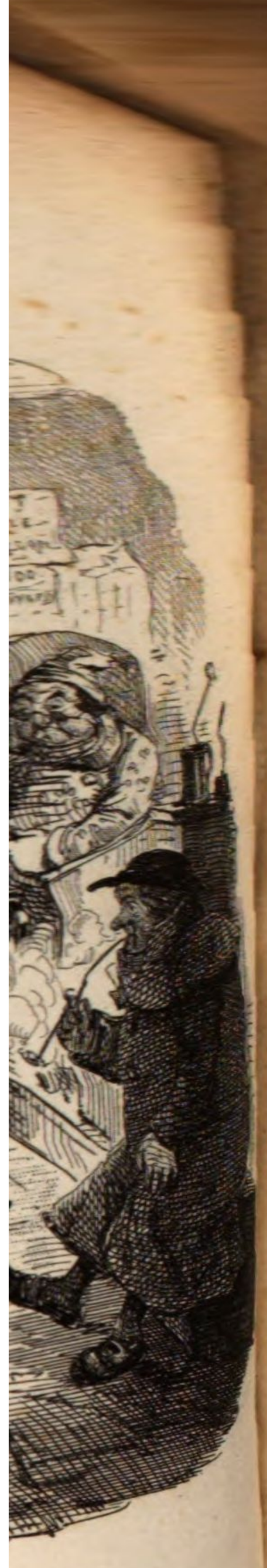
Sharing with me in each study, in each gift of heavenly art,
Till the child became the woman in the fated dreamer's heart;
Thus I sunned me in thy beauty, gazing on thy face alone,
Calling forth thy matchless beauty prisoned in the Parian stone.

Thus the marble 'neath my fingers grew to forms of beauty rare,
For my spirit felt thy presence floating round me everywhere;
By my pulse, in rapture beating, 'neath thy dark eye's magic ray;
By the death-like chill that smote me, when thy step had died away.

By the sad and dreary vigils, that my lonely heart had kept,
Thought still hovering round thy pillow, while the gay and happy slept;
By the joy that thrilled my being, to each mirthful mood of mine,
Or responded to thy sorrows, for thy sorrows then were thine."



St. Giles in the Watch-house.



SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER V.

SHORT was the distance from Covent Garden Theatre to Covent Garden watch-house; and therefore in a few minutes was young St. Giles arraigned before the night-constable. Cesar Gum had followed the offender as an important witness against him; whilst Bright Jem and his wife certainly attended as sorrowing friends of the prisoner. Kitty Muggs was of the party; and her indignation at the wrong committed "on so blessed a baby"—we mean of course St. James—would have burst forth in loudest utterance had she not been controlled by the moral influence of Bright Jem. Hence, she had only the small satisfaction of declaring, in a low voice to her sister, "that the little wretch would be sure to be hanged—for he had the gibbet, every bit of it, in his countenance." With this consolation, she suffered herself to be somewhat tranquillised. "The Lord help him!" cried Mrs. Aniseed. "Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to say such a thing!" whispered Kitty Muggs.

Bright Jem was sad and silent. As Cesar, with unusual glibness, narrated the capture of the prisoner with the stolen property upon him, poor Jem, shading his eyes with his hand, looked mournfully at the pigmy culprit. Not a word did Jem utter; but the heart-ache spoke in his face.

"And what have you got to say to this?" asked the night-con-

* Continued from page 115.

stable of St. Giles. "You 're a young gallows-bird, you are; hardly out of the shell, yet. What have you got to say?"

"Why, I didn't take the at," answered young St. Giles, fixing his sharp black eyes full on the face of his interrogator, and speaking as though he repeated an old familiar lesson, "I didn't take it: the at rolled to me; and I thought as it had tumbled out of a coach as was going on, and I run after it, and calling out, if nobody had lost a at, when that black gentleman there laid hold on me, and said as how I stole it. How could I help it, if the at would roll to me? I didn't want the at."

"Ha!" said the constable, "there's a good deal of wickedness crammed into that little skin of yours—I shall lock you up. There—go in with you," and the constable pointed to a cell, the door of which was already opened for the reception of the prisoner.

And did young St. Giles quail or whimper at his prison threshold? Did his young heart sink at the gloomy dungeon? Oh no. Child as he was, it was plain he felt that he was acting a part: he had become in some way important, and he seemed resolved to rise with the occasion. He had listened to tales of felon fortitude, of gallows heroism; and ambition stirred within him. He had heard of the Tyburn humourist, who, with his miserable jest in the jaws of death, cast his shoes from the cart, to thwart an oft-told prophecy that he would die shod. All these stories St. Giles had listened to, and took to his heart as precious recollections. While other children had conned their books—and written maxim copies—and learned their catechism,—St. Giles had learned this one thing—to be "game." His world—the world of Hog Lane had taught him that; he had listened to the counsel from lips with the bloom of Newgate on them. The foot-pad, the pickpocket, the burglar, had been his teachers: they had set him copies, and he had written them in his brain for life-long wisdom. Other little boys had been taught to "love their neighbour as themselves." Now, the prime ruling lesson set to young St. Giles was "honour among thieves." Other boys might show rewarding medals—precious testimony of their schooltime work; young St. Giles knew nothing of these; had never heard of them; and yet unconsciously he showed what to him was best evidence of his worth: at the door of his cell, he showed that he was "game." Scarcely was he bidden to enter the dungeon, than he turned his face up to the constable, and his eyes twinkling and leering, and his little mouth quivering with

scorn, he said—"You don't mean it, Mister; I know you don't mean it."

"Come, in with you, ragged and sarcy!" cried the constable.

"Well, then," said the urchin, "here goes—good night to you," and so saying, he flung a summerset into the cell: the lock was turned, and Bright Jem—fetching a deep groan—quitted the watch-house, his wife, sobbing aloud, following him.

"What can they do to the poor child?" asked Mrs. Aniseed of Jem, as the next morning he sat silent and sorrowful, with his pipe in his mouth, looking at the fire.

"Why, Susan, that 's what I was thinking of. What can they do with him? He is n't old enough to hang; but he 's quite big enough to be whipped. Bridewell and whipping; yes, that 's it, that 's how they 'll teach him. They 'll make Jack Ketch his schoolmaster; and nicely he 'll learn him his lesson towards Tyburn. The old story, Susan—the old story," and Jem drew a long sigh.

"Don't you think, Jem," something might be done to send him to sea? He 'd get taken away from the bad people about him, and who knows, might after all turn out a bright man." Such was the hopeful faith of Mrs. Aniseed.

"Why, there 's something in that to be sure. For my part, I think that 's a good deal what the sea was made for—to take away the offal of the land. He might get cured at sea; if we could get anybody as would take him. I'm told the sea does wonders, sometimes, with the morals of folks. I've heard of thieves and rogues of all sorts, that were aboard ship, have come round 'straordinary. Now, whether it 's in the salt water or the bo'swains, who shall say? He would n't make a bad drummer, neither, with them little quick fists of his, if we could get him in the army."

"Oh, I'd rather he was sent to sea, Jem," cried Mrs. Aniseed, "then he 'd be out of harm's way."

"Oh, the army reforms all sorts of rogues, too," averred Jem. "Sometimes they get their morals pipeclayed, as well as their clothes. Wonderful what heroes are made of, sometimes. You see, I suppose, there 's something in some parts of the trade that agrees with some folks. When they storm a town now, and take all they can lay their hands on, why there 's all the pleasure of the robbery without any fear of the gallows. It 's stealing made

glorious with flags and drums. Nobody knows how that little varmint might get on."

Here Jem was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a woman hung with rags and looking prematurely old. Misery and vice were in her face, though the traces of evil were for the time softened by sorrow. She was weeping bitterly, and with clasped, trembling hands, ran into the room. It was the wretched mother of young St. Giles; the miserable woman who more than six years before had claimed her child in that room; who had borne her victim babe away to play its early part in wretchedness and deceit. She had since frequently met Jem, but always hurried from him. His reproofs, though brief, were too significant, too searching, for even her shame to encounter. "Oh, Jem! Jem!" she cried, "save my dear child—save my innocent lamb."

"Ha! and if he is n't innocent," cried Jem, "whose fault 's that?"

"But he is—he is," screamed the woman. "You won't turn agin him, too? He steal anything! A precious cretur! he might be trusted with untold gold!"

"Woman," said Jem, "I would n't like to hurt you in your trouble; but havn't you no shame at all? Don't you know what a bit of truth is, that even now you should look in my face, and tell me such a wicked lie?"

"I don't, Jem—I don't," vociferated the woman. "He 's as innocent as the babe unborn."

"Why, so he is, as far as he knows what 's right and what 's wrong. He has innocence; that is, the innocence you've taught him. Teach a child the way he should go," cried Jem, in a tone of some bitterness, "and you 've taught him the way to Newgate. The Lord have mercy on you! What a sweet babby he was, when six year and a half ago you took him from this room, —and what is he now? Well, well, I won't pour water on a drowned mouse," said Jem, the woman crying more vehemently at his rebuke, "but how you can look in that child's face, and arterwards look up at heaven, I don't know."

"There's no good, not a ha'porth in all this preaching. All we want to know is this. Can you help us to get the young 'un out o' trouble." This reproof and interrogation were put in a hoarse, sawing voice by a man of about five-and-thirty, who had made his appearance shortly after St. Giles's mother. He

was dressed in a coat of Newgate cut. His hat was knowingly slanted over one eyebrow, his hands were in his pockets, and at short intervals he sucked the stalk of a primrose that shone forth in strong relief from the black whiskers and week's beard surrounding it.

"And who are you ?" asked Jem, in a tone not very encouraging of a gentle answer.

"That's a good un, not to know me. My name's Blast—Tom Blast ; not ashamed of my name," said the owner, still champing the primrose.

"No, I dare say not," answered Bright Jem. "Oh, I know you now. I've seen you with the boy a singing ballads."

"I should think so. And what on it ? No disgrace in that, eh ? I look upon myself as respectable as any of your folks as sing at your fine play-house. What do we all pipe for but money ? Only there's this difference ; they gets hundreds of pounds—and I gets half-pence. A singer for money 's a singer for money,—whether he stands upon mud or a carpet. But all 's one for that. What's to be done for the boy ? I tell his mother here not to worry about it—'twont be more than a month or two at Bridewell, for he's never been nabbed afore : but it's no use a talking to women, you know ; she won't make her life happy, no how. So we've come to you."

"And what can I do ?" asked Jem—"I'm not judge and jury, am I ?"

"Why, you know Capstick, the muffin-man. Well, he's a householder, and can put in a good word for the boy with the beak. I suppose you know what a beak is ?" said Thomas Blast, with a satirical twist of the lip. "Not too fine a gentleman to know that ?"

"Why, what does Capstick know of little St. Giles ?" asked Jem.

"Oh, Jem," said the woman, "yesterday he stood his friend. He's a strange cretur, that Capstick ; and often does a poor soul a good turn, as if he'd eat him up all the while. Well, yesterday arternoon, what does he do but give my precious child—my innocent babe—two dozen muffins, a basket and a bell."

"I see," cried Jem, with glistening eyes, "set him up in trade. God bless that muffin-man."

"That's what he meant, Jem ; but it wasn't to be—it wasn't to be," cried the woman with a sigh.

"No—it warn't," corroborated Mr. Blast. "You see the young un—all agog as he was—brought the muffins to the lane. Well, we hadn't had two dinners, I can tell you, yesterday; so we sells the basket and the bell for sixpenn'orth of butter, and didn't we go to work at the muffins." And Mr. Blast seemingly spoke with a most satisfactory recollection of the banquet.

"And if they'd have pisoned all of you, served you right," cried Jem, with a look of disgust. "You *will* kill that child—you won't give him a chance—you will kill him body and soul."

"La, Jem! how can you go on in that way!" cried the mother, and began to weep anew. "He's the apple of my eye, is that dear child."

"None the better for that, by the look of 'em," said Jem. "Howsomever, I'll go to Mr. Capstick. Mind, I don't want neither of you at my heels; what I'll do—I'll do by myself," and without another word, Bright Jem took his cap, and, unceremoniously passing his visitors, quitted the room. His wife, looking coldly at the new-comers, intimated a silent wish that they would follow him. The look was lost upon Mr. Blast, for he immediately seated himself; and seizing the poker, with easiest familiarity beat about the embers. Mrs. Aniseed was a heroic woman. Nobody who looked at her, whilst her visitor rudely disturbed her coals, could fail to perceive the struggle that went on within her. There are housewives whose very heartstrings seem connected with their pokers; and Mrs. Aniseed was of them. Hence, whilst her visitor beat about the grate, it was at once a hard and delicate task for her not to spring upon him, and wrest the poker from his hand. She knew it not, but at that moment the gentle spirit of Bright Jem was working in her; subduing her aroused passion with a sense of hospitality.

"A sharp spring this, for poor people, isn't it, Mrs. Aniseed?" observed Mr. Blast. "It seems quite the tail of a hard winter, doesn't it?" Mrs. Aniseed tried to smile a smile—she only shivered it. "Well, I must turn out, I 'spose; though I havn't nothing to do till night—then I think I shall try another murder: it 's a long while since we 've had one."

"A matter of two months," said the mother of St. Giles, "and that turned out no great things."

"Try a murder," said Mrs. Aniseed with some apprehension, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, there 'll be no blood spilt," answered Mr. Blast, "only a

bit of Grub-street, that 's all. But I don't know what 's come to the people. They don't snap as they used to do. Why, there 's that Horrible and Particular Account of a Bear that was fed upon Young Children in Westminster: I 've known the time when I 've sold fifty of 'em afore I 'd blowed my horn a dozen times. Then there was that story of the Lady of Fortin that had left Twins in the Cradle, and run off with her Husband's Coachman—that was a sure crown for a night's work. Only a week ago it didn't bring me a groat. I don't know how it is; people get sharper and sharper, as they get wickeder and wickeder."

"And you don't think it no harm, then," said Mrs. Aniseed, "to make bread of such lies?"

"What does it signify, Mrs. Aniseed, what your bread 's made of, so as it 's a good colour, and plenty of it? Lord bless you; if you was to take away all the lies that go to make bread in this town, you 'd bring a good many peck loaves down to crumbs, you would. What 's the difference atween me and some folks in some newspapers? Why this: I sells my lies myself, and they sell 'em by other people. But I say, Mrs. Aniseed, it *is* cold isn't it?"

Mrs. Aniseed immediately jumped at the subtle purpose of the question; and curtly, frozenly replied—"It is."

"A drop o' something wouldn't be bad such a mornin as this, would it?" asked the unabashed guest.

"La! Tom," cried St. Giles's mother, in a half-tone of astonishment and deprecation.

"I can't say," said Mrs. Aniseed; "but it might be for them as like it. I should suppose, though, that this woman—if she 's got anything of a mother's heart in her—is thinking of something else, a good deal more precious than drink."

"You may say that," said the woman, lifting her apron to her unwet eye.

"And there 's a good soul, do—do when you get the dear child home again—do keep him out of the streets; and don't let him go about singing of ballads, and"—

"That 's all mighty fine, Mrs. Aniseed," said Mr. Blast, who, foiled in his drink, became suddenly independent in his language—"all mighty fine; but, after all, I should think singing ballads a little more genteel than bawling for coaches, and making dirty money out of fogs, and pitch and oakum. A ballad-singer may hold his head up with a linkman any day—and so you may tell

Jem, when you see him. Come along," and Mr. Blast twitched the woman by the arm—"come along: there 's nothing to be got here but preaching—and that will come in time to all of us."

"Don't mind what he says," whispered St. Giles's mother to Mrs. Aniseed, "he 's a good cretur, and means nothing. And oh, Mrs. Aniseed, do all you can with Mr. Capstick for my innocent babe, and I sha'nt say my prayers without blessing you." With this, the unwelcome visitors departed.

We must now follow Bright Jem to the house of the muffin-man. Jem has already told his errand to Mr. Capstick; who, with evident sorrow and disappointment at his heart, is endeavouring to look like a man not at all surprised by the story related to him. Oh dear no! he had quite expected it. "As for what I did, Mr. Aniseed"—said Capstick—"I did it with my eyes open. I knew the little vagabond was a lost wretch—I could read that in his face; and then the muffins were somewhat stale muffins—so don't think I was tricked. No: I looked upon it as something less than a forlorn hope, and I won't flatter myself; but you see I was not mistaken. Nevertheless, Mr. Aniseed, say nothing of the matter to my wife. She said—not knowing my thoughts on the business—she said I was a fool for what I did: so don't let her know what 's happened. When women find out they're right, it makes 'em conceited. The little ruffian!" cried Capstick with bitterness—"to go stealing when the muffins might have made a man of him."

"Still, Mr. Capstick," urged Jem, "there's something to be said for the poor child. His mother and the bad uns in Hog Lane wouldn't let him have a chance. For when St Giles ran home—what a place to call home!—they seized upon the muffins, and turning the bell and basket into butter, swallowed 'em without so much as winking."

"Miserable little boy!" exclaimed the softened Capstick,—and then he groaned, "Wicked wretches!"

"That's true again," said Jem; "and yet hunger hardly knows right from wrong, Mr. Capstick."

Capstick made no answer to this, but looking in Jem's face, drew a long breath.

"And about the boy?" said Jem, "he's but a chick, is he, to go to gaol?"

"It's no use—it 's all no use, Mr. Aniseed; we're only throwing away heaven's time upon the matter; for if the little rascal was

hanged at once—to be sure, he is a little young for that—nevertheless I was about to say,"—and here the muffin-man, losing the thread of his thoughts, twitched his cap from his head, and passed it from right hand to left, and from left to right, as though he sought in such exercise to come plump again upon the escaped idea—"I have it," at length he cried. "I was about to say, as I've an idle hour on hand, I'll walk with you to Lord St. James, and we'll talk to him about the matter."

Now Bright Jem believed this of himself; that in a good cause he would not hesitate—at least not much—to speak to his Majesty, though in his royal robes and with his royal crown upon his head. Nevertheless, the ease, the perfect self-possession, with which Capstick suggested a call upon the Marquess of St. James obtained for him a sudden respect from the linkman. To be sure, as we have before indicated, there was something strange about Capstick. His neighbours had clothed him with a sort of mystery; hence, on second thoughts, Bright Jem believed it possible that in happier days the muffin-man might have talked to marquesses.

"Yes," said Capstick, taking off his apron, "we'll see what can be done with his lordship. I'll just whip on my coat of audience, and—hush!—my wife," and Mrs. Capstick stirred in the back parlour. "Not a word where we're going. Not that I care a straw; only she'd say I was neglecting the shop for a pack of vagabonds: and perhaps she's right, though I wouldn't own it. Never own a woman's right; do it once, and on the very conceit of it, she'll be wrong for the rest of her life." With this apothegm, the muffin-maker quitted the shop, and immediately his wife entered it.

"Glad to see your sister looking so well, Mr. Aniseed," said Mrs. Capstick, somewhat slily.

"Oh! what, you mean Kitty? Why, she looks as well as she can, and that isn't much, poor soul," said Jem.

"She was here yesterday, and bought some muffins. A dark gentleman was with her," said Mrs. Capstick.

"You mean the black footman," observed Jem, dropping at once to the cold, hard truth.

"Well," and Mrs. Capstick giggled, as though communicating a great moral discovery, "well, there's no accounting for taste, is there, Mr. Aniseed?"

"No," said Jem, "it was never meant to be accounted for, I suppose; else there's a lot of us would have a good deal to answer

for. Taste, in some things, I suppose, was given us to do what we like with; but, Mrs. Capstick, now and then we do sartinly abuse the privilege."

"Lor, Mr. Capstick! where are you going so fine?" asked his spouse of the muffin-maker, as he presented himself in his best coat, and swathed in a very voluminous neckcloth. "Going to court?"

"You see," said Capstick, a man—a wretch, a perjurer is to-day put in the pillory."

"And what 's that to you, Mr. Capstick?" asked his wife.

"Why, Mary Anne, as a moral man—and, therefore, as a man who respects his oath, I feel it my duty to go and enjoy my egg." With this excuse—worthy of a Timon—did the muffin-maker take his way towards the mansion of Lord St. James. "It 's a hard thing," said Capstick on the road, "a hard thing, that you can't always tell a wife the truth."

"I always tell it to my old woman," observed Bright Jem.

"You 're a fortunate man, sir," said Capstick. "All women can't bear it: it 's too strong for 'em. Now, Mrs. Capstick is an admirable person—a treasure of a wife—never know what it is to want a button to my shirt, never—still, I am now and then obliged to sacrifice truth on the altar of conjugal peace. It makes my heart bleed to do it, Mr. Aniseed: but sometimes it *is* done."

Bright Jem nodded as a man will nod who thinks he catches a meaning, but is not too sure of it. "And what will you say?" asked Jem, after a moment's pause—"what will you say to his Lordship, if he 'll see you?"

Mr. Capstick cast a cold, self-complacent eye upon the link-man, and replied—"I shall trust to my inspiration." Jem softly whistled—unconscious of the act. Mr. Capstick heard, what he deemed a severe comment, and majestically continued: "Mr. Aniseed, you may not imagine it—but I have a great eye for gingerbread."

"No doubt on it, Mr. Capstick," said Jem, "it 's a part of your business."

"You don't understand me," replied the muffin-maker with a compassionate smile. "I mean, my good man, the gingerbread that makes up so much of this world. Bless your heart! I pride myself upon my eye, that looks at once through all the gilding—all the tawdry, glittering Dutch metal—that covers the cake, and goes at once to the flour and water."

"I don't see what you mean, by no means," said Jem; "that is, not quite."

"Look here, sir," said Capstick, with the air of a man who had made himself up for an oration. "What is that pile of brick before us?"

"Why that you know as well as I," answered Jem; "it 's St. James's Palace."

"And there lives his gracious Majesty, George the Third. Now, I dare say, Mr. Aniseed, it 's very difficult for you to look upon his Majesty in what I shall beg leave to call, a state of nature?"

"What! like an Injun?" asked Jem. "Well, I must say, I can hardly fancy it."

"Of course not. When you hear of a king, he comes upon you in velvet and fur, and with a crown upon his head—and diamonds blazing upon him—and God knows how many rows of lords about him—and then all the household guards—and the state coach—and the state trumpets, and the thundering guns, and the ringing bells—all come upon your mind as a piece and parcel of him, making a king something tremendous to consider—something that you can only think of with a kind of fright. Is it not so?" asked the muffin-maker.

Jem merely answered—"Go on, Mr. Capstick."

"Now I feel nothing of the sort. I know the world, and despise it," said the muffin-maker.

"I 'll take your word for anything but that," cried Jem. "But go on."

"I tell you, sir, I hate the world," repeated Capstick, proud of what he thought his misanthropy: "and of sweet use has such hatred been to me."

Bright Jem cast an incredulous leer at the muffin-man. "I never heard of the sweetness of hatred afore. I should as soon looked for honey in a wasp's nest."

"Ha! Jem, you know nothing; else you'd know how a contempt for the world sharpens a man's wits, and improves his eyesight. Bless you! there are a thousand cracks and flaws and fly-spots upon everything about us, that we should never see without it," said Capstick.

"Well, thank God! I 'm in no need of such spectacles," said Bright Jem.

"And for that very reason, Jem," said the muffin-maker,

"you are made an every-day victim of—for that reason your very soul goes down upon its knees to things that it 's my especial comfort to despise. You havn't the wit, the judgment, to separate a man from all his worldly advantages, and look at him, as I may say, in his very nakedness—a mere man. Now Jem, that is the power I especially pride myself upon. Hence," continued the muffin-maker, and he brought himself up fronting the palace, and extended his right arm towards it—"hence, I can take an emperor from his crowd of nobles—his troops—his palace walls—his royal robes,—and set him before me just as God made him. As I 'd take a cocoa-nut, and tear away the husk, and crack the shell, and pare the inner rind, and come at once upon the naked kernel,—so, Mr. Aniseed, can I take,—aye the Great Mogul,—and set him in his shivering flesh before me."

"And you think the knack to do this does you good?" modestly inquired Bright Jem.

"It 's my solace, my comfort, my strength," answered the muffin-maker. "And this knack, as you have it, is what I call seeing through the gold upon the gingerbread. Now, isn't it dreadful to think of the thousands upon thousands who every day go down upon their knees to it, believing the gilded paste so much solid metal? Ha! Mr. Aniseed! we talk a good deal about the miserable heathen; the poor wretches who make idols of crocodiles and monkeys,—but Lord bless us! only to think in this famous city of London of the thousands of Christians, as they call themselves, who after all are idolaters of gilt gingerbread!"

"Poor souls!" said Jem, in the fulness of his charity, "they don't know any better. But you haven't answered what I asked; and that 's this? What will you say to his lordship if he 'll see you?"

"Say to him? I shall talk reason to him. Bless you! I shall go straight at the matter. When some folks go to speak to rich and mighty lords, they fluster, and stammer, as if they couldn't make themselves believe that they only look upon a man made like themselves; no, they somehow mix him up with his lands and his castles, and his heaps of money,—and the thought 's too big for 'em to bear. But I will conclude as I began, Mr. Aniseed. Therefore I say I have a great eye for gilt gingerbread."

This philosophical discourse brought the talkers to their destination. Jem stooped before the kitchen-windows, prying curiously through them. "What seek you there, Jem?" asked Capstick.

"I was thinking," answered Jem, "if I could only see Kitty, we might go in through the kitchen."

Mr. Capstick made no answer,—but looking a lofty reproof at Jem, he took two strides to the door, and seizing the knocker, struck it with an assertion of awakened dignity. "Through the hall, Mr. Aniseed; through the hall; no area-stairs influence for me." As he made this proud declaration, the door was opened; and to the astonishment of the porter, the muffin-maker, asked coolly as though he was cheapening pippins at an apple-stall—"Can we see the Marquess?"

The porter had evidently a turn for humour: he was not one of those janitors who, seated in their leathern chairs, resent every knock at the door as a violation of their peace and comfort. Therefore, curling the corners of his mouth, he asked in a tone of comic remonstrance,—"Now what *do* you want with the Marquess?"

"That the Marquess shall be benefited by knowing," answered Capstick. "There is my name;" and the muffin-maker, with increasing dignity, handed his shop-card to the porter.

"It's no use," said the porter, shaking his head at the card,—"not a bit of use. We don't eat muffins here."

At this moment, Cesar Gum, the African footman, appeared in the hall, and with greatest cordiality welcomed Bright Jem. "Come to see Kitty?—she delight to see you—come down stairs."

"Will you take this to the Marquess?" and twitching his card from the porter's fingers, Capstick gave it to Cesar. The black felt every disposition to oblige the friend of Kitty's brother,—but raised his hands and shook his head with a hopeless shake. "Stop," said Capstick. He took the card, and wrote some words on the back of it. He then returned it to the porter.

"Oh!" cried the porter, when he had read the mystic syllables. "Cesar, I 'spose you must take it," and Cesar departed on the errand.

CHAPTER VI.

Now, we hope that we have sufficiently interested the reader, to make him wish to know the precise magic words which, operating on the quickened sense of a nobleman's porter, caused him suddenly to put a marquess and a muffin-maker in mutual

communication. What Open Sessame could it be, that written by a St. Giles, should be worthy of the attention of St. James? Great is the power of letters! Whirlwinds have been let loose—fevers quenched, and Death himself made to drop his uplifted dart—by the subtle magic of some brief *lex scripta*, some *abracadabra* that held in the fluid some wondrous spirits, always to be found like motes in the sunbeams, in a magician's ink-bottle. Mighty is the power of words! Wondrous their agency—their volatility. Otherwise how could Pythagoras, writing words in bean-juice here upon the earth, have had the self-same syllables printed upon the moon? What a great human grief it is that this secret should have been lost! Otherwise what glorious means of publication would the moon have offered! Let us imagine the news of the day for the whole world written by certain scribes on the next night's moon—when she shone! What a blessed boon to the telescope-makers! How we should at once jump at all foreign news! What a hopeless jargon of blood and freedom would the Magi of Spain write upon the planet! How would the big-hearted men of America thereon publish their price-current of slaves—the new rate of the *pecunia viva*, the living penny in God's likeness—as the market varied! And France, too, would sometimes with bloody pen write glory there, obscuring for a time the light of heaven, with the madness of man. And Poland, pale with agony, yet desperately calm, would write—"Patience, and wait the hour." And the scribes of St. Petersburgh would placard "God and the Emperor"—blasphemous conjunction!—And the old Pope would have his scrawl—and Indian princes, and half-plucked nabobs—and Chinamen—and Laplanders—and the Great Turk—and—

No—no! Thank heaven! the secret of Pythagoras—if indeed he ever had it, if he told not a magnificent flam—is lost; otherwise, what a poor scribbled moon it would be; its face wrinkled and scarred by thousands of quills—tattooed with what was once news—printed with playhouse bills and testimonials gracefully vouchsafed to corn-cutters! No. Thank God! Pythagoras safely dead, there is no man left to scrawl his pothooks on the moon. Her light—like too oft the light of truth—is not darkened by quills.

And after this broomstick flight to the moon, descend we to the card of Capstick, muffin-maker. The words he wrote were simply these—"A native of Liquorish, with a vote for the borough."

Now, it is one of the graceful fictions of the English constitution—and many of its fictions no doubt pass for its best beauties, in the like manner that the fiction of false hair, false colour, false teeth, passes sometimes for the best loveliness of a tinkered face—it is one of these fictions that the English peer never meddles with the making of a member of the House of Commons. Not he. Let the country make its lower house of senators as it best may, the English peer will have no hand in the matter. He would as soon, in his daily walks, think of lifting a load upon a porter's back, as of helping to lift a commoner into his seat. We say, this is a fiction of the constitution; and beautiful in its influence upon the human mind, is fiction. Now, the Marquess of St. James had in his father's lifetime represented the borough of Liquorish. He was returned by at least a hundred and fifty voters as independent as their very limited number permitted them to be. The calumny of politics had said that the house of St. James carried the borough of Liquorish in its pocket, as easily as a man might in the same place carry a rotten apple or a rotten egg. Let the reader believe only as much of this as his charity will permit him.

Now it oddly enough happened that, at the time when Capstick sought to approach the Marquess, parliament was near its dissolution. The wicked old hag was all but breathing her last, yet—case-hardened old sinner!—she expressed no contrition, showed no touch of conscience for her past life of iniquity; for her wrongs she had committed upon the weak and poor; for the nightly robberies upon them who toiled for the especial luxury of those who, like the tenants of a cheese, lived and crawled upon unearned pensions; she repented not of the blood she had shed in the wickedness of war; never called about her soft-hearted, tearful, most orthodox bishops, to assuage the agony of her remorse, and to cause her to make a clean breast of all her hidden iniquity. No. Parliament was about to expire—about to follow her sinful predecessors (what horrid epitaphs has History written upon some of them!) and she heard no voice of conscience; all she heard was the chink of guineas pursed by bribery for her successor.

Even the Marquess's porter felt the coming of the new election. His fidelity to his master and his patriotism to merry England had been touched by a report that the borough of Liquorish was about to be invaded by some revolutionary spirit, resolved to snatch it from the time-honoured grasp of the house of St. James, and—at

any cost—to wash it of the stain of bribery. Somebody had dared to say that he would sit for the independent borough of Liquorish if every voter in it had a gold watch, and every voter's wife a silver tea-pot and diamond ear-rings. This intelligence was enough to make all true lovers of their country look about them. Therefore did the porter consider Mr. Capstick—although a muffin-man—a person of some importance to the Marquess. Capstick was a voter for the borough of Liquorish—that was bought and sold like any medlar—and therefore, to the mind of the porter, one of the essential parts of the British constitution: hence, the porter was by no means astounded when Cesar returned with a message that Mr. Capstick was to follow him.

The muffin-maker passed along, in no way dazzled or astonished by the magnificence about him. He had made his mind up to be surprised at nothing. Arabian splendours—it was his belief—would have failed to disturb the philosophic serenity of his soul. He had determined, according to his own theory, to extract the man from the Marquess—to come, as he would say, direct at humanity divested of all its worldly furniture. Bright Jem meekly followed the misanthrope, treading the floor with gentlest tread; and wondering at the freak of fortune that even for a moment had enabled him, a tenant of Short's Gardens, to enter such an abode. Bright Jem could not help feeling this, and at the same time feeling a sort of shame at the unexpected weakness. He had believed himself proof to the influence of grandeur,—nevertheless, he could not help it; he was somewhat abashed, a little flurried at the splendour around him. He was not ashamed of his poverty; yet he somehow felt that it had no business intruding in such a paradise.

In a few moments, the muffin-maker and Jem found themselves in a magnificent library. Seated at a table was a short, elderly little man, dressed in black. His face was round as an apple. He had small, sharp, grey eyes, which for a few moments he levelled steadily at Capstick and Jem, and then suddenly shifted them in a way that declared all the innermost and dearest thoughts of the muffin-maker to be, in that glance, read and duly registered. "Pray be seated," said the gentleman; and Capstick heavily dropped himself into a velvet chair. Bright Jem, on the contrary, settled upon the seat lightly as a butterfly upon a damask rose: and like the butterfly, it seemed doubtful with him, whether every moment he would not flutter off again. Cap-

stick at once concluded that he was in the presence of the Marquess. Jem knew better, having seen the nobleman ; but thought possibly it might be some earl or duke, a friend or relation of the family. However, both of them augured well of their mission, from the easy, half-cordial manner of the illustrious gentleman in black. His words, too, were low and soft, as though breathed by a flute. He seemed the personification of gentleness and politeness. Nevertheless, reader, he was not of the peerage : being, indeed, nothing more than Mr. Jonathan Folder, librarian —and at times confidential agent—to the Marquess of St. James. He had just received the orders of his lordship to give audience on his behalf, to what might be an important deputation from the borough of Liquorish : hence, Mr. Folder, alive to the patriotic interest of his employer and friend—as, occasionally, he would venture to call the Marquess—was smiling and benignant.

"Mr. Capstick—I presume *you* are Mr. Capstick"—and Mr. Folder with his usual sagacity, bowed to the muffin-maker—"we are glad to see you. This house is always open to the excellent, and patriotic voters of Liquorish. There never was a time, Mr. Capstick, when it more behoved the friends of the Constitution to have their eyes about them. The British Constitution—"

"There is no constitution like it," observed the muffin-maker drily.

"That 's an old truth, Mr. Capstick"—said Mr. Folder—"and, like all old truths, all the better for its age."

"No constitution like it," repeated the muffin-maker. "I don't know how many times it hasn't been destroyed since I first knew it—and still it 's all alive. The British Constitution, my lord, sometimes seems to me very like an eel ; you may flay it and chop it to bits ; yet for all that, the pieces will twist and wriggle again."

"It is one of its proud attributes, Mr. Capstick"—said Folder, doubtless he had not heard himself addressed as my lord—"one of the glories of the Constitution, that it is elastic—peculiarly elastic."

"And that 's, I suppose, my lord"—surely Mr. Folder was a little deaf—"that 's why it gets mauled about so much. Just as boys don't mind what tricks they play upon cats—because, poor devils, somebody, to spite 'em, has said they 've got nine lives. But I beg your pardon, this is my friend—Mr. James Aniseed, better known as Bright Jem," and Capstick introduced the linkman.

Mr. Folder slightly rose from his chair, and graciously bowed to Jem; who, touched by the courtesy, rose bolt upright; and then, after a moment's hesitation, he took half-a-dozen strides towards Mr. Folder, and—ere that gentleman was aware of the design—shook him heartily by the hand. Then, Jem, smiling and a little flushed, returned to his chair. Again taking his seat, he looked about him with a brightened, happy face, for Mr. Folder —the probable nobleman—had returned the linkman's grasp with a most cordial pressure.

"And, Mr. Aniseed," said Folder, "I presume you have also a voice in the constitution; you have a vote for—"

"Not a morsel, my lord," answered Jem. "I havn't a voice in anything; all I know about the constitution is that it means taxes; for you see, my lord, I've only one room and that 's a little un—and so, you see, my lord, I 've no right to nothing." Whilst Jem pursued this declaration, Mr. Folder, doubtless all unconsciously, rubbed his right hand with his handkerchief. The member might, possibly, have caught some taint from the shake of a low man without a vote.

"Nevertheless, Mr. Capstick, we are happy to see you," said Folder, with a strong emphasis upon the pronoun. "Public morality—I mean the morality of the other party—is getting lower and lower. In fact, I should say, the world—that is, you know what part of the world I mean—is becoming worse and worse, baser and baser."

"There is no doubt of it, my lord," answered Capstick—"for if your lordship—"

Capstick had become too emphatic. It was therefore necessary that Folder should correct him. "I am not his lordship. No, I am not" he repeated, not unobservant of the arched eyebrows of the muffin-maker—"I am deputed by his lordship to receive you, prepared to listen to your wishes, or to the wishes of any of the respectable constituents of the borough of Liquorish. We are not unaware, Mr. Capstick, of the movements of the enemy. But we shall be provided against them. They, doubtless, will be prepared to tamper with the independence of the electors, but as I have said"—and Folder let his words fall slowly as though they were so many gems—"as I have said, there we can beat them on their own dirty grounds."

"There is no doubt whatever of it," said Capstick, "none at all. And then in these matters, there 's nothing like competition,

—nothing whatever. For my part, I must say, I like to see it—it does me good—an election, such an election as we have in Liquorish, is a noble sight for a man who, like myself, was born to sneer at the world. At such a time, I feel myself exalted."

"No doubt—no doubt"—said Mr. Folder.

"Then I feel my worth, every penny of it, in what is called the social scale. For instance, now, I open the shop of my conscience, with the pride of a tradesman who knows he 's got something in his window that people *must* buy. I have a handsome piece of perjury to dispose of—"

"Mr. Capstick! Perjury!" cried Folder, a little shocked.

"Why, you see, sir," said Capstick, "for most things, there 's two names—a holiday name, and a working-day name."

"That 's true," said Jem—and then he added with a bow to Folder, "saving your presence, sir: quite true."

"Yes, I 'm a voter with a perjury jewel to sell"—said Capstick—"and therefore isn't it delightful to me, as a man who hates the world, to have fine gentlemen, honourable gentlemen, yes titled gentlemen, coming about me and chaffering with me for that little jewel—that when they 've bought it of me, they may sell it again at a thumping profit? The Marquess isn't that sort of man—"

"I should hope not, Mr. Capstick," said Folder, with a smile that seemed to add—impossible.

"Certainly not. But isn't it, I say, pleasant to a man-hater like me, to see this sort of dealing—to know that, however mean, and wicked, and rascally, the voter is who sells his jewel—he is taught the meanness, encouraged in the wickedness, and more than countenanced in the rascality, by the high and lofty fellow with the money-bag. Oh! at the school of corruption, arn't there some nice high-nob ushers?"

"Never mind that, Mr. Capstick," said Bright Jem, who began to fear for the success of their mission, if the muffin-maker thus continued to vindicate his misanthropy. "Never mind that. We can't make a sore any better by putting a plaster of bad words to it: never mind that;—but, Mr. Capstick," said Jem earnestly, "let 's mind something else."

"Then I am to understand," said Mr. Folder, who in his philosophy had been somewhat entertained by the philippics of the muffin-maker—"I am to understand, that your present business in no way relates to anything connected with the borough?"

"Not at present," said Capstick, "only I hope that his lordship won't forget I have a voice. Because—"

At this moment, the door flew open, and a child—a beautiful creature—gambolled into the room. It was young St. James. The very cherub, as Kitty Muggs would have called him, robbed by the iniquitous, the hopeless St. Giles. Truly he was a lovely thing. His fair, fresh young face,—informed with the innocence, purity, and happiness of childhood—spoke at once to the heart of the beholder. What guilelessness was in his large blue eyes—what sweetness at his mouth—what a fair, white expanse of brow—adorned with clustering curls of palest gold! His words and laughter came bubbling from the heart, making the sweetest music of the earth; the voice of happy childhood! A sound that sometimes calls us from the hard dealing, the tumult, and the weariness of the world,—and touches us with tender thoughts, allied to tender tears.

"What a beautiful cretur!" whispered Jem to the muffin-maker. "He 's been kept out of the mud of the world, hasn't he? I say; it would be a hard job to suppose that blooming little fellow —with rags on his back, matches in his hand, and nothin' in his belly, eh? Quite as hard as to think young St. Giles was him, eh? And yet it might ha' been,—mightn't it?"

"Here is the future member for Liquorish," said Mr. Folder, the child having run up to him, and jumping upon his knees. "Here, sir, is your future representative."

"Well, if he keeps his looks," said Jem aside to Capstick, "you won't have nothing to complain."

"Of course, the borough will be kept warm for the young gentleman," said the muffin-man. "He may count upon my vote—yes, I may say, he may depend upon it. In the meantime, sir, I come upon a little business in which that young gentleman is remotely concerned."

"You don't mean the shameful robbery last night?" said Mr. Folder. "A frightful case of juvenile depravity! Another proof that the world 's getting worse and worse."

"No doubt of it," said Capstick; "worse and worse; it 's getting so bad, it must soon be time to burn it up."

"The poor little boy who did it, sir," said Bright Jem, very deferentially, "didn't know any better."

"Know no better! Impossible! Why, how old is he?" asked Mr. Folder.

"Jist gone seven, sir, not more;" answered Jem.

"And here's this dear child not yet seven! And do you mean to tell me that *he* doesn't know better? Do you mean in your ignorance to insinuate that this young gentleman would do such a thing—eh?" cried Folder of the abashed linkman.

"Bless his dear, good eyes, no"—said Jem, with some emotion—"sartinly not. But then he's been taught better. Ever since he could speak—and I dare say almost afore—every night and day he was taken upon somebody's knees, and teached to say his prayers—and what was good and what was bad—and besides that, to have all that was quiet and happy and comfortable about him—and kind words and kind looks that are almost better than bread and meat to children—for they make 'em kind and gentle too—now, the poor little boy that stole that young gentleman's hat—"

"I don't want the hat"—cried the child, for he had heard the story of the wicked boy at the playhouse—"I don't want it—he may have it if he likes—I told papa so."

"Bless you, for a sweet little dear," said Jem, brushing his eyes.

"The truth is, sir, I came here," said Capstick "I came as a voter for the independent borough of Liquorish—to intercede with the magnanimity of the Marquess for the poor little wretch—the unhappy baby, for he's no more—now locked up for felony."

"What's the use?" asked Mr. Folder, dancing the scion of St. James upon his knee,—"what's the use of doing anything for such creatures? It's only throwing pity away. The boy is sure to be hanged some time—depend upon it, when boys begin to steal, they can't leave it off—it's impossible—it's against nature to expect it. I always give 'em up from the first—and, depend upon it, it's the shortest way in the end; it saves a good deal of useless trouble, and I may say false humanity. As for what children are taught, and what they're not taught—why I think we make more noise about it than the argument's worth. You see, Mr. Capstick, there is an old proverb: what's bred in the bone, you know—"

"Why, sir, saving your presence, if wickedness goes down from father to son, like colour—the only way I see to make the world better is to lay hold of all the bad people, and put 'em out of it at once; so that for the future," concluded Jem, "we should breed nothing but goodness."

"Pray, my good man"—asked Mr. Folder—"are you the father of the thief?"

"No, sir, I'm not. I wish I was, with all my heart and soul," cried Jem with animation.

"Humph, you've an odd taste for a father," shortly observed Mr. Folder.

"What I mean, sir, is this," said Jem, "I've the conceit in me to think that then the boy wouldn't have been a thief at all. He 'd then been better taught, and teaching 's everything. I 'd have sent him to school, and the devil hasn't such an enemy nowhere as a good schoolmaster.* Even now I should like to try my hand upon him, if I could have him all to myself, away from the wickedness he was hatched in."

"I dare say you mean very well, my man, no doubt of it," said Mr. Folder. "Still, I think, the boy had a little taste of the jail,—"

"A little taste," groaned Jem, "if he has ever so little, he 's pisoned for life; I know that, I've seen it afore."

"And so, sir," resumed Capstick, "I am come as a petitioner, and as a voter for the borough of Liquorish, to ask his lordship's compassion upon this wretched child."

"Well, I 'm sure, Mr. Capstick, I 'll see what 's to be done, I 'm sure I will. Now will you,"—and Mr. Folder addressed himself smilingly to the child,—"will you ask papa, for your sake, to forgive the naughty boy that run away with your hat?"

"Oh, yes, that I will," answered the child eagerly. "You know I don't care about the hat—I 've plenty of hats. I 'll run to papa now," and the child jumped from Folder's knee, and bounded from the room.

"There, my man," said Folder, with a smile of triumph to bright Jem, "there you see the spontaneous work of a good nature."

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* I will not say a village schoolmaster is a more important person in the state than he who is peculiarly entrusted with the education of the Prince of Wales, though I think *he is a far more important personage than the highest state officer in the King's household.* The material he has to deal with is man, and I think it would be rather rash to venture to limit his range or capacities.—*Lord Morpeth at the York Diocesan National Education Society.* [Had a plebeian enunciated this great truth, he would, from certain quarters, have been pelted with the sounding yet harmless epithets of demagogue and revolutionist. Here, however, it is an English nobleman who places a village schoolmaster above a royal chamberlain. All honour to such nobility !]

"With good teaching" said Jem. "I know'd the little cretur that 's now locked up—I knowed him when he was a babby, and if he 'd only had fair play he 'd ha' done the same thing."

"Let us hope he 'll improve if he 's forgiven," said Mr. Folder, "I will, however, go to his lordship, and know his fate." With this, Folder quitted the apartment on his benevolent mission.

"What a capital thought it was of you, Mr. Capstick, to come here—it had never entered my head," said Jem.

"Nothing like approaching the fountain source," said Capstick, serenely. "Besides, I know an election is near at hand; and as an election approaches, you can't think how it takes the stiffness out of some people. There 's no accounting for it, I suppose, but so it is."

"A great many books here, Mr. Capstick"—said Jem, looking reverentially at the loaded shelves—"I wonder if his lordship 's read 'em all."

"Humph," answered the scoffing muffin-maker, "it 's not so necessary to read a library; the great matter 's to get it. With a good many folks heaps of books are nothing more than heaps of acquaintance, that they promise themselves to look in upon some day."

"Well," said Jem, his eyes glistening, "I never see books all in this fashion, without thinking that the man as has 'em is a kind of happy conjuror, that can talk when he likes with all sorts of good spirits, and never think a flea-bite of half the rubbish in the world about him."

Jem had scarcely uttered this hopeful sentence, when young St. James ran in, quickly followed by Mr. Folder. "Yes, yes," cried the child, all happiness, "papa says I must forgive him, as we ought always to forgive one another—and you 're to tell him from me that he 's to be a good boy and never do so again."

"Bless your sweet heart!" cried Bright Jem, and the tears sprang to his eyes. The muffin-maker said nothing, but coughed and bowed.

"There, I think, Mr. Capstick," said Folder in a low voice, "there, I think, is a future treasure for the borough. I trust you'll not let this little story be lost on the good folks of Liquorish. Nobody will appear against the culprit, and therefore take him, and if you can, among you make a bright man of him. Good morning, Mr. Capstick—good morning," and Folder bowed the visitors from the room. Bright Jem paused at the door, and look-

ing back at the child—cried, "God bless you every day of your life."

Jem and the muffin-maker were about to quit the house, when they were accosted by Cesar Gum in the hall. In a confidential whisper he said—"Come and take some turkey and wine for lunch: prime Madeary—den we can go to jail for tief: dreadful ting, taking oder people's goods—come and hab some wine." And then in a still lower tone—"Give you bottle for yuself."

To this invitation, Capstick made no answer; but having looked up and down at the black, strode to the door. Bright Jem nodded—uttered a brief good morning, and followed his companion into the street, leaving Cesar Gum—who had wholly forgotten Jem's previous indignation at the peculated gunpowder—in astonishment at his rejected hospitality.

"We'll now go to Bow-street," said Capstick; and fast as they could walk, they took their way to that abode of justice. They arrived there only a few minutes before the arraignment of young St. Giles at the bar; where he stood, in his own conceit, a miniature Turpin.

"Where are the witnesses—who makes the charge?" There were no witnesses. Again and again his worship put the question. And then he said, "No one is here who knows anything of the matter. The prisoner must be discharged. Boy, don't let me see you here again." Young St. Giles put his thumb and finger to his hair, jerked a bow, and in a few moments was free—free as the air of Hog-lane.

Jem and Capstick followed him into the street. The muffin-maker seizing him, cried—"You little rascal! What do you say for your lucky escape?"

"Say!" answered young St. Giles—"Why, I know'd it was all gammon—I know'd they could prove nothin' agin me."

THE MEETING OF THE METALS.

The Spirits that o'er Earth's treasures reign
  Were met to hold high festival
On the birthday-night of Tubal-Cain,
  Within a hollow mountain's hall;
A crew of elfin dwarfs were they,
  Of aspect keen, and grave, and grim,
Shaggy and bearded, iron-grey,
  Stalwart and stiff, but small of limb;
Like patriarchs of an infant's span,
With all the force of full-grown man.

The Metal Kings the titles bore,
  Each of the realm he sway'd;
Like human Monarchs, every ore
  A sovereign Prince obeyed.
'Mid their wassail and feast their mirth increased,
  As when roysterers quaff the red wine to their fill;
And their laughter and shout were heard without,
  Like a murmur amid the hollow hill.

As thus the Kings their revels held,
Anon debate the hubbub swell'd;
Storm-like it rose, beginning small,
But growing till it shook the hall.
The question, Who for power, and might,
  And empire o'er the mortal race,
Should of precedence claim the right,
  And triumph in the highest place?

Among the lesser Powers began
  The bickering strife of wordy battle,
Like tongs and poker, pot and pan,
  They seem'd to jangle, clash, and brattle,
Together with a medley din
Clank'd Zinc and Copper, Lead and Tin.
  Agree between them could they not,
These wrangling, clattering, jarring metals,
Except to join in certain kettles,
  And form the pewter pot,
But Galvanism, from their contentions,
Will yet produce some strange inventions,
  And decompose what not?

Sharp words and gibes between them pass'd,
And many a mutual taunt was cast.
"Thou Slug!" to Lead cried Copper, "out
Upon thee for an old church-spout!"
"Small change!" Lead answer'd, "beggar's dole:
Thou purchase of a penny roll!"
"Truce to thy jeers!" return'd the elf,
"They are as heavy as thyself."
Antimony with scorn flung back
On Mercury the name of Quack,
When Arsenic said, "There's not a feather
To choose between ye;" and he swore
That each had kill'd some millions more
Than himself and his compounds put together.
Stern, calm, and silent, and serene,
Amid the vext contentious scene,
Sat Gold and Iron, mighty kings,
As though it were beneath their state
To bandy words and join debate
In petty brawl with meaner things,
Till Silver raised his voice at length,
And 'gan to boast him of his strength;
Him Iron, interposing, told
He was but vassal unto Gold,
Whilst both himself for liege must own,
Whose sword and spear won crown and throne.
The rival Monarch nought replied,
Save with a solemn smile of pride:
Then rose the Iron King, and stood
In act to make his title good:
The tempest suddenly was still
That shook, erewhile, the hollow hill.
His front like some swarth miner's show'd,
With ruddy fire his eyeballs glow'd,
Under their penthouse stern;
Beneath his robes of sanguine woof,
Scales, as of martial coat of proof,
Appear'd to flash and burn;
His sceptre, and his crown the same,
Shone, as with many-coloured flame.
Recount we now to mortal ears,
How thus the king bespoke his peers.

"I am the monarch of the mines,
I keep the treasure-key;
Without me not an ore that shines,
The light of day would see;

I fashion each unto its end,
I give it form and mould ;
To me, then, ye perforce must bend,
For all the pow'r you hold.

"I gave the builder's tools to man,
The hammer, axe, and plane ;
The mason's cunning else might plan
His master-work in vain :
Through me the ever-teeming earth
For harvest men prepare ;
What to the husbandman were worth
The plough without the share ?

"The lever, crank, and crane are mine,
The loom of giant might,
The wondrous engine, and the line,
O'er which it speeds like light.
Mine is the rod that from the tower,
Averts the levin brand ;
I, even I, the lightning's power,
Defy with this right hand.

"But that wherein I vaunt me most,
Is for my power to slay ;
Tis I who arm each rival host
To meet in deadly fray ;
'Tis I who drench the battle plain,
And spread the vulture's board,
Yes, wisely, for the club of *Cain*,
I gave mankind the *sword*.

"'Tis I who breathe the sulph'rous breath
That killeth from afar ;
Mine is the crushing globe of death,
The thunderbolt of war ;
The armaments that sweep the flood
Of Ocean's mighty sea,
Might ride at ease upon the blood
That hath been spilt by me.

"By me men live, by me they die,
O'er arts and arms I sway ;
Who dares my empire to deny ?
My title to gainsay ?
Wherefore to Iron ye the due
Of homage must accord,
And own yourselves my lieges true,
And me your king and lord."

He ceased ; and they with loud acclaim,
Thus sang in honour to his name :—

" Great for good is Iron ; still
Greater upon earth for ill.

He plougheth and he reapeth, buildeth up, and pulleth down,
Whose sceptre like his sceptre is ? whose crown is like his crown ?"

Uprose him then the monarch, Gold,
Of aspect passionless and sage,
Of parchment hue and marble mould,
Like to a man of wondrous age.
Save that his eye, so grey and bright,
Seem'd as a diamond for light,
An icicle for cold.
Thus contending for his own,
He claim'd the universal throne :—

" Sole and supreme, the Spirit-King, I reign o'er all mankind ;
Who rules the working hand, but he who sways the moving mind ?
The heart of Adam's earth-born race I govern and control,
Mine is the inner monarchy, the kingdom of the soul.

" For me, their master, mortals all, as bondsmen toil and slave,
For me the tiller ploughs the field, the mariner the wave ;
For me the builder rears the pile, a temple though it be ;
Aye, not a steeple points to heaven without the leave of me.

" Why delve they many a fathom deep, and pierce their mother earth ?
Why, but for me, the sum of all her countless treasures worth ?
It is by me they buy and sell whate'er is bought and sold,
The metal of all metals, and the prize of prizes, Gold.

" The arts of beauty and their works, what are they but my own ?
The canvas with its life-like hues, the all but breathing stone.
Would limner paint, or sculptor carve, without the golden fee ?
Man makes his graven images, in very truth, to me.

" Steel may the work of murder do ; 'tis I who whet the knife,
Gold prompts the felon, and impels the hero to the strife ;
The sword the blood of myriads on the battle-field may spill :
But the warrior cannot draw it to destroy, unless I will.

" War's instruments their thousands slay, their tens of thousands I ;
I but withhold my aid, and lo ! what famish'd wretches die !
Can ye count what hearts are broken, for my help who vainly crave,
And with what despairing suicides my want hath gorg'd the grave ?

" The scaffold is my altar, with its block and fatal tree ;
Thereon how many have laid down their lives for love of me !
Ne'er Moloch, in his palmy days, upon his burning throne,
Could gloat o'er human hecatombs more glorious than my own.

"The advocate with venal voice for right or wrong contends
For me; and for my sake the leech his healing balsam vends;
Nay, am I not the price of all that men most sacred hold?
For the priest himself his claspéd hands uplifts, and prays—for GOLD!"

Thus finish'd Gold. And thus the hall
Hail'd him Arch Demon over all:—

"Thou the seat of power hast won,
Thou our sovereign king shalt be;
Like to thee, great Gold, is none;
All the earth doth worship thee!"

THE LUXURY OF LIGHT.

THE WINDOW-TAX.

"And God said, Let there be light."

THE fields, the seas, the plains of the earth, have their sunrise and their bright day; the birds and the beasts at least have heaven's sunshine and heaven's breezes; but man may dwell in darkened chambers, sunless and airless, unless he have wherewith to purchase of his fellows one of God's free gifts to all.

The list of our taxes is a dismal one. Sidney Smith once managed to render the beadroll funny; managed to extract a faint smile from the tax-payer, even when reading over the catalogue of demands upon his pocket; such a ghastly grin as a joke of the comic hangman in Quentin Durward might have wrung from the wretch round whose neck he was adjusting the last twisted cravat. But in Sidney Smith's muster-roll of imposts, there was, if we remember right, no mention of the window-tax; there are some subjects that not even Momus could joke about; and we pay some taxes, the very names of which might well act as spells, to paralyse for ever the risible faculties of Joe Miller.

The window-tax, and the bread-tax!—the one a premium upon disease, the other a premium upon starvation—both attempts to wring out money, by making, or threatening to make partial, those blessings which, from their universal need, God intended to be universally enjoyed!

We pay many foully oppressive and partial taxes. The hard-

wrought tradesman dies, and leaves a well-earned pittance to his children—down comes the clutch of the law upon the little hoard—away goes legacy-duty, with its share of the plunder. The lordly aristocrat pays the debt of nature—one of those which even he must pay—but his broad acres, his wide domains, producing their tens of thousands of rent, and transferring to the lucky heir, body and soul-right over hundreds of tenantry and thousands of peasantry, pass down to him free and unpillaged, without even the forfeiture of a blade of grass or a twig of timber; the harpies of taxation keep obediently aloof. It is upon the poor that their masters chiefly hound them on.

Many imposts of the self-same kind, founded upon the self-same principle, are the people of this country saddled with. Many an aristocratic-constructed tax lies between the forest-laws and the corn-laws. The remnants of the one still imprison the starving poacher, to provide the materials for the wholesale slaughter of the *battue;* the others help to bring about that starvation and misery, which produce their results in crime, as they drew their origin from selfishness.

A worthy companion of the bread-tax is the window tax. Pale cheeks and sunken eyes, disease and feebleness, where there should be health and strength, are their blessed results. Both tax health and life, because both tax what health and life are supported by—food and air. Would it not be as well, perhaps much better, to do this directly—to construct a sliding-scale, and tax every man and woman in inverse ratio to their doctors' bills—to make them pay for ruddy cheeks and good digestion—to rate at a fixed price, to be paid into the Exchequer, the value of a good appetite at dinner-time, or a sound sleep at night. Of course, a cold or a cough, or a fit of biliousness would lower the rate in the scale, and when visited by the blessing of typhus, or small-pox, we might reasonably hope to live for a week or two, taxation free, or if not exactly to live in such a state of beatitude, at least to die in it.

Now all this sounds, perhaps, very absurdly. But reflect a moment—we are only unswathing the mummy—we are only exposing the dead flesh, round which the fine wrappings have been bound, and which take their shape from its shape. We are only proposing to arrive straight at a point, which we have already attained by a labyrinthine way, which has puzzled, perplexed, and deceived us. If we put taxes upon articles so immediately, so nearly connected with health, as plenty of good food and plenty of

good air, does not common sense tell us, that it is health which we are in reality taxing? The Jew was right—

> "You take my house, when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house—you take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live."

Air and light are the two wants which press most continually and urgently upon us. The lungs have not the endurance of the stomach; they must be for ever fed. Smelling and feeling are but secondary senses to the all-important one of seeing. This is beginning to be admitted. Parks and pleasure-grounds for the people are being formed in many of our largest towns; wide, open spaces, where "heaven's breath may smell wooingly;" where heaven's sunlight may play uninterrupted, except by the chequered shade of green dancing foliage. In London, too, this is the case. Until within these few years, nobody appeared to entertain the idea of an east-end park. Of course not. It was only the stately squares of the aristocratic west-end which needed at all be provided with such an appurtenance. The cellars and the garrets of Spitalfields and Bethnal-green were quite good enough for their occupants; but the boudoir and drawing-room population must not be stifled. Everything must be well aired in Mayfair; let everything rot in Rag-fair. And accordingly we had St. James's Park, with wood and water; Hyde Park, with its Rotten-row for horsemen, and its grand drive for carriages; and Kensington Gardens, like a Chapel of Ease to Hyde Park, full of flowers and verdure; and then there was the Green Park, with its gently undulating sward; and the Regent's Park, with its shrubberies and ornamental waters. But, for the east-end—for the vast swarm of thickly-clustered beings, lodged eastward of the Bank, thronging the pent-up alleys and smoky, dirty streets which stretch away from Bishopsgate-street and Shoreditch, in the direction of Mile-end, Blackwall, and Bethnal-green, what means of breathing fresh air—of enjoying a Sunday's walk—of seeing grass grow, or trees bud, had their rich west-end fellow-citizens ever thought of providing for them? But now happily means are on foot which will give at least one park to the humble democratic extremity of London. Might we not as well think of giving them air and light within doors, as well as without? Might not charity in this respect, as well as in many others, begin at home?—or, if not begin there, at least not finish abroad?

Are there any of our readers who are not familiar, either by description or observation, with a true London alley? If so, take this picture.

Imagine two lines of grimy, smoke-dried houses; the very bricks blackened and besmeared with soot and filth: imagine these towering upwards, story after story, until you can only distinguish between the projecting lines of tiles a thin stripe, a mere ribbon of sky. The pavement you tread on is slimy and unswept; fragments of garbage; morsels of the refuse of food; cabbage-stalks; potato parings; scraps of filthy rags are strewed about, or lying in an irregular line in the centre of the flagged way, indicating the course of the drain, which flows there towards the half-choked grating, when a shower falls, or the contents of a reeking pail of soap-suds are emptied before the door of the house in which they have been used. Look through the ground-floor windows, as you pass the half-darkened chambers, and see—perhaps through, wet clothes hung up in festoons to dry—cooking, such as it is; mangling; washing, conducted by slipshod drabs of women; while perhaps some handicraft is being pursued by a pale, unshaven man, in shirt-sleeves. Crowds of squalling, shrieking, ragged children, are tumbling everywhere about; lolling over the window-sills, clustered on the door-steps, or sprawling with dogs and cats in the centre of the narrow way. Look up: clothes-lines, laden with dangling, yellow, long-worn linen, stretch from window to window, their burdens gradually getting smoke-dried in the thick unwholesome air; the windows themselves, with the glass half-smashed, and the dirty dingy sashes stuffed with fusty clothes, old hats, long ago napless and worn out, and now performing their last service, in excluding the cold air from the dingy dwelling. Half-dressed slatternly women lean from these windows, shrilly laughing and talking, and screaming out warnings and reproaches to their children beneath; the fumes of coarse food cooking, of hot water and soap worked into tub-fulls of barmy lather, rise from story to story, while above, gusts of thick blackening smoke, pouring out in never-ending eddies from chimney-pots and whirling cans, come sweeping in whirlwinds down the court, pouring their "blacks" upon clothes, walls, windows, and dimming and thickening the whole murky atmosphere.

It is in places like these that thousands on thousands are every year born, every year live, and every year die. These are the plague-spots of great cities—these are the very courts and sanc-

tuary of fever—the native places of foul and loathsome pests which in the thick heats of the summer time walk abroad, smiting down youth and strength, and scarring, with furrowed traces, the once fair skin of the beauty, which they spare not. We know that in all great cities which have risen gradually and slowly, ere the principles of ventilation and drainage were attended to, there must exist narrow streets and unwholesome alleys like these. It is scarcely possible that without the recurrence of some such catastrophe as the fire of London, they could be altogether altered, and their bad qualities altogether remedied. But, for Godsake, let all be done that can be done. Let in as much light and air as you can; the builder has done mischief enough—let not the tax-gatherer be called in to do more. Better it would be to put premiums on windows in such situations than taxes. There are the poor herding together—sitting, sleeping, cooking, washing, in the same chambers. This is bad enough, even were windows and air-holes everything that could be desired. But are they so? Every aperture that can by possibility let in a ray of light upon the gloom of frowzy underground cellars and dingy blackened chambers, is construed into a window. Down comes the tax upon it; and by next quarter the hole is blocked up, and the inmates may grope and gasp as they best can.

We hardly know a more melancholy sight than a house with half its windows blocked up, to avoid the duty payable upon them. The mind flies from the out to the inside of such a dwelling—and a dreary picture it sees there. Rooms illuminated only by an eternal twilight, not bright in sunshine—dim when a summer cloud passes—dark from the morning to the evening of the cheerless winter day; then passages, like the passages from cell to cell in gaols, where you grope, and stumble, and feel your way; staircases where your only guides are the bannisters or the wall, and kitchens like the bottoms of mines. Outside the sensation is as dismal. You look upon the house deprived of half its windows as upon a one-eyed man. The thing is unnatural. There is no cheerfulness, no lightness of expression about it. The architect may have been skilful, and the form of the fabric may be graceful; but the skill has been thrown away—the grace lost. The tax-gatherer has overthrown the artist in the struggle.

Ask a Frenchman what he thinks of our cities. Ten to one the word "*triste*" will be in the reply; and, compared to continental towns, they are "*triste*." The very first thing which strikes an

Englishman as he puts his foot upon the soil beyond the Channel, is the light, gay, airy appearance of the town he is landing at. The houses seem all smiles, and affability, and cheerfulness—a curious contrast to the dull forbidding dwellings he has left. In a moment the cause of the difference flashes on him. The windows. —"Aha!" he exclaims, "as our ancestors of old believed that running waters could stop the pursuit of unholy things—demons and night-riding witches—so do the salt tides of the Channel stay the progress of unholy taxes: here there is no window duty!"

To Sir Francis Dashwood, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer about 1762, we owe the origin of the window-tax, at least in its present shape. Before that period, a house tax existed; the manner of reckoning it was then changed, and its amount based upon the number of windows contained in each dwelling. Dashwood was a poor weak creature, a nominee of Lord Bute's: Wilkes fell foul of him in the "North Briton," and Churchill lashed him in one of his vigorous satires. It is recorded, that after his window duty feat, the children in the street—no doubt incited and urged on by their seniors—called after him as he passed along, "There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer England has ever known." The asseveration might have been bold, but there was no more boldness in it than truth.

If Dashwood and George Grenville, however, originated the light and air tax, it was Pitt who, by his immense additions to the burden, rendered it the foully oppressive thing it now is. Sixteen shillings and sixpence per window was the amount of the duty which the heaven-born minister laid upon heaven-born light and air. Here was a proper retailing of sunbeams—a petty huckstering which intercepted the free gift of God, shown to be the most free, by being the most universal of his blessings—and dispensed it to the poor at the rate of sixteen and sixpence per windowful! Food does not everywhere grow in the same profusion; fertilising rain does not everywhere fall in the same warm plenty; nurturing and fostering heat does not everywhere put forth the same strength and regenerative power; but light is everywhere, —it clothes the world as with a garment—it flows from the grand centre of the universe to its uttermost limits—it is all-pervading, all-penetrating. Through the stained glass of the cathedral, through the loophole of the prison—through broad portals and through narrow chinks it makes its way, reviving all, cheering all, blessing all. Such is light, or rather such was intended to be

light. Man's legislation wars against God's designs. Man's contrivances mar God's gifts. Our firmament may be as the skies of Claude, but legislation says, our dwellings shall be as the interiors of Rembrandt!

Always, unless you pay!—pay for liberty of lungs and of eyes—pay for a chance of health and strength. If you are rich you can—if you are poor, typhus will prevent you from feeling the want of either light or air. You will need no windows in a coffin!

How one class of society can pay for a healthful sufficiency of air and light, and another cannot, is well exemplified in the cases of Bath and Birmingham. Bath is a city of the rich—Birmingham of the poor; the one a place of pleasure—the other of industry. Bath is not now, indeed, what once it was in those ceremonious days when Beau Nash ruled the roast. Other springs have proved successful rivals to those of Prince Bladud. But Bath is essentially a town built for the rich—with all the comforts and requirements which wealth can purchase. Birmingham was built, and is every day being extended, for the lodgement of those operative classes which form the very thews and sinews of our population. The inhabitants of the one number three times the amount of those of the other; the air of the great manufacturing town is loaded with the fumes and smoke of furnaces and factories—that of the fashionable watering-place is as pure as English air can be. Under a healthy state of things, the amount of light and ventilation requisite in Birmingham might naturally be supposed to be four or five times greater than that requisite for the smaller size and breezier position of Bath. We find, however, that while Bath contributed last year 22,408*l.* to the window-tax, Birmingham only paid 10,952*l.* This is an astounding result. A city three times the size of a town built for the accommodation of the rich, with thrice the number of inhabitants, and from the very nature of the employments carried on within it, with thrice the need for thorough ventilation, possesses not above one half of the amount of interior air and light enjoyed by the smaller town. The rich man can enjoy what air and light he finds necessary for health and comfort. The poor man cannot. Bath probably possesses the amount of interior ventilation and sunlight which every town ought to possess. Men, who can obtain what is necessary for the due enjoyment of life, generally do so. Tried then by this test—and it is a fair one—if Bath has only what it needs, how much less than it needs has Birmingham? How

much disease—how much discomfort—how much misery—ay, how much demoralisation, must be every year bred in its dark cellars and dingy smoky chambers! As Birmingham is, so is Manchester, so Liverpool, so Leeds, so Sheffield, so Glasgow, so every one of our great manufacturing towns. There, amid filth and misery, in darkened dwellings and putrid air, do thousands annually sink before the fever pest, bred of stagnant atmosphere and reeking vapours. Sad it is that in the registrar's tables of mortality, we must trace the legitimate effects of our legislation.

It is upon the poor that the burden of this bad tax, as those of so many other bad taxes, entirely falls. Because the magnates of the land can afford to pay proportionately more than the poor, our impartial rulers have called upon them to pay comparatively less. The compounding system was a grand discovery for millionaires—a fine loophole through which to shrink from bearing their share of the general load. There are houses, poor houses, of course, in the parishes of St. James's, St. Anne's, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, in London, rated at 16*l.* annual rent, and assessed in the sum of 4*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* for window duty! Others there are, the tenants of which pay 45*l.* to their landlord, and 17*l.* to the light tax. While—mark the fairness and impartiality of the arrangement—the mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, valued at an annual rental of 2500*l.*, pays 46*l.* of window duty; and that of the Duke of Wellington, worth an annual rent of 1850*l.*, contributes 33*l.*

Here is equality of taxation—here equal justice for the rich and the poor! But shall not such facts

"Plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against the deep damnation"

of such infamies as this tax, so foully wrong in principle, so impious in conception, so unequal and so partial in its pressure? A great effort will, we trust, be made to dash down this guilty thing for ever. Let the people look to themselves; let them put their own shoulders to the wheel; let the sufferers be their own avengers. God will help to right those who seek to right themselves. Let the motto of the agitation, we hope and trust beginning, be

"Let there be light!"

its end and result will be

"And there was light!"

In the name of common justice, and the name of common

humanity, for health and life, and against disease and death, will the struggle be urged! The poet has said, that sunbeams are the smiles of God. We have better hope that, as such, they will fall upon us, than our opponents.

A. B. R.

A LABOURER'S THOUGHTS ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

I.

MARY, I work'd beside a wood
On last St. Valentine's day,
And as I delved I saw two birds
Sit on a leafless spray.
And where they sat a golden patch
Of soft sunlight did shine,
They chirp'd and chirp'd as though they said
"Thou art my Valentine."

II.

And then I thought of thee, Mary,
In London's noise and moil—
My arms grew weary all at once
And would not let me toil.
I thought how you had pledged your troth,
And I had plighted mine.
And yet I could not say to thee,
"Thou art my Valentine."

III.

"Poor birds," I said, "in winter time
How hard has been your fare;
When frost had garner'd every grain,
And stripp'd the woodlands bare."
As scant a meal, as cold a home,
Dear Mary have been mine;
But tho' 'tis spring I *dare* not say
"Wilt be my Valentine?"

IV.

"E'er long," I said, "the buds will burst,
And deck the trees with green;
But still my cottage home must be
The ruin it has been."

And then I thought you once had said,
"If your home were but mine!"
Tho' loved so well I dared not say,
"Wilt be my Valentine?"

V.

I said, "Yon birds will build their nest,
And bless it with their young,
And tell each other all their joy,
Though with a wordless tongue;"
And then I thought how I could love
A face that *looked like thine!*
—I saw my rags, and dared not say,
"Wilt be my Valentine?"

VI.

"O happy birds," again I said,
"You 'll rear your little brood;
Your throbbing breasts will keep them warm!
Your toil *can* find them food."
And then I thought how I could moil,
Dear love, for thee and thine.
—The workhouse bell rang out, I groaned,
"I ask no Valentine!"

VII.

"God feeds the sparrow;" then I said,
"And am I not a man?
His Image—the immortal work
That crown'd creation's plan.
Am I forgotten on the earth
As tho' I were a clod?
No, I am a *man*—from *man* I claim
My heritage of God!"

VIII.

God bless thee, love! be patient still,
The hour will surely come,
When every labourer in the land
Shall own a *human* home.
When laws shall let us love—and live,
As nature did design;
So keep thou to thy plighted troth,
And I will hold to mine.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

BY P. G. PATMORE.

No. III.—HAZLITT WITH HIS FRIENDS.

CHARLES LAMB, COLERIDGE, NORTHCOTE, LEIGH HUNT, &c. &c.

I CAN call to mind only one person for whom Hazlitt seemed habitually to entertain a sentiment of personal kindness and esteem; and one only for whose intellectual powers he felt and uniformly expressed a general deference and respect. The first of these was Charles Lamb; the second was Coleridge.

Hazlitt went about (like Diogenes) looking, by the light of his acute and searching intellect, for a man made by nature in her happiest and simplest mould, and not afterwards marred and curtailed of his fair proportions, on the Procrustes bed of custom and society. He believed that there might be such a man, because he felt that he himself retained much of the character, though blended with more that deformed and defaced it. He sought such a man through the world—he sought him in books—he sought him in the ideal places of his own imagination; but he found him in Charles Lamb alone. He found there all his own exquisite sensibilities—all his own simplicity and sincerity of heart—his uncompromising directness and singleness of spirit—his large and liberal sympathies with his kind—together with all his own profound sagacity of intellect and boundless range of thought. He also found there *that* in the absence of which he would scarcely have persuaded himself to believe that the other qualities which he sought could exist; I mean, many of his own intellectual weaknesses and deficiencies; much of that restless and impatient yearning after good, which is the necessary consequence of perceiving without the power of compassing it; not a little of that wilful mistaking of good for evil, and of evil for good, which is the universal concomitant of such a condition of mind; and not a few of those *crotchets* of the brain and heart that were never yet absent from *such* a brain and heart when placed in the social circumstances

which had accompanied Lamb and Hazlitt through life. Hazlitt found all these in Charles Lamb; and he found them almost wholly uncontaminated by that "baser matter" with which he felt them to be so inextricably blended in his own character, and from which he had never found them dissevered in any other.

Moreover, from Lamb, and from Lamb alone, among all his friends and associates, Hazlitt had never received, or even suspected, any of those personal slights and marks of disrespect which he did not feel or fear the less because he was conscious of often deserving them—using the phrase in its ordinary and social acceptation. From Lamb alone, his errors, extravagancies, and inconsistencies, met with that wise and just consideration which his fine sense of the weakness no less than the strength of our human nature dictated. There was no one who spoke more *freely* of Hazlitt, whether behind his back or before his face, than Lamb did; but Lamb never spoke *disparagingly* of him. Lamb, in canvassing the faults of his character, never failed to bear in mind, and call to mind in others, the rare and admirable qualities by which they were accompanied, and with which, it may be, they were naturally and therefore inextricably linked.

No wonder then that Hazlitt felt towards Lamb a sentiment of personal kindness and esteem that was not extended, even in kind, to any other individual.*

There was but one house to which Hazlitt seemed to go, or to contemplate going (which with him answered almost the same purpose) with unalloyed pleasure; and that was Charles Lamb's. The only other houses to which he ever thought of going, after my acquaintance with him, were Mr. M——'s, in Bedford Square, Mr. H——'s, at Notting Hill, Mr. Northcote's, Mr. Leigh Hunt's, and my own. To the first of these he continued to go, partly on account of early associations, and in compliance with feelings which had been created by many acts of kindness. But he seemed to go in fear and trembling, and never without an even chance of coming away raging or sulking like a madman

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* I have sometimes felt that I might fairly extend this exception to myself. But I have as often been prevented from doing so by the consideration, that, in order to the existence of the sentiment in question, it was necessary, in this particular instance, that the party feeling it should entertain an admiration for the intellectual powers and pretensions of the object of it, little, if at all short, of that which was due to his own. And in my case there has ever been as little consciousness of these as there could be in the most indifferent observer.

or a wild beast. There was a new footman, perhaps, who, not knowing him, would leave him "kicking his heels" in the hall, while he went to ascertain whether so "strange" looking a person could be admissible to the drawing-room! And when anything of this sort happened, poor Hazlitt was upset for the evening; he was dumbfounded, and would sit sulking and scowling silently for a quarter of an hour or so, and then get up and go away, to vent his rage in the open air; or if he stayed, it was perhaps from sheer dread of having to repass the ordeal of the ceremonious bell-ringing and the supercilious lacquey, that preceded his exit.

In fact, Hazlitt never felt himself at ease for a moment, where the outward observances, proper to a certain class of life, were strictly maintained by those about him—much less when they were expected from himself. Not that he overlooked or desired to depreciate their value and convenience; on the contrary, they were perhaps never more justly, and therefore highly estimated. But it did not follow that he could himself conform to them; and the impossibility of his doing so was the very cause of the anger and uneasiness he felt whenever he found himself in the way of failing in it.

The origin of this incapacity, and of its sad results as regarded his personal comfort, would form a curious and interesting subject of inquiry, in connection with Hazlitt's intellectual character; and, in fathoming it, the most recondite features of that character would develope themselves. But I must not venture to open the inquiry here; I may, however, recur to it hereafter. At present I must only observe that none but the peculiar circumstances connected with his visits to the house in question, could have induced Hazlitt to overcome the extreme repugnance he felt at placing himself within the observation of *any* individuals, whether of the meanest or the most exalted class, who were likely to look upon and treat him according to his outward seeming. Nothing but the pleasure he took in looking at the "coronet face," (as he has called it) of Mrs. M——, and the Psyche-like form and features of her daughter, and listening to the accomplished talk of the one, and the quick wit and piquant malice of the other, could have induced Hazlitt to undergo the ordeal of being formally ushered into and out of a suite of spacious and well-appointed drawing-rooms, by a liveried lacquey, who was all the while (so at least Hazlitt persuaded himself)

"Wondering how the devil he got there."

There were other circumstances, too, which had, during the last three or four years of his life, prevented him from keeping up his former intercourse with the enlightened and accomplished family I have referred to above. He had, in his growing irritability, and the recklessness of consequences which attended it, and under the influence of those unworthy suspicions which always beset him when in that state of mind, committed some unpardonable outrages on one or more of the individual members of that family, in the form of offensive personal references to them in his writings; at the same time adding to the outrage by everywhere pointing it out to the attention of those who might otherwise have passed it over unnoticed; for his misdeeds of this kind were of so vague, and often so utterly inapplicable a character, that nothing but his own voluntary confession of them could have fixed them upon him. And this self-accusation he never failed to furnish, and often from pure regret and remorse at the outrage and injustice he had committed. But the effect of it was ruinous to him nevertheless, and had latterly cut him off from almost all social intercourse, but that which was indispensable to the supply of his daily wants.

It is due to Hazlitt's memory, that I here mention his repeated expressions of a regret, almost amounting to remorse, at one in particular of those insane outrages which he had in a moment of ungovernable anger been induced to commit, on the chief member of the family I have now referred to; a man to whom he was indebted for many acts of substantial kindness and service, and (what Hazlitt was still more grateful for) that uniform evidence of personal esteem and consideration, which showed itself in outward civility and respect.

To Mr. H—— 's, at Notting Hill, Hazlitt was now and then attracted by the cordial welcome he was sure to receive there, not merely from the "*one* fair daughter" of the worthy host, but from the half dozen, who were just sufficiently tinged with the literary hue to be aware of his pretensions. But an expedition of this kind was always a service of danger with Hazlitt; and he knew it to be so, and shrunk from it accordingly: for such was his John Buncle-like susceptibility, touching the merits and virtues of any unmarried lady between the ages of fifteen and fifty, who might chance to smile upon him, that even while despairing over the loss of one idol, he was always prepared, at a moment's notice, to cast himself at the feet of another.

To Mr. Northcote's, Hazlitt went frequently, and stayed long; at

one time more frequently and longer, than to any other place. But his visits there were in some sort professional: and whatever he did with a view to business, or to any after consideration whatsoever—anything which did not immediately arise out of the impulse directing it—he did reluctantly and with an ill grace. I have several times been present when Hazlitt has been at Northcote's, and has taken part in those admirable Conversations with the venerable artist, in which he (Hazlitt) professed that he used to take such delight. But I never saw him for a moment at ease there, or anything like himself—that self which he was when sitting in his favourite corner at the Southampton, or by Lamb's or my fireside, or (above all) his own. I do not mean to say, that in what he has written on this subject he has in the smallest degree exaggerated his impressions of the intellectual qualities of Northcote, or the charm of his conversation. But these were not the things on which Hazlitt's personal ease and comfort depended in his intercourse with others. There were points in Northcote's character, for which Hazlitt felt the greatest dislike. But what was of much more consequence to the mutual comfort of their intercourse, he knew perfectly well that Northcote often dreaded, and therefore hated him, and, when this feeling was acting, only tolerated his presence, and talked to him the more entertainingly, on that very account. I speak of the period subsequent to Hazlitt's occasional publication, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of portions of his Conversations with Northcote, under the title of "Boswell Redivivus."

As Hazlitt himself has disclosed (rather, I imagine, in a spirit of literary mystification, than of that candour which usually characterised him in such matters,) the fact that his published "Conversations" with Northcote, are by no means to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, as regards the precise portions attributed to the speakers respectively, there can be no impropriety in stating my belief, that very little dependence is to be placed on them in this particular, and that Hazlitt often put his own opinions and personal feelings of *living persons* into the mouth of Northcote—and *vice versâ*. Sometimes this was done consciously and purposely, sometimes not; often merely to give spirit and verisimilitude to the dialogue — not seldom to vent a little *malice prepense*, under a guise that would give it double pungency and force. I do not believe this was ever done with a view to escape the odium and reprisals which a system of literary personality is

sure to engender; for Hazlitt never put the slightest curb upon his inclinations in this particular. But the thing was done; and it got Northcote into some very awkward scrapes, and made him dread a hundred for every one that it drew upon him.

It must not be concealed, too, that Northcote's own irrepressible propensity to speak unpalatable truths of his acquaintance and friends, led to consequences which he must have fully foreseen, but which (inconsistently enough) he had not the firmness either to avoid or to bear. It was his *forte* to say bitter and cutting things of every one—friend, foe, or stranger—who came under his notice in the course of conversation; he knew perfectly well that Hazlitt listened to his talk with the view of giving portions of it to the public; he knew equally well that Hazlitt was wholly without scruple as to what he might put forth, provided it were either characteristic of the speaker, or true of the person spoken of, and that the parts most personally offensive would be those most acceptable to the public. All this he knew perfectly well, and yet he gave Hazlitt full permission to make any use he pleased of what might have passed between them in these desultory conversations,—with the *sole* restriction that he was to exercise his own judgment as to omitting anything which might get him (Northcote) into disgrace with his personal friends! As if he did not know that this was no effectual restriction at all, and that even if it would have been such to any other man, it was none to Hazlitt, in a case of this nature.

The fact is, that when any one taxed Hazlitt with too freely printing the truth about his personal friends, his unanswerable reply was, "It is my bread; I got five guineas for that article. Would the person of whom I have told the truths which made it worth that sum, have given five shillings to keep me from starving?"

I am afraid the only question asked even by the most candid reader of this confession will be—Has any man *a right* so to employ his pen? I think he has—always provided what he tells *be* the truth, or he believe it to be such—which was always the case with Hazlitt. But that the exercise of such a right is little short of an act of insanity, might be shown by Hazlitt's case alone; for it kept him during his whole life without a single friend,—in the sense of that term which implies *mutual* feelings of kindness and affection. But he spared himself quite as little as he spared others: and he felt and bore the fatal consequences.

The fact is, that Northcote chuckled over the deadly wounds

he thus inflicted by the hands of another; and when the ill consequences of them threatened to come home to himself, he got out of the scrape in the best way he could, never scrupling to offer up his instrument as a sacrifice, if that would serve—and then, if necessary, reconciling the matter to *him* as he had done to the other suffering parties.

I remember a curious example of all that I have now stated. In one of the chapters of "Boswell Redivivus," there are some passages relating to the celebrated dissenting clergyman, Mr. Mudge, one of the great ornaments of Sir Joshua Reynolds's coterie, which show him in a light anything but favourable. They give him ample credit for his great talents and learning, but put his sincerity and consistency, as a teacher of religion, in a very questionable point of view, and relate personal anecdotes of him that are anything but creditable to him. Now that Hazlitt, in setting down these passages, did anything else but repeat what Northcote had told him, nobody will doubt who is acquainted with his excellent memory and his mental habits. It is equally certain that the facts, if such they be, (of which I am wholly uninformed,) related by Northcote of Dr. Mudge's private life and habits were highly worthy of being placed on record, as matters of literary history in its most interesting feature—that of the private and personal character of celebrated literary men. But the crime in Northcote's eyes was, not to have known what Hazlitt, so far from being bound to know, could not possibly be acquainted with except through the direct information of Northcote himself—namely, that he (Northcote) had particular and personal reasons for desiring not to be referred to as the expositor of obnoxious truths which, but for him, might have remained unknown or forgotten.

The effect of this exposure would have amounted to the ludicrous, had it not shown itself in a manner so deeply and fearfully painful to the feelings of Northcote—so much so, as literally to have endangered his life at the moment. I remember calling on him a few days after the appearance, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, of the paper in question—No. VI. of the Series. He knew that I was in the frequent habit of seeing Hazlitt, and the moment I entered his room (he was not, as usual, in his painting room, but had retreated into the little inner room that adjoined it, as if in dread of the consequences of his late escapade) I perceived that something serious was the matter. "I am very ill indeed," said

he, in reply to my inquiry as to his health. "I did not think I should have lived. That horrid man has nearly killed me."

I inquired what he meant.

"Why, that diabolical Hazlitt. Have you seen what monstrous lies he has been telling about me in his cursed 'Boswell Redivivus?' I have been nearly dead ever since the paper appeared. Why, the man is a demon—nothing human was ever so wicked! Do you see the dreadful hobble he has got me into with the Mudges?—not that I said what he has put down about Mudge. *But even if I had*, who could have supposed that any one in a human form would have come here to worm himself into my confidence, and get me to talk as if I had been merely thinking aloud, and then go and publish it all to the world! Why, they will think we *go snacks* in the paltry profits of his treachery! It will kill me. What am I to do about it? I would give a hundred pounds to have the paper cancelled. But that would do no good now. It has gone all over the world. I have never had a moment's rest since it appeared. I sent to Mr. Colburn to come to me about it; but he took no notice of my message; so I went over to him. But they wouldn't let me see him; and all I could get out of his people was that they would tell him what I said. I told them to tell him it would be the death of me. But Campbell* has been a little more civil. I wrote him a letter about it—*such* a letter!—I'll show it to you. And he has replied very handsomely, and seems to be *touched* by my situation. At any rate, I have put a spoke in the wheel of that diabolical wretch, Hazlitt."

And then he showed me a copy of his letter to Campbell, and the reply. I think I never read anything more striking in its way than his letter to Campbell. Though brief, it was a consummate composition—pathetic even to the excitement of tears—painting the dreadful state of his mind under the blow which the (alleged) *treachery* of Hazlitt had given to it, and treating the thing as a deliberate attempt to "bring his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave!" I particularly remember that these very words were used in it. The whole tendency of the letter was to create an inference in Campbell's mind that the thing had come upon him like a thunder-clap, and that, even in relation to those parts of the Conversations that were truly reported (which he denied to be the case in the point in question), he was the most betrayed and ill-used person in the world!

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* Who was then Editor of the Magazine.

And all this was in the face of the fact that the paper of which he complained was the *sixth* of a series that had appeared in the (then) most popular periodical of the day—that they had appeared there with his full consent and knowledge—that he had, since the commencement of them, been in the almost daily habit of being complimented on the conspicuous figure he was cutting in his new character of the best converser of his day—and that a considerable portion of what had appeared of the "Boswell Redivivus" up to that time had consisted (on Northcote's part, at least) of depreciating estimates of many of the most conspicuous *living* writers, artists, &c. !

It is with reference to these facts that I have referred to the state of Northcote's feelings on this unlooked-for exposure of certain truths which he did not wish to be known as the author of, as almost "ludicrous:" for the astonishing force and pungency of the *unpalatable* truths that he put forth about every living individual who was the subject of his conversation, and the double edge and effect that was given to them by the exquisitely simple and *naïve* manner in which he said them, was the great merit and attraction of his talk. And he knew all this better than anybody could tell him, and evidently prided himself upon it.

Campbell's reply to Northcote was, I remember, in a tone precisely correspondent with his own. He declared his unmitigated horror at the outrage that had been committed on Northcote's feelings; absolved himself from all participation in it, by stating that he had not seen a line of the paper till it appeared in print, having been absent on other business; and declared that, "during *his* management of the Magazine, the diabolical Hazlitt should never write another line in its pages." These, I think, were his very words.

"And so," said Northcote, when I had read Campbell's reply —"and so I am to be assassinated, a worthy family is to be outraged in their dearest feelings, and a whole neighbourhood thrown into consternation, because he (Campbell) chooses to neglect his duties, or depute somebody else to do them who is incompetent to the task!"

Nothing could be more characteristic than this effusion, in reference to a letter which had all the appearance of being written under feelings of the most poignant and sincere regret at the occasion to which it referred. But all Northcote chose to see in it was the fact that somebody else was in fault as well as the

original culprit. For, as to he himself having any hand in it (at least in an objectionable point of view), this seemed never to enter his thoughts. He sowed the seeds of the most bitter personal truths, in the most fertile soil for their growth and propagation—namely, the current "table-talk" of the hour—and then was lost in wonder and dismay at finding one of them bear the unexpected fruit of a personal inconvenience to himself.

The sequel of the history of these Conversations includes the most characteristic point of all. Not very long after the incident I have referred to above, the said Conversations were published in a separate volume, with large and valuable additions from the same source, and obtained through the same means and agent; and this with the full knowledge and tacit consent of Northcote himself, and with all their obnoxious truths upon their head,—excepting of course those in which Northcote's own personal connections were implicated.

Hazlitt's mode of turning Northcote's conversation to a *business* account, while the "Boswell Redivivus" was appearing in the *New Monthly Magazine*, was sufficiently curious and characteristic. He used it more as a stimulus to his own powers than in any other character, at least as related to opinions and sentiments; for, in reporting the curious facts and personal anecdotes related to him by Northcote, he was scrupulously correct, even to a literal setting down of his very words. When the time was at hand for preparing a number of the Papers, he used to say, "Have you seen Northcote lately? Is he in talking cue? for I must go in a day or two, and get an article out of him." And, if you happened to meet him anywhere on the evening of the day on which he had paid one of these visits of business, he was sure to be unusually entertaining. He would relate every word that had passed on any noticeable topic; and almost any topic, however dry, or common-place, or exhausted, was sure to furnish forth something novel and curious when he and Northcote got together.

The simple truth on this matter is, that it was the astonishing acuteness and sagacity of *Hazlitt's* remarks that called into active being, if they did not actually create, nine-tenths of what was noticeable in Northcote's conversation. Almost everything that he said in the way of critical opinion, on any topic that might be in question, was at least *suggested* by something which Hazlitt would either drop in furtively as the point arose, with a humble and deprecatory "But don't you think, sir?" or it was super-

added to some inconsequent or questionable observation of Northcote's, with an assenting "Yes, sir; and perhaps—" adding the true statement of the case, whatever it might be. And with these intellectual promptings, the truth and acuteness of which Northcote perceived and caught up immediately, he would go on talking "like a book" (as Hazlitt used to describe it), for half an hour together; and Hazlitt would sit listening in silent admiration, like a loving pupil to the precepts of his revered master—he, the pupil, being all the while capable of teaching or confounding the master on almost every point of inquiry that could by possibility come into discussion between them.

The overstrained admiration which Hazlitt felt and expressed for the conversational powers of Northcote, has always seemed to me one of the most curious points in the personal history of distinguished men; and I could never satisfactorily account for it, until now that I have set myself to recollect in detail the peculiar circumstances under which the conversations between these two remarkable men took place. But now I seem to see the explanation of it very clearly. Northcote, by having preserved his intellectual faculties in all their freshness up to the very great age at which Hazlitt first became acquainted with him, and those faculties having always included an unusual justness of tact in observing the ordinary circumstances to which the daily occurrences of life directed them, had acquired a vast superiority over Hazlitt in his actual personal knowledge of society, and its visible and superficial results on individual men. He had also an inexhaustible fund of curious facts stored in his memory, in relation to a great number of persons about whom Hazlitt felt a degree of interest and curiosity which he was wholly incapable of entertaining towards *living* persons, however distinguished. About Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua, Burke, Goldsmith, and the whole of that coterie of extraordinary men of the last age, Northcote had things to tell that would have furnished forth half a dozen "Boswells Redivivus," in a much more apt sense of the phrase than that in which Hazlitt used it; and he told them with a degree of tact, spirit, and dramatic effect, that has never been surpassed, if equalled, in any published detail of these true gems of literary and personal history.

It was this which first attracted Hazlitt's attention towards Northcote, and excited that interest in everything he said, which Hazlitt never felt towards any other individual. He looked upon Northcote as a connecting link—the only existing one that he

knew of—between the last age and the present, and attached to him a portion of that (so to speak) traditional respect and deference which he never could persuade himself to feel for any contemporary, however distinguished, or withhold from any whose posterity had agreed to award it to them.

Another house to which Hazlitt sometimes went, but with a degree of reluctance for which it would be difficult to account, considering the partiality and personal interest which attracted him there,—was that of Mr. Leigh Hunt. And these opposing influences (whatever they were) were so nearly balanced, that I have often known him "of twenty minds," as the phrase is, whether he would go or not, for hours together, and not able to settle the question at last, until it was settled by the acquiescence or refusal of somebody else to go with him. This *vis inertiæ* was so strong in Hazlitt that, frequently, nothing but the actual and near prospect of absolute destitution could induce him to set about writing,—except in the case of his having some subject in his head on which he desired to write, for the mere pleasure of expressing his sentiments and opinions on it: for in all other cases the excitement derived from the mere distinction and profit of his writings was fully counterbalanced by the habitually contemplative turn of his mind, as opposed to its *active* qualities, and by his utter indifference to popular opinion or applause, except in so far as he felt these to be important to his immediate success as a writer by profession. No wonder then that the quality of mind I am alluding to should overcome the impulses of a mere passing inclination or a pleasant association.

There was no man of whose social qualities Hazlitt thought so highly as he did of Leigh Hunt's; and no one with whom he had connected more pleasant associations, arising out of the early and happier part of his intellectual life. In fact, there was no man to whom Hazlitt felt himself more *attracted*, actively speaking, than towards Leigh Hunt,—no one in whose society he enjoyed more of the double pleasure arising from receiving and communicating intellectual excitement. Yet the impulse to seek that pleasure where alone it was to be found in the instance in question, was never strong enough to overcome the negative disposition to stay where he was, wherever that might be, added to the mere imagination of the repelling force that might possibly have met him in the quarter whence the attractive one was also acting.

The truth I believe to be, that Hazlitt literally never quitted the chair on which he placed himself when he rose in the morning, and, but for the absolute necessity of providing for the physical wants of his nature by his own exertions, never *would* have quitted it, in search of any social intercourse or excitement whatever, unless moved to do so by some inducement in which *female* attraction had a chief share. When alone with his own thoughts —and I judge from having repeatedly and purposely suffered him to remain alone with them for hours together, when I have been sitting with him after some long and exciting batch of talk—when thus alone, I say, he would sometimes subside into so entire a self-absorption—so utter an abstraction from all but his own thoughts—or more probably into that vague, dreamy, and mysterious state of intellectual existence, half repose, half enjoyment, which follows high intellectual excitement of any kind in which the pleasurable has predominated—a calm, so pure and serene, that it seemed like a sin to recall him from it to that actual reality which had, for him, so little to compensate for the change.

The only other house Hazlitt's visits to which I can speak of from actual observation, was my own; and to that, if I am entitled to judge at all, and may be supposed to have the materials for judging in an uninterrupted intercourse of fourteen years, I should say that he came in less fear of having to regret that he had come (for he never went anywhere without *some* fear of this kind), staid with more unmingled comfort and satisfaction, and went away in a better humour with himself and the world, than he did in any other case whatever. And the reasons for this were simple and obvious, and of such a nature that they may be stated without the risk of their being supposed to include any invidious comparisons as to the feelings and conduct of other people in their intercourse with this extraordinary man—who assuredly brought upon himself all the ills that he was compelled to endure in his intercourse with others, and perhaps (in the ordinary sense of the word) *deserved* them all. That I, and those belonging to me, did not think so—in other words, that we honoured, admired, and loved the nobler and finer parts of his character, and therefore could not hate or despise the weaker ones with which they were inextricably mingled—affords the simple explanation of the fact I have stated, if I may believe it to be one. We saw in William Hazlitt as noble a nature as any with which even books had made us acquainted, and of which, in actual experience, we

saw few if any other examples. And because the beautiful qualities of his mind and heart (which we saw nowhere else) were allied with a few of those deteriorating and debasing weaknesses which constitute the sum and substance of most *other* hearts and minds, we saw the owners of these latter think, and speak of, and treat him, as if *he* were of unmixed baseness, and *they* were immaculate! Because, when angered in his personal feelings, or outraged in his sense of right and justice, he spoke, or wrote, or acted under the honest, because natural impulse thus created, instead of cunningly waiting till his actual feelings were cooled or passed away, and his sense of personal wrong forgotten, and *then* speaking, or writing, or acting, so as to reconcile a rankling desire for petty personal revenge, with a due consideration for worldly interests, as is the wont of nine-tenths of the world;—because of *this*, we heard him spoken of, and saw him treated, as one not fit to form a part of human society. Because, with a finer sense of the graces and elegancies of personal manner and appearance, and a juster estimation of the virtue and value of these, than perhaps any other man living, and a knowledge of their causes, sources, and results, that would have put to shame the tact and teaching of the most accomplished of May Fair Exclusives, he was, in his own person, awkward, embarrassed, and strange, to a degree that, if represented on the stage, would have been deemed a clever caricature of those qualities—because of these deficiencies (which arose in a great measure from his exquisite sense of their opposites, and the high but just value which he placed on them in a social point of view), we saw him treated as a low-bred, vulgar cockney, or a savage and saturnine recluse. Because he was (with perhaps no exception whatever, among men of first-rate talent at the time I speak of) the only man who dared to hold by and express in plain and uncompromising terms those political sentiments and opinions which, at the early part of the first French Revolution, he had adopted in common with almost all the intellectual men of the day—his friends, teachers, and seniors—the Wordsworths, Coleridges, Southeys, &c.; because, holding by these opinions to the last, in spite of their ill success and the politic putting of them off by those who helped to instil them into him, he dared to express them in terms, if stronger, not more violent than those in which *half the world express them now that they can keep each other in countenance;* because of this, we saw him put out of the pale of critical and

social courtesy, denounced as an outlaw, not entitled to the usages of civilised warfare, and only to be hunted down as a savage or a wild beast.

In pursuance of this latter plan, for instance, precisely *because* he was the most original thinker of his day, we heard him held up as a mere waiter upon the intellectual wealth of his literary acquaintance—a mere sucker of the brains of Charles Lamb and Coleridge. Precisely *because* his face was as pale and clear as marble, we saw him pointed at as the "pimpled Hazlitt." Precisely *because* he never tasted anything but water, we saw him held up as an habitual gin-drinker and a sot!

Not to multiply instances of this treatment of Hazlitt, we saw further, what is perhaps more to the point than all else,—that these things, instead of passing by him unregarded or unnoticed (as they would have done by many), were daily and hourly acting with the most deadly effect, not merely on his feelings and habits, but on his personal character, half making him the monster that they represented him.

We saw these things in regard to Hazlitt; we saw and felt the miserable mischiefs they were working in his mind and temper—the intellectual martyrdom he was suffering from them, but with anything but a martyr's patience; and we sought, not to compensate him for the injustice he was receiving elsewhere, but merely to avoid adding to the weight of that injustice, by uniformly treating him in a manner to make it impossible for him to even suspect that our feelings in regard to him were in the smallest degree affected by the treatment he was constantly receiving in certain quarters.

Not indeed that he feared any such effect among the *male* literary friends with whom he associated; nor would he have cared much, even had he seen cause for such fear among *them*. But he scarcely believed it possible that women could fail to be influenced by the purely personal attacks that were made on him. And the consequence was, that for days, and even weeks after the appearance of any of these pretended criticisms on the writings that he was so frequently putting forth at the time I speak of, he scarcely dared to go near any one of even his most favourite resorts, lest he should see, or fancy that he saw, *Quarterly Review*, or *Blackwood's Magazine*, written on the very face on which he went to gaze in silent or in eloquent admiration.

Nay, he carried his dread of the supposed personal and private

results of these attacks to a pitch that, while it lasted, amounted to a sort of monomania,—many of the effects of which would have been perfectly ludicrous, had they not been so painfully the opposite to the object of them. For instance,—during the first week or fortnight after the appearance of (suppose) one of Blackwood's articles about him, if he entered a coffee-house where he was known, to get his dinner, it was impossible (he thought) that the waiters could be doing anything else all the time he was there, but pointing him out to the other guests as "the gentleman who was so abused last month in *Blackwood's Magazine*." If he knocked at the door of a friend, the look and reply of the servant (whatever they might be), made it evident to him that he or she had been reading *Blackwood's Magazine* before the family were up in the morning! If he had occasion to call at any of the publishers for whom he might be writing at the time, the case was still worse,—inasmuch as there his bread was at stake, as well as that personal civility which he valued no less. Mr. Colburn would be "not within," as a matter of course; for his clerks even to ascertain his pleasure on that point beforehand would be wholly superfluous: had they not all chuckled over the article at their tea the evening before? Even the instinct of the shop-boys would catch the cue from the significant looks of those above them, and refuse to take his name to Mr. ——. They would "believe he was gone to dinner." He could not, they thought, want to have anything to say to a person who, as it were, went about with a sheet of *Blackwood's* pinned to his tail, like a dish-clout!

Then at home at his lodgings, if the servant who waited upon him did not answer his bell the first time—ah! 'twas clear—she had read *Blackwood's*, or heard talk of it at the bar of the public-house when she went for the beer! Did the landlady send up his bill a day earlier than usual, or ask for payment of it less civilly than was her custom—how could he wonder at it? It was *Blackwood's* doing. But if she gave him notice to quit (on the score, perhaps, of his inordinately late hours,) he was a lost man! —for would anybody take him in after having read *Blackwood's?* Even the strangers that he met in the street seemed to look at him askance, "with jealous leer malign," as if they knew him by intuition for a man on whom was set the double seal of public and private infamy; the doomed and denounced of—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

This may seem like exaggeration. But I assure the reader

that it falls as far short of the truth as it may seem to go beyond it,—that not one of the cases to which I have alluded above but has been in substance detailed to me by Hazlitt himself as a simple matter-of-fact result of the attacks in question; and that I could have multiplied the instances tenfold, and filled a score of pages with the self-tormenting subtleties of reasoning by which Hazlitt made it manifest, to himself at least, and not seldom to other people, that it not only was so, but naturally and necessarily must be so.

THE GENII OF STEAM, AND THE GREAT BRITAIN STEAM-SHIP.

At length the last group of visitors departed. With deep interest had I for some time marked the variety of modes in which the wonder and admiration of the spectators were expressed, and found my own sense of the magnitude of the work grow more and more elevated as I did so. But the trampling of the multitudinous feet ceased. A deep silence fell upon the mighty ship: a silence that seemed in strange harmony with the twilight that was fast settling over the river. I looked around—the business of the day appeared everywhere subsiding into the same solemn repose; which was made only more evident by the bustling transit of an occasional steamer, with its long line of figures huddled together on the nearest side of the vessel, all evidently gazing upward in astonishment at the enormous bulk of the new steamship. Again I looked. The thick forest of masts extended far away; and, as gradually sound after sound from its depths died off into the distance, the fancy irresistibly possessed me, that I listened to the hushing of congregated nations assembled, as in the olden time, to receive a ruler over them, and anxiously waiting to hear the first words that might issue from his lips.

Twilight deepened into night. The scattered lights of the banks were reflected in long lines of radiance upon the black marble floor of the river, when a boat, noiselessly as death, glided across the water. She passed over one of the reflected streams of light, but dimmed it not—boat and crew seemed but as a transparent film over it, to which some strange accident had given form and move-

ment. Round and round the steam-ship they moved, in inexplicable silence. And now, hailing no one—seeking assistance from no one—they ascended the vessel's side.

They spake, and of themselves. And then as I gazed on the many forms that moved about the deck, I knew that I stood in the presence of the Marquess of Worcester, James Watt, and Robert Fulton. With deep awe and reverence I listened, In all the speakers personal consciousness seemed merged into some higher and absorbing sentiment, that admitted of none of the ordinary weaknesses of humanity. They spoke of themselves as they would have spoken of others, and as though they were in the presence of *that* which made each feel himself nothing.

The voice of the Marquess seemed low and melancholy, and breathed as by an effort, though, ever and anon, bursting out in sudden gusts of earnestness. In his thoughts he seemed to pass on by great leaps from point to point—bounding over the intervening chasms of knowledge, as though he had fathomed and therefore understood them himself, and knew not or heeded not whether others were in the same position. For an instant his words became more than usually connected and intelligible to me.

"Thought sees—prophesies—creates. When at Vauxhall, with eight inches of iron pipe, and a cannon for my boiler, I raised water at pleasure to the height of forty feet, this engine beneath our feet was in effect made. When the Spaniard Garay, in 1543, in the port of Barcelona, put his cauldron of boiling water in the centre of a vessel, and a pair of moveable wheels to the sides, and the whole moved forwards, this monster ship was born. It is but the story of the Infant and the Man. And as is the atmosphere, so is the growth. My brother nobles of the court of the second Charles smiled when I proposed to sail against wind and tide,—laughed out when I undertook, without horses, to cause vehicles to be drawn on our roads, and ploughs through our fields, —became perfectly ungovernable in their mirth when I invited them to witness for themselves the small engine by which I was prepared to show how all might be accomplished. But I cared little for their contempt or approbation. Other thoughts had to be pursued and won. My 'Century of Inventions' records no dreams. The world may find its language difficult—may have to re-invent my inventions: well,—it was its own hand that closed the mouth of the interpreter."

The voice of the second speaker—Watt—impressed at once the

feeling of his intellectual majesty; and, as the weighty measured tones swelled upon the air, they seemed to be caught up and repeated on all sides, as though glad messengers waited to bear them to distant lands:—

"It is indeed strictly true, that every genuinely original thought has the inherent power of realising what it suggests. It may spring up in this place, or in that age, and appear to die where and when it sprang; but, assuredly, if it be wanted in the world, Nature will cause it to reappear again and again, till taken firm possession of, cherished, and added to the common stock. *Your* engine neglected,—revived, with improvements, in Savery's; and was put in practical operation. His, used but to a very limited extent, passed into a higher state of skill and efficiency in Newcomen's; which, (still in use, notwithstanding the extraordinary improvements since made), became a landmark. Men might go forward from it to seek new discoveries; but there was no longer any danger of their dropping back behind it. And thus I found the steam-engine: a gigantic drawer of water—no more.

"I had often in boyhood turned over the pages of your 'Century of Inventions' with a feeling akin to that with which I had read of the doings of the wizards and genii of an olden time. But it was not *thus* the thought of your mind advanced to fruition in mine. The instruction came more freshly from nature. I found myself, one afternoon—by what trains of reflection suggested I know not—watching intently the steam that issued from the tea-kettle on the fire-side. How powerful the jet seemed to be! I took off the lid, and the steam, becoming more diffused, passed off as a scarcely noticeable vapour. I looked on the inside of the lid, and there were drops of water,—the steam condensed—harmless—returned to its original state. My poor aunt!—I remember as she saw me thus absorbed, she complained of my idleness,—little dreaming that I was at that moment building steam-engines, and establishing manufactories in every town of England, and for every imaginable purpose. As I gazed, that curling vapour seemed to form itself into fingers, capable of rivalling in delicacy of operation those of the human hand, possessing at the same time a strength that might laugh to scorn all efforts to test its limits. The *Thought* was upon me; and, little as I or others suspected it, influenced from that time all my other thoughts, until it had wrought me, time, and circumstance, to its purposes. And, looking back, I see how all things, however remote they appeared

from the end, really tended to the attainment of that end. The steam-engine in a rude state was invented, and its capacities were in proportion to its rudeness. There was wanted the power of re-inventing as it were every detail, and giving the resulting engine to man as his chiefest helpmate. It was therefore necessary to come to the task prepared on all sides : familiar alike with the abstrusest truths of mathematical science, and with the most trivial wants of society ; with all the lore of past philosophy, rich beyond measure in what is to the world now but as "unsunned gold ;" and with all the routine of existing trading and commercial life. It was necessary that every quality of the mind, even the most opposite, should be in the highest state of discipline ; that the imagination should be able constantly to start forth into, in order to explore, the regions of the unknown but the possible, wherever experience failed ; and that whatever might be thus seen, might be also permanently realised, by the labours of an invincibly patient industry. It was also necessary that the hand should be able to execute with readiness whatever the mind might project. Finally, it was necessary that failure itself should have tasked a thousand times the temper and the fortitude, in order to raise both to the elevation of success. So I became a poet, though no verse writer, —one to whom the wild flowers of every field, the phenomena of every sky, were sources of endless delight and instruction. I studied the sciences of plants, metals, and the earth, in my walks. I became a chemist ; when confined by ill-health at home I endeavoured to compass my own cure by an acquaintance with the laws of physic and surgery. It was with an almost terrible delight I once obtained the head of a child that had died from some unknown disease, and hurried off with it to my room for dissection. I became an instrument-maker, and thus obtained the manual skill which was subsequently of such good service. I was then sixteen.

"There were two circumstances that pressed upon, and kept me down : want of money—want of time. To obtain the first, I made some of the toys with which philosophy occasionally loves to sport, and sold them to the Glasgow students at the college gate ; to obtain the second, there was no resource but that of adding the night to the day. Was there a book in a foreign language that I wanted to read ? I learned that language. Did I perceive any marked deficiency in my powers ? I took care to remove it if possible ; or, at all events, discover its extent and character. Thus in music,

finding I hardly knew one note from another, I built an organ, and investigated, with some success, the theory of musical sounds.

"I was thus preparing, and prepared, when a small model of Newcomen's steam-engine was put before me for repair. From the examination of that engine, I rose with the consciousness of the possession of the power, that the Grecian had vainly imagined; I saw the steam engine *would move the world*. You have here one of the results, in this gigantic system of boilers, and pistons, and wheels, that are ready to carry the ship and all its vast freight and population to any part of the world, at any moment, in spite of all obstacles of wind or wave. But the junction of the engine and the ship was not mine, though it went on under my own eyes. Here is one from a distant land, to whom the world chiefly owes that momentous alliance."

"Why, in truth," remarked Fulton, in a sanguine tone, that sparkled as it were with the light of a native joyousness of temperament, "Why, in truth, there were so many of us, ready to devise the manner of that union, when you had rendered it possible by the improvement of the all-important engine, that it is difficult to say to whom, or to what country, the palm should be given. Nature worked in her accustomed mode. You speak of the power of a thought to realise itself; most noticeable are the modes of its operation.

"A seed was dropped—a plant sprang into existence—died—and scattered in so dying a profusion of other seeds. Blown about by tempests, and falling on all sorts of barren soils, few began to grow, fewer still were permitted to go on growing. But there were, not the less, several plants, where there had been but one; each prepared to disseminate the vital principles that were ultimately to become so important to man.—Corn gladdened the earth. The glow of harvest was seen; and men, quitting the savage hunter-life, made to themselves bread. So has it been with the world's mightiest thoughts. Seed and flower—flower and seed—have fallen and sprang in long succession before the world has cared to turn its eyes upon the growth, and discovered what a harvest of knowledge was ready for the sickle.

"When and where did the *first* thought originate of the compass?—Of the art of printing?—Of the capacity of steam? How long was it from such times before a compass was found in every ship, a printing-machine in every street, a steam-engine in every manufactory? Glance but for one moment on the aspect of the steam

world in the latter part of the last century, ere yet a steam-vessel of any kind was in existence. Without concert, in some cases without knowledge of each other, there were then, in most parts of the civilised globe, men engaged night and day, and with all their hearts and souls, in solving the one problem, how should the steam-engine be applied to navigation? Sharing my own labours in America, there were the Minister Livingstone, Fitch, Rumsey, and Stevens; in France, the Marquis du Jouffroy and M. des Blancs; in Italy, Serrati; in England, Cartwright and Stanhope; in Scotland, Miller, Taylor, and Symington. With such rivals, I own it was much that I should be the first to establish a STEAM SHIP.

"A memorable day was that of the first public experiment at New York. As I went on board, I saw the fate that awaited me if I did not succeed at once and decisively. Incredulity sat upon every face; mingled, here with contempt of my folly, there with pity for my delusion. My engine, boat, person, mind, friends, were the food for inextinguishable laughter, to the crowd of idlers who had been drawn to the spot. But the boat moved—and there was a dead silence; faster—and the incredulity, the scorn, the pity, and the laughter, were changed instantaneously to one pervading sentiment of astonishment. Still faster—and now the grateful shouts burst upon our ears, and we felt that the whole hearts of the spectators were in them; it was no wonder, therefore, they reached ours.

"One thing only remained to be done. Was the power as practicable as it was evidently real? Could we voyage for any great distance, and for a length of time? We went up the Hudson towards Albany, a sail of nearly 150 miles. Judge the astonishment of those who had heard nothing of us, or of our proceedings. We had dry pine-wood for fuel, which sends up great flames many feet above the flues, and which, every time it is stirred, emits a column of brilliant sparks, falling immediately in the most beautiful and brilliant of showers. Our vessel, without sails, and with such a moving locomotive volcano, was seen coming up between the quiet banks of the river, in the dead of night, against wind and tide. The crews of some of the boats we passed shrank in alarm beneath their decks, others hurried to the shore, not daring even to look behind them; whilst some, utterly paralysed by fear, dropped on their knees, beseeching the protection of God against the horrible monster that marched over the water, and

'lighted its path by the fires which it vomited.' We accomplished the entire distance without an accident, and at a rate of five miles an hour. I lived to see that rate increased to thirteen miles. I lived to see Britain repaid much of what the Americans had derived from her. Our success led to the establishment of her steam-packets, between Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1812, and on the Thames in the following year. And *now*—look but at this ship—the *Great Britain!*

"But I see a new mode of propulsion adopted here—the paddle-wheels are gone! What is there in its stead?" Here a host of voices burst out from the other, and as it seemed, inferior shades.

"Perhaps a stream of water is forced out from the stern according to my plan, which compels the vessel to move forwards by the reaction," said one.

"Or probably the same effect is produced by the firing of gun-powder, as I proposed," said another.

"Or, it is much more likely, that my web-feet propellers, founded on the principles of the organism of the feet of aquatic birds, have been adopted," cried a third.

"Let us see," gently interposed the majestic voice; and therewith the steam spirits descended to examine the stupendous novelty—the six-armed screw, with its attendant chain and wheel: mightiest of monuments of engineering skill and audacity. As they re-emerged, it was evident some fresh train of thought had been awakened, in which all felt the deepest interest. They were silent—absorbed. From the broken sentences that occasionally escaped, they appeared to be oppressed by a feeling that the power they had helped to call into being, was now promising so greatly to exceed all their anticipations of it, magnificent as those anticipations had been, that it was difficult to judge of its tendencies, and the uses to which it might be put;—whether, in brief, it was to become, of all material agencies, man's greatest blessing or his greatest curse.

"What a power to put into the hands of an ambitious king or minister is this?" at last observed the shade of the melancholy-voiced Marquess of Worcester. "Can they not by its means insure the success of a hostile attack upon the unfortified towns and villages of a neighbouring country? Nay, can they not insure the landing of an army when they please on some one or other of the thousand unprotected parts that are to be found on every hostile shore? It is the thunderbolt of the Almighty put into the hand of man."

"True," responded the venerable shade of Watt; and his voice grew even more full of majesty than before, as the future seemed to rise upon his vision: "true, and man must be elevated nearer to his Maker, before he can rightly use it. But the instruction will advance rapidly and irresistibly. The destructive agencies wear themselves out, and leave the green and beautiful world behind them, only the more beautiful in the end for the processes through which it has passed. The danger you speak of will increase as the rapidity of movement of the steam navy increases; until at last no skill nor precaution can suffice to avert the threatened attack. Country may burn and waste country—take and be taken: with such ease at last, and to such little purpose, that men will discover the only work effectually done is their own destruction and ruin. From that moment war—and rumours of wars—must cease from the earth."

"Would I were alive again," exclaimed Fulton, "to promote that rapidity—I mean for that end."

A SONNET TO CHARLES DICKENS.

Oh, potent wizard! painter of great skill!
Blending with life's realities the hues
Of a rich fancy; sweetest of all singers!
Charming the public ear, and at thy will
Searching the soul of him thou dost amuse,
And the warm heart's recess, where mem'ry lingers,
And child-like love, and sympathy, and ruth,
And every blessed feeling, which the world
Had frozen or repressed with its stern apathy
For human suffering! "crabbed age, and youth,"
And beauty, smiling tearful, turn to thee,
Whose "Carol" is an allegory fine,
The burden of whose "Chimes" is holy and benign.

CRIMES OF QUACKS.

THERE is a certain subject on which we are in much need of a book—we want a good Anatomy of Humbug. But it is much more profitable to practise than to teach that art and mystery; and the most competent are the least likely persons to write about it. And then, its branches are so numerous, that the dissection of each would require a special professor. No single rogue could compass such a work. Its composition would ask what managers call a galaxy of talent; a constellation of impostors. It would be properly accomplished only by a Grand Knave-Union, from the spiritual charlatan and slippery statesman, down to the advertising tailor; with the whole tribe of Pecksniff to boot. Truly their name would be legion, and a legion which it would be necessary to pay. Where is the enterprising publisher who would embark in such a speculation? But suppose the rash capitalist found—who, but the very rich, could afford his cyclopædia; for that is what it would come to? The volume of humbug would still be a sealed book to the public—those who would most profit by reading it. We cannot hope to see the subject treated at large; nor by the authors best qualified for the task, who, as aforesaid, have something better to do. All that can be looked for is an occasional monograph, on a division of it, by somebody who has picked up the requisite knowledge. Something of this sort is what we are about to attempt. The phase of humbug which we shall endeavour to illuminate is that of the Patent Medicine Vender.

This subject cannot be lightly passed over. Either there is or there is not a right way of treating diseases. Every newspaper, every magazine and pamphlet, is a vehicle for quack advertisements. Every hoarding is placarded with them. From the sale of patent medicines, government derives a revenue of upwards of £30,000 per annum. Their consumption, therefore, must be enormous. There must be a very great class of persons whose physician, in fact, is the quack. Now these medicines either do good or harm, or do neither harm nor good. If they do good, well; if they do harm, thousands are injured in health by them; if neither good nor harm, multitudes are cheated out of their

money. We know that the proprietors of popular medicines make immense fortunes. Their wealth is the reward either of great usefulness or immense knavery. Are they the dispensers of health, the venders of poison, or simply rubbish-merchants? If their commodities are trash, how many constitutions are injured and lives lost from a dependence, in sickness, on such trash?

We have called the craft of the Patent-Medicine-Man, Humbug. It is true, we believe, that he slays his thousands and tens of thousands. We are satisfied that he is actuated by a mere spirit of self-aggrandisement—by selfish avarice. Yet we abstain from giving him hard names. We do not call him swindler, poisoner, murderous rogue. We are content with a milder epithet. Indeed, we regard him as being only one of that large class of persons whose aim it is to extract all they can out of their fellow-creatures by any process not forbidden by the statute-book. We class the quack with the cheap slop-seller. Neither is chargeable with malice prepense. Both are purely cold-blooded. One thinks not of how many he grinds to earth—the other of how many he consigns to it.

But we must define humbug. It is not naked untruth. A draper's assistant, who tells a lady that a dress will wash when it will not, does not humbug—he merely cheats her. But if he persuades her to buy a good-for-nothing muslin, by telling her that he has sold such another to a Duchess, he humbugs her, whether he speaks truly or not. He imposes an inference, in favour of his commodity, through her large vanity, upon her small mind. Humbug thus consists in making people deceive themselves, by supplying them with premises, true or false, from which, by reason of their ignorance, weakness, or prejudices, they draw wrong conclusions. There is nothing essentially fraudulent in straight hair and rusty black; but the vulgar associate these externals with sanctity; accordingly they are assumed by the Stiggins class of humbugs. Thus the owl, by his mere exterior—involuntary humbug!—passed with the ancients for the bird of Pallas; thus is there, to the clown, wisdom in the wig which perhaps covers a numskull. And thus will professional costume cause a simpleton to be thought a Sydenham; a consideration in point to our subject-matter.

The old paraphernalia of quackery are now out of date. The empiric, attired like Dr. Syntax, would be followed, at this day, by boys, not patients. The quack, at present, dresses like other

folks. Moreover, he works unseen. Newspaper columns serve him for a platform, and he has cashiered his zany; his gull is his only fool. He disguises himself morally, not physically; in a theory instead of a coat. He avers that all diseases arise from the blood, the stomach, or the nervous system; and these propositions he couches in fine words, which, if they will not butter the parsnip, will fatten himself. The Quack may be within or without the pale of the medical profession. A diploma is no great guarantee that a man is not a fool, and it is certainly none whatever that he is not a knave. To obtain it he merely requires a knowledge of facts and opinions; of the true principles of disease he may know nothing at all. Of these, a fashionable physician may be as ignorant as the countess whom he bamboozles; common sense is required to comprehend, common honesty to act upon them; qualities no more universal among the "Faculty" than elsewhere.

It is chiefly to the unsettled state of medicine that we owe the quack. That "doctors differ" is as common a matter of observation as it is an adage. If everybody thought that medicine was as definite a thing as astronomy, we should have no more medical than astronomical quacks. But the public has lost confidence in systems of physic. It has also contracted the notion that remedies are discovered accidentally; and consequently has concluded, not unnaturally, that they are as likely to be found out by a "Clergyman of Cambridge University," or by an old woman, as by anybody else. For this impression on the public mind, the medical profession has to thank itself. Its ordinary practice has tended, and still tends, to make people think that drugs are antidotes to diseases, and that the great object of medicine is the discovery of specifics. Hence the continual questions, "What is good for rheumatism?—"What should I take for a cough?" by which practitioners are pestered. It is not "What am I to do?" that patients ask; but "What am I to swallow?"

Now, a disease is not a substance, an individual thing. It is not a poison requiring an antidote. It is not a malignant being —a fiend—which must be exorcised by a draught or pill. It is a state or condition of things, and when influenced by medicinal substances is so influenced by their placing the body in such a different state as to favour its termination. To effect this object medicine is often not necessary at all. Diet, regimen, exercise, will frequently produce the conditions favourable to recovery. Dis-

eases, too, often so vary in different patients, and even in the same patient at different times, as to demand the production of different, and even opposite conditions. Wine may be necessary in inflammation ; calomel may prove a cordial. We believe we may affirm, that there are but two diseases in which the corrective effects of medicines are at all uniform : one is ague, which generally yields to quinine ; the other, a certain northern ailment, is pretty certainly extirpated by sulphur.

The postulate, quietly assumed by the quack, is, that particular diseases are to be cured by particular drugs. This, instead of being generally true, is nearly universally false. Look, now, at the pile of humbug of which it is the foundation.

The quack has started on a popular fallacy—he next tells a personal falsehood. He declares himself to have discovered some drug that will cure certain, or all, diseases. He advertises this pretended discovery, backed with all sorts of testimonials, duly signed and attested by Brown and Tomkins. The gudgeon bites instantly ; but is not at once hooked—not exactly humbugged just yet. He is ill—no matter with what complaint. A pill-vender promises relief. He does not take all that he is told for gospel. Not he ! He knows better than that. But he doesn't mind trying an experiment. There can't be much danger so far. The proof of the pudding is in the eating after all. He will even try a dose ; just one : he does it with his eyes open.

Does he ? Unsuspecting innocent ! They happen to be closed against the following truths :—

First, that a large proportion of diseases end naturally in recovery.

Secondly, that faith is medicinal.

Thirdly, that were a hundred patients, with common complaints, chosen at random, made to take a dose of blue-pill and colocynth all round, a very handsome per centage would be cured by it.

So he shuts his eyes and opens his mouth, and takes what the pill-vender sends him ; and if, thereafter, he happens to get better, connects the pill and the recovery as cause and effect. Thousands of such experiments are tried with similar results. The recoveries are noised abroad—the failures are unknown. The idea is thus propagated that there is a specific relation between the remedy and disease or diseases. This is the false inference, the self-deception, into which the quack seeks to inveigle his dupe. The humbug is complete, and the fox catches the goose.

But where, it will be asked, is the harm, after all, if so many take quack medicines and get well? We will answer this question by another. How is an ignorant patient to prescribe in his own case? A country gentleman has a headache. How is he to know whether this is a mere bilious attack, or a threatening of apoplexy? Say, that an alderman, for instance, suffers a pain in his most prominent region; can he tell whether it is mere colic or *gastritis?* True, these dangerous cases may occur but one time in a hundred; but that hundredth may be the patient's own in the first place—and, in the second, such cases only, in general, require treatment at all. The great objection to universal medicines and the like, is, not that they often kill people—for they only do that now and then; their mischief is, that they prevent serious maladies from being cured. Could their use be confined to those who have nothing, or next to nothing, the matter with them, few, except physicians and apothecaries, and the friends of occasional victims, could complain.

Quackery may be rendered somewhat less extra-professional; but it will never be put down by legislation, even should the quacks and quacked be brayed in one mortar. A general knowledge of the true principles of medicine will suppress it—nothing else. We would willingly enter further into this part of the subject; but the present is not the place for medical details. Nor can we claim an authority which would enforce acceptance of our views. We hope, however, that we have said enough to draw attention to a recommendation we are about to make. We would suggest, as highly desirable, that the general principles of anatomy, physiology and medicine, should form part of an ordinary education. Let us not be met with the old saw that every physician has a fool for his patient. Let us not be reminded that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. We do not wish to render people their own physicians. We do not want to give them that smattering of physic which would rescue them from the quack only to induce them to quack themselves. Everybody knows a little of the mechanism of a watch; but that little teaches him when his watch is out of order to take it to a skilful watchmaker. Who would think of giving his watch physic? Yet were it not as absurd to tamper with the complex mechanism of his own frame? Common sense, enlightened by adequate knowledge, will be quackery's natural death. This consummation, perhaps, will be expedited by Sir James Graham's Medical Reform Bill, should

that measure become law. If the quack's vocation be enlarged, his sphere of mischievousness will be extended. A nuisance is abated when it becomes intolerable.

We cannot expect that the above remarks will materially diminish the number of simpletons who furnish the £30,000 per annum tax on patent medicines to the government, and the ten times thirty thousand to the quacks. But if any one who shall have favoured us with his perusal, having previously believed that Robinson's Universal Medicine cures all diseases, we trust we shall have a little shaken his faith in such modest assertions.

THE TALLY SYSTEM.

THE "tally" iniquity comes to your very door, nay, if it be opened ever so warily, within it—pertinaciously provoking a purchase, not only by the pretence of cheapness, but by the specious and seemingly easy terms of future payment. It is the more reprehensible, as it affects only the humbler classes, whose judgments are imposed on, and principles undermined by the wily arguments of interested agents, and the facility it affords of evading the necessity for ready money—alas! for the sake of this apparent convenience how many mechanics' and peasants' wives have paid not only the usurers' heartless per centage of pounds, shillings, and pence, but the more terrible usury of their own peace, their husbands' confidence, and their children's comfort—women who, till the extension of this mode of traffic, were contented with the simplest habiliments, choosing their winter's camlet, or summer's cotton, for the durability of its texture rather than the fashion of the material, have acquired a taste for flimsy finery, as out of keeping with their position as it is inharmonious with their appearance and means. Far be it from us to fall out with the innocent vanities of the sex, or condemn the subordinate classes of our sisterhood to a livery of linsey-woolsey, worsted stockings, and high-lows—we would no more despoil them of their gaieties, than we would shear a butterfly of its wings; but we do regret to see the proverbial neatness of the humble English woman, merged into a weekly display of meretricious motley, in which, while there is nothing becoming, there is much that is

ridiculous, and in contrast with the garb of husband or lover (especially in country places where the dress of the labouring man is more distinct in its character than in towns), absolutely offensive. Where shall we look for the charming simplicity of village attire "the poets write of"?—the russet gown and spotless head-gear, so proprietous to the out-of-doors employments, and in-doors aspect of a cottager? Why, the very hue of the first is lost from her nomenclature of colours; and for the snowy lawn, or tidy linen, that was the well-wearing fabric of the latter, it has given place to some more modish (but oh! say not more becoming) material, and for such a purpose exists no longer, except in the fancy costumes of ladies' charity schools. Such a dress did no violence to the broad-brimmed felt hat, red plush waistcoat, laced boots, and green gaberdine of honest Giles or Joseph; but what a gulf in fashion separates him from the would-be "City Madam" Sunday finds at his side the transformed peasant girl, who, having given her face unreservedly to sun and shade during six days of the week, comes out veiled and parasoled on the seventh,—her dress a jargon of ill-assorted shades, and her whole appearance beside that of her companion, suggesting the idea of the two figures of a Dutch weather house taking the air together. I never enter a village church that my eyes do not instinctively seek out those back seats in the aisle where humble age enstalls itself, and some way the smart bonnet, and gay apparel in the front rows, have no such attraction for me, as those venerable black silk ones, with their invariable edging of antique and faded lace, and the still bright, picturesque, and well-preserved red mantles—how far back does the sight of them carry us—for these were the gauds of their wearers' youth, and the faded cheeks and eyes, so mild and passionless now, have glowed and sparkled, generations ago, with a sense of their gaiety and becomingness. There was no Tally trade in those days, to furnish on credit all the worthless fripperies that womanly vanity, unchecked by prudence or subdued by strong principle, will seek to acquire. Shopkeepers in country villages know too well the resources of their customers to trust them beyond their means;—and who would ask credit of the wandering pedlar, apparently too poor (and essentially too wary) to afford it? so the humble woman of fifty years back purchased (when by industry and economy she had hoarded the means) such materials as were likely to do her good service, and though comparatively expensive at first, in the end as cheap as they were comely. It remained for the originators of the dis-

graceful trade we speak of, to entail debt on poverty, not as a sad incident of it, but as a customary resource,—to inoculate the simple and lowly with the wants of pride and wealth,—to spread through hamlets the vices of cities,—to make honesty, independence, and content subordinate to deceit, thraldom, and endless cravings.

Every one knows that the word tally means to keep an account; in the French it is also synonymous with tax; and the spirit of the trade is best explained by saying that it is a compound of both. In the first place, the goods disposed of in this way are, for the most part, inferior in quality, obsolete in pattern, and otherwise unsaleable in the London market; and for these a price is obtained that not only returns a most unrighteous interest for the credit afforded, but insures the proprietors, by a few fortunate transactions, against the chance of loss in others (accidents that rarely occur)—for there is scarcely a district ever so remote, or village ever so inconsequent, that has not either a resident or itinerant agent who calls weekly for the instalment agreed on, and woe be to the defaulter thereof! Harassed, threatened, insulted, the pawn-office, or family dishonesty, are the only means by which the victim of (sometimes pressing domestic wants, but more frequently of feminine vanity) can free herself from the bondage of this toilsome debt. Let us take one of the many instances that every village unhappily affords of the progress of the evil, and the quick ruin it effects; these may be traced, but who can chronicle the tens of thousands that in the thick of cities and towns it annually thrusts into poor-houses and prisons? Here is the wife of an assistant mechanic eking out her husband's scanty wages with an amount of economy and industry (that only such managers can estimate) to support themselves, three or four children, pay house rent, &c., necessary food, and the most homely clothing, is all she strives for; but these obtained, she is happy, for she knows no wants beyond them; by-and-by, the tempter crosses her threshold—treasure after treasure is drawn forth and exhibited to her admiring gaze; their cheapness and fashion descanted on, and such invidious comparisons made between them and the humble articles she is wearing, that her modest gown and simple cap suddenly grow despicable in her eyes, and she longs to possess the fine dress or the bright ribbons, and cheap Urlins lace, with which the vender of these delicate wares allures her; he sees the awakened inclination, and profits by it to draw her regard to the difference of effect in this latter

material and the plain muslin border she has on, by exhibting on the blooming cheek of some youthful and delighted spectator the lightness of the one to the other; perhaps he places a smart flower or gay ribbon beside it, and the charm is complete; then the flaunting gown-piece and gay shawl, held in a dozen different ways to show off all their attractions. In vain the poor tempted thing repeats that "they are very pretty, but that she does not want them; the gown she has by her is not bad, and her shawl will last her a long time yet." All the practised wiles of the bland salesman are put in requisition; he assures her that the articles are not only bargains, but such as are not again to be met with; hints that rather than not lighten his pack of its load, he will (though at his own loss) let her have them a shilling or two cheaper than he had priced them. Still she resists—"she cannot afford it—does not indeed want them—or at least she can do without them." Nay then, rather than not have her custom, she shall have them at cost price at her own money; her resolution wavers; but she remembers that the little hoard in the unused tea-caddy is reserved for rent, and principle puts a veto on the purchase: she hints as much, though with perceptible regret (for she fully believes the man's representations); but the disinterested merchant is in no hurry; she can pay at her convenience a trifle weekly, just as it suits her — 'tis her custom not her money that he wants." No wonder if the generosity of these terms confuse a little the judgment and calculation of the poor woman; her scruples vanish, and the compact is completed; she flatters herself it will be easy to effect some little saving in her weekly expenditure without her husband's knowledge, or in any way wronging her children, and so the shawl and gown are hers, at the expense of moral courage and domestic confidence—even now, old prejudices assert themselves, and there is more of shame than satisfaction, in the feeling with which she hides away her acquisitions, whispering to her conscience, by way of apology, that, at least, they shall be paid for before she wears them. Vain determination! week after week goes by, without her managing to make up fully the sum she has agreed to pay—how should it be otherwise? Trifling as the amount appeared in her estimation, with the glare of these unaccustomed braveries before her, it becomes of serious importance when deducted from the stipend, barely sufficient for the weekly wants of her household. Yet she endeavours at it by the only

means in her power, that of infringing on their simple comforts; and the food, of which (however homely) there has always been sufficient, is now pinched, and helped with a sparing hand, until (for selfishness makes stepmothers as well as death) her children's meal of porridge and potatoes is a stinted one. All this brings about unlovingness and discontent, and induces what has hitherto been unknown in their humble homestead—domestic broils. Nor does all this tend to emancipate her from the thralls of the tally system; on the contrary, new wants occur to her continually; she has got over her dislike to debt, and palliates a growing love of dress in herself by making her husband's and children's wants subservient to the swelling of her progressive account. No more waiting month after month, mending and piecing old garments, till a sum sufficient to renew them, or a few of them, accumulated. What so easy as giving an order to the tallyman? And though the articles are higher in price, and not nearly so good as those she used to buy, and that, besides, she has no power in making a choice, (being obliged to take just whatever is offered): there is the independence of ready money, so convenient and pleasurable to a poor and needy woman, and the flattering argument that it can be paid by degrees, or a little and a little at the time. In this way all the scruples of her simple and honest prejudices are got over, the hebdomadal visits of the tallyman continue till she is secure in the toils of this want-producing system; compromised in moral, as well as womanly dignity; in debt to an amount she scarcely dreams of, and her happiness as a wife dependent on the forbearance of an unprincipled agent, who keeps the secret involved in their dealings from the deceived and injured husband, just so long as she finds the means of meeting his extortionate demands. However imposed on, she has no power of purchasing elsewhere, the weekly drain upon her limited means leaves her, of course, without money, and renders this exacting and fraudulent channel the only one by which she can obtain whatever is necessary for her family. By-and-by, sickness or accident occurs to render less punctual the payment she has subscribed to; weeks go by without her liquidating any part of it, and then her creditor, dropping his obsequious complacency, becomes harsh, insolent, and loud; she learns to know his step, and to tremble at it; and, conscious of the coarse rudeness that will meet her defalcation, hides herself at his approach, teaching her little ones deceit and falsehood in bidding them deny her.

The man raps at the door, and they answer from within (though she is in the next room to them) that their mother is not at home; and sullenly re-shouldering the heavy pack he had cast down at the threshold, after peering rudely in through the window, the man walks away muttering imprecations on her want of principle; and what is the issue of all this? Conscious of deceiving her husband, for he knows not a moiety of her enthralment, she feels no longer satisfaction in meeting him, and lives in continued dread of her indiscretion coming to his knowledge, her cheerfulness sinks beneath this mental burden, and the fear of her merciless creditor renders her morose and fretful. This state of mind naturally spreads to her expressions and temper; her children are affected by the change; they grow quarrelsome with one another, and seeing no cordiality exist between their parents, cease to share their loving natures with them, and shun as much as possible their presence, Alas! what a change is here; nor this its worst climax. Day by day, the weight of deceit and debt grows more intolerable, till, what began in credulity and the love of acquisition, ends at length in confirmed crime; and the lost victim of this vicious system flies to the Lethe of drunkenness to stifle the sense of her own imprudence, her husband's reproaches, and the budding depravity of her neglected children.—C. W.

THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Letter VI.—To Mr. Jonas Wilcox, Philadelphia.

Dear Brother-in-Law,—As my last letter was to sister, it is but fair that you should have the next dose of ink. Well, Parliament's opened; and Sir Robert's made a clean breast of it—that is, if a Prime Minister can do such a thing. There never was such harmony in the House of Commons! After Sir Robert had spoken out, you might have thought all the House was holding nothing but a love-feast. I was in the gallery—I won't tell you how I got in—and never saw such a sight in all my life. All the papers, I can't tell why, have oddly suppressed an account of

the matter; therefore what you get from me will be exclusive—from your "own" correspondent. Treasure it accordingly.

When Sir Robert said he should keep on the Income-Tax for three years longer, almost the whole House fell into fits of delight at his goodness. You might have seen Whig embracing Tory—Radical throwing his arms about the neck of Conservative—and Young England with tears of gratitude rolling like butter-milk down upon his white waistcoat. When Sir Robert had quite finished his speech, there was a shower of nosegays flung upon him from the Treasury benches, just in the same way as now and then they pelt the actors at the play-houses! Sir Robert picked 'em all up, and pressed 'em to his heart, and from the corners of his mouth smiled ten thousand thanks. Then, sitting down, he very handsomely gave a flower a-piece to what he calls his colleagues. He insisted—amidst the cheers of the House—on putting a forget-me-not in the button-hole of Mr. Gladstone, (who sobbed audibly at the touch of friendship); and then he handed a lily—as an emblem of the Home Secretary's reputation—to Sir James Graham. At this, I needn't tell you, there were "roars of laughter." To be sure, at this season of the year these flowers were artificial: but for which reason, it was said by somebody, they were more in keeping with Sir Robert's measures. Two or three members—for form's sake—abused the Income-Tax, but nevertheless said they would vote for it. Lord John Russell called it a shameful—infamous—ignominious—tyrannical—prying impost: he would, however, support it. This is as if a man should denounce another as a coward, a ruffian, and a thief, and then—fold him to his bosom! But they do odd things in Parliament!

Sir Robert says we are to have the Income-Tax for only three years longer. Nonsense. He intends that we should grow with it upon us. He'll no more take it off than a Chinese mother will take off the little shoe—that for the beauty of the full-grown woman, she puts upon the foot of her baby girl. The child may twist, and wriggle and squall; and the mother may now and then say pretty things—make pretty promises to it to keep it quiet—but the shoe's there for the sufferer's life. Now John Bull—thinks Sir Robert Peel—will move all the better with his foot in the Income-Tax: all the better too, because it most galls and crushes a lower member.

However, we are to have the duty off glass; which, says Sir Robert, is much better than if the duty were taken off light. It is not for such as me to dispute with a minister, but I can't see

how, if I'm to get my house glazed duty free, it's quite as good as if there was no Window-Tax. To be sure, if a man, as a householder, were to new glaze himself from top to bottom once a quarter it might be another thing; he might save upon the glass what he now pays for the sun that, in London, tries to come through it. He may certainly afford to have more windows,—but will, I say, the saving on the glass pay for the light? Besides, not light alone —but air is paid for. There is at the present time a secret agitation going on among the cats of England. The grievance is this:— A man can't make a hole in his house for the cat to pass in and out to mouse or visit, without the said hole being surcharged as a window. This is a wrong done upon the cats of the country; but whether done out of sympathy with the rats or not, let Sir James Graham answer.

However, one comfort will come of cheap glass. Folks who choose to visit Museums, and such public places, may break what they like of the material at a decreased cost for the pleasure. Before it was bad enough. Nothing, according to the law, being worth more than five pound; so any malicious or morbid scoundrel (or both) might smash any rare piece of antiquity, and handing to the magistrate any sum over five pounds, bid him take the change out of that. I think a club might be formed for certain young chaps about town, to be called The Independent Smashers. They might subscribe to a common fund to pay fines; and each in turn draw for the pleasure of a bit of destruction. With the duty taken off the article it would be remarkably cheap sport. However, there is no doubt of it that Peel has got great glory by taking off this tax. A good deal of his reputation as a minister will be looked upon as glass; such side of his reputation in the eyes of an admiring country to be always "kept upwards."

We are to have sugar, too, at about three-halfpence a pound cheaper; which Mrs. Hedgehog tells me will allow us to save at least sixpence a week: however, what we shall have to pay to protect the West Indians she, poor soul, never dreams of, and I should be a brute to tell her. Therefore—poor thing!—she may now and then toast Sir Robert in her Twankay, without thinking of the £140,000 we lose in the other way. Then again, what we shall save in cotton is wonderful!

The auctioneers, too, are all right. They are to knock down at so much for life, instead of taking out a yearly licence. It is thought that this enlarged piece of statesmanship came about out

of compliment to George Robins, who in one of his familiar letters to the Premier, said he 'd rather have it so.

However, everybody says Sir Robert Peel's in for life. He 's married to Downing-street,—and nothing but death can them part. One thing's certain: he 's got a thumping surplus. And when any man in England gets that, folks are not very particular how he 's come by it.

So no more at present from your affectionate brother-in-law,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER VII.—TO JOHN SQUALID, WEAVER, STOCKTON.

DEAR JOHN,—I 'm afraid, you don't go the right way to make both ends meet. Your letter is full of complaints of poverty, and all that sort of disagreeable thing. I very much fear that you 've got into expensive habits, or your sixteen shillings a week would be sure to go further. Why don't you be economical—why don't you copy the prudence shown you by high people? Look here, now. Just read this from Sir Robert Peel's speech. He is speaking of the marriage (and economy) of Queen Victoria:

"It has pleased God to bless that union with the birth of four children, and this, of course, caused a considerable additional demand upon the civil list. In the course of the last year three Sovereigns have visited this country; amongst them were the Sovereigns of two of the most powerful countries in the habitable globe—the Emperor of Russia and the King of the French."

I hope you blush now. Four children: and when—if you will only consider upon it—you come to think how much it costs for babies—how much in tops-and-bottoms alone—how much in short-coating, worsted shoes, and all that,—can you as a loyal subject forbear to cast up your eyes and close your hands in wonderment at Sir Robert's picture of royal economy? There have been four children and three kings come to Windsor Castle,—and yet John Bull has never been asked for an extra shilling. If you owe anything anywhere, you are, after this, lost to all sense of self-respect. I give you up. Consider the expense borne by royalty for royal visitors! The extra night-candles—the extra clean sheets and pillow-cases,—and yet not a farthing more, *as yet*, demanded! To be sure, it wouldn't have been very gracious towards the three sovereigns, if the bill for their entertainment had been immediately sent down to Parliament: they might, as gentlemen, have felt

inclined to send over their cheques for the amount; but—no matter for that.

I clearly see what lies before you—it 's the union, and nothing less. And you don't know what *that*—under the benevolence of Sir James Graham—is to be yet. He has just brought in a bill for another experiment upon the poor. Indeed Graham, in his bills for the treatment of the poor, may be likened to one Doctor Majendie, a French surgeon, in his treatment of rabbits. He would take a live rabbit and cut its nerves here and there to make some great discovery—to learn what point of agony the rabbit could bear; and still keep a sort of life within it, eat and drink. Graham is the Poor-Law Majendie! He 's brought in something like a Settlement Bill; a Bill which is to take the poor—to cut their nerves and heart-strings from their parishes—and settle them, when they need what he in his droll manner calls relief—into unions, melting three and twenty parishes into one union! Old feelings—old affections for old places are to be nothing—ties of kindred nothing, nothing. Sir James will sever all these, and will then triumphantly show the world how well the human rabbit can exist with them cut through and through. When, in the fulness of years and reputation it may please Providence to remove Sir James from this vale of tears—and certainly it 's no fault of *his* measures if the vale is ever dry—there ought to be a monument raised to his memory, made of paupers' bones. However, history will be sure to do this for him.

As the poor are to cease to have, what is called, any associations of place—why should they have any associations of particular names? Why should they not be lettered and numbered like the police? Such a plan would go far to take the conceit out of them, by reminding them most forcibly of the difference between themselves and the luckier people who bear Christian and surnames. More; that there should be no mistake—no shuffling in the matter, the pauper babe, instead of being christened, might be indelibly tattooed both with letter and number. If, at any time of its future life, it should by some strange accident realise sufficient money to make it respectable, it might then be allowed to be baptised; in the same way that now a man, on coming to immense wealth, is allowed by the Gazette to slough the vulgarity of Wiggins into the aristocracy of Normancourt or Godolphin. I hope Sir James will think of this.

But the poor man was always a culprit. You heard I was once

a lawyer's clerk, and so, John, respect my Latin. The poor were *adscripti glebæ;* that is, bound to the soil; a bit of the earth—a lump of the clay, with no more power to remove themselves than a bramble bush; if they did, see what came to 'em. I 've only just picked up the matter, but here it is—let it be a warning to you.

In the time of Richard the Second—what a very pauper he 'd been if born one—if any poor man left his home without a justice's leave, and was taken in the crime—why he was put in the stocks for his rascality. Henry the Eighth—a real tiger of the royal menagerie—made a law that whipped any beggar begging from his native place. Another of his laws—some of 'em were written in the best blood of the country—only whipped the beggar fo his first offence, but cut off his right ear for the second, and blackened him from head to heel a felon for the third. Well, Edward the Sixth—or his ministers—branded the vagabond on the shoulder, and gave him as a slave to anybody who 'd be troubled with him, to be beaten, chained, and otherwise remonstrated with for being poor. He might also, for further ill manners of running away, be branded in the cheek, and made a slave for life. Another running away, and—here really came a bit of summary humanity—he might be hanged! Queen Elizabeth punished the beggar by ordering his ear to be "burned through the gristle with a hot iron, of the compass of an inch about"—that is, not much thicker.

Now, John, I hope you will lay these things to your heart: I hope you will at once acknowledge the wickedness that has very properly been put upon poverty for hundreds of years, and don't disgrace yourself and your relations by becoming a pauper. I have a great regard for you—a very great regard; nevertheless, if you come to want, I give you up for ever, and renounce you.

I hope, therefore, you will take this warning in good part, and believe me, your affectionate cousin,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER VIII. To —— ——, NAPLES.

THANK heaven and the printer that there are such things as —— ——! You, my dear friend, will know to whom they apply, and may, therefore, receive this letter without its bringing down upon you the government of Naples. However, don't venture

to write me any answer—for I 'm in Sir James Graham's books; I 'm down—a marked man. Unhappily for me, a Polish refugee lives in our garret, and the eye of Russia is upon me. Nevertheless, there has been, I find, some good luck in this. I've now discovered that the two gentlemen, with beards, who used to hire me when the Emperor Nicholas was here, to drive them from one end of the town to the other, did so to come at the plot which was hatching in our attic. However, they got nothing out of me, but as old Lumpy says, *wicey warsy*. Still, I 'm not comfortable. As a cabman, I 've been boxed up with Spaniards, Italians, Sardinians, Austrians—men of all countries and all colours. Well, I don't know at this minute that every letter to Juniper Hedgehog—that is every copy—isn't in the office of Sir James Graham! A nice thing this to go to bed and sleep upon! When I think of the sort of letters—full of delicate and tender matters—that has come to me, I own it does make me burn and fluster to think that I may not have a single secret to myself: no—Sir James, the Post-office burglar—has broken into my affairs, and at this moment he knows all my poverty, all my little strugglings with little debts, in fact, all my inner man. I seem to myself to walk about the world turned inside out! And this evil, be it remembered, may be the fate of thousands, although, poor wretches, they may not know it. Who shall tell how many men's souls are at the Home Office under the Graham lock and key! Still, says Sir James, the whole security, not only of *this* country, but in truth of the whole world, depends upon wax and wafers. There is no doubt that last summer a few Italians were denounced to the government of Naples, and duly shot,—in consequence of seals broken at Downing-street. This is comfortable to reflect upon. Though if Sir James was a squeamish man—which he is not, for no man ever braved the pillory with all its unsavoury accidents with a stronger stomach—then would he never again behold the Queen's head upon the red post-stamp without thinking of human blood!

Sir James, however, has two natures,—or rather, two parts. Like the picture of Death and the Lady, Sir James is only corrupt on one side. Thus spoke Tom Duncombe to the foolscap burglar—the sealing-wax *Jack Sheppard*:—

"He has had the meanness, ay, and the baseness, to conceal his act, and has not had the courage to avow it."

Upon this, the Speaker, in one of his conciliatory moods,

observed that "such observations were very personal. Would the honourable gentleman withdraw them?" Whereupon Mr. Duncombe answered:—

"Sir, I applied those observations to the right honourable gentleman in his Ministerial capacity: to those observations and to those topics I adhere; so they *must and shall remain*."

And they *do* remain. And Sir James remains "as a minister," a "mean," "base," cowardly agent! How strange is the distinction between the minister and the man—they 're quite two different things; like the calipee and calipash of a turtle.

Sir James Graham rose to answer, with a confidence that would have honoured the Old Bailey. He said—"Mr. Duncombe was a person quite indifferent to him." This reminds me of the chap, who after he 'd been flogged half a mile and more at the cart's tail, with all the world looking on, said to the man that had flayed him—"Sir, you 're beneath my notice."

I could write more, but Lumpy's called me for a fare. The fun, however, is not over yet; and you may hear more of Sir James in my next. Meantime, if you write, don't either use wax or wafers: it 's only wasting property. Send your letters open, and believe me, your faithful friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

THE POET BEFORE AND AFTER DEATH.

"I BEG you to use your utmost interest, and that of all your friends, to move our Commissioners of Excise to grant me my full salary. If they do not grant it, I must lay my account with an exit truly *en poete*—if I die not of disease, I shall perish with hunger. ROBERT BURNS."

THUS, in the prime of manhood, dies
The man with the large heart and eyes
That flashed and echoed to the skies
In passion's storm—
A friendless Gauger of Dumfries—
Crushed like a worm.

Four helpless children midst the gloom
Wander and weep from room to room;
Their mother striving with her doom
As mothers strive,
Who feel that o'er the closing tomb
There will be *five*.

Since then the Bard's volcanic breast
Has had its half-a-century's rest ;
But still the "Mouse's" humble nest,
Rudely o'erthrown,
And "mountain-daisy's" fate suggest
The poet's own :

Soon contrite Scotland, to reward
Her crushed and broken-hearted bard,
With costly "Mausoleum" marred,
The image traced
Upon his dedication card
So truly chaste ;

And moving thence his mouldering bones
(As if dead bees were dear to drones),
Before the graceless heap of stones
Upon his dust,
She spake in exultation's tones
Of being *just*.

Justice, in spite of bandaged eyes,
Has still a heart to sympathise
With the susceptible and wise
By her own scales,
So often doomed to fraternise
In county jails.

What but this knowledge could induce
The *lamb* to bear the flag of truce
As though it sanctioned the abuse
Which still denies
Justice, in woman's shape, the use
Of her own eyes

Though Scotland long had set her face
With smiles for Burns and all his race,
At length, to wipe out her disgrace,
If such might be,
She danced around his native place
In jubilee !

New Books.

NARRATIVES OF THE MEROVINGIAN ERA ; *or, Scenes of the Sixth Century*, &c. From the French of MONSIEUR AUGUSTIN THIERRY.

HISTORY OF FRANCE. By M. MICHELET. Part I.—The Races and Princes of France. Part II.—Feudalism ; the Religious, Philosophic and Artistic Spirit of the Middle Age. From the last Paris Edition, by George Henry Smith, F. G. S. P.

THE great French Revolution produced in Europe as momentous results in the 19th century as the Reformation did in the 16th. By it the dominion of authority was shaken to its foundation. All the great questions were agitated anew, and the remotest regions of taste as well as the broad fields of science and learning, were shaken to their utmost depths, and a new surface turned up for cultivation. No portion of literature was more affected by this moral earthquake than the province of history. In its first development, history had been the record of princes and politicians ; portraying the genealogies of the one class or the subtleties of the other ; a family tree, or an extended series of biographies. The chronicles, indeed, had previously recorded the outward flux and progress of events, but history proper from the time of Bacon and de Thou had concerned itself more particularly with the conduct of statesmen, and the descriptions of battles and sieges, the intrigues of courtiers, and the revolts of the people. The greatest historians, Gibbon and Hume, did no more than deduce philosophical opinions from the conduct of the politician, and the most obvious changes of the national manners.

Nor are the disciples of this class of historians much lessened in our own day, more especially in our own country. In France, however, the utmost licence has been given by its revolution to speculation. The wildest statements would there be listened to, and the boldest paradoxes gain some attention. Genius, in this universal freedom of utterance, had, therefore, as much opportunity as folly, and nobly has it, in many instances, delivered itself ; and nowhere in a finer strain than in the historic mode.

Augustin Thierry is the founder of a style of history which requires apparently a greater combination of mental gifts than any other. In it are to be found the grandeur of the epic conception, the passionate delineation of the dramatic poet, the reflective power of the philosophic reasoner, and the acute perceptions of the worldly man, and also the

patient investigation of the antiquary. If any one considers this a mere eulogistic flourish, let him read carefully his "Autobiographical Preface" and his "Narratives of the Merovingian Era." It will be then seen what a vast and magnificent thing it is to record the mental progress of numerous generations, to mark the characteristics of each, and out of the dry bones, or rather dust, of brief chronicles and chartularies, to call up again the "age and body of the time," and show "its form and pressure." To paint, to speak, to call from the vasty deep the spirit of departed ages, and again give them a local habitation and a name. This requires not only the fine frenzy, but the previous acquirement of such various and voluminous knowledge as has hitherto too often buried the fiery particle that should enkindle and enlighten it. In this admirable autobiography, we see what devotion it requires to become so illustrious. We see him from the pale youth, "stumbling, while endeavouring to open a new path for himself," to the premature old man, "a helpless creature borne in the arms of a servant, alive only in his intellect and the great vital organs." One in whom the vehemence of the imagination and the wrenching of deep thought have indeed o'erwrought the frail tenement of clay.

Speaking of his historic composition he says, "I loved it with a truly passionate affection, and attached myself to it more and more, as much from the trouble it cost me, as from my hopes, and the dreams of remote success which cradled my hours of repose." His conclusion, too, will give some idea of the passion he has for his pursuit. "This is what I have done, and would do again if I had to recommence my career; I would choose that which has brought me where I am. Blind, and suffering without intermission, I may give this testimony, which from me will not appear suspicious; there is something in the world better than sensual enjoyments, better than fortune, better than health itself; it is devotion to science."

Some idea of his style may be formed, when he tells us he found one portion of the History of England in the pages of Ivanhoe, and others in the political historian. It is this union of the poet and the reasoner, that makes him truly great. It is, indeed, comparatively easy to be either: but to have the facile imagination so under control, that it shall be submissive to reason and reality, and only do their behests, *raising up the vision in accordance with facts*, is indeed a mastery, that elevates history to be one of the noblest of the fine arts.

Monsieur Michelet is also a man of pre-eminent genius, who has cultivated history after the same fashion as Augustin Thierry. He has collected his facts with persevering toil, with the greatest labour and the nicest judgment. He then has distilled from them the subtlest deductions and the highest philosophical truths. To this he likewise has added the pictorial power of the painter, and the glowing description of the poet. In these latter qualities, he may be considered to have surpassed his great prototype Thierry. His History of France is a wonderful work, conceived with epic grandeur. He takes for instance a set of

circumstances, or an era of time, and this unity he treats in a large philosophic spirit. His first division is France: its Races and Provinces. His second: Feudalism; and the Religious, Philosophic and Artistic Spirit of the Middle Age. These grand subjects are not vaguely treated of in swelling periods, but all the traits and characteristics are exquisitely exemplified and toned into a perfect and beautiful picture of the entire subject. He does for history, what a true painter does for landscape, giving a fine extensive view, but with the distance and atmosphere, not vaguely intimated or feebly generalised, but portrayed by the nicest gradations, and the most delicate touches.

It is not possible to give an idea of such authors by extracts, any more than it is of such painters. To exemplify and sustain our high claims for them, a passage or two may be referred to as a specimen of style. From the story of Abelard and Heloise is developed the chivalrous feeling of the middle age, and whilst he relates the individual acts with a grace, force, and accuracy, that would have satisfied historians of even a high reputation, he shadows forth from them profound moral and universal truths: making history indeed the staple of his argument. We cannot refrain from gathering a flower or two, though it but ill expresses the richness of the soil, and the variety of its products.

The following is the conclusion of his narrative of the Crusades, wherein he intimates the dawn of freedom and political justice :—

"The day on which, without distinction of freemen and of serfs, the powerful among them called their followers, Our Poor,—that day was the era of freedom. Man having been for a moment drawn out of local servitude, and led in full blaze of day through Europe and Asia by the great movement of the crusade, encountered liberty whilst he sought Jerusalem. The liberating trumpet of the archangel, which the world fancied it had heard in the year 1000, was sounded a century later by the preaching of the crusade. At the foot of the feudal tower, which oppressed it by its darkening shadow, awoke the village; and that ruthless man who had only stooped down from his vulture's nest to despoil his vassals, armed them himself, led them with him, lived with them, suffered with them; community of suffering touched his heart. More than one serf could say to his superior, 'My lord, I found a cup of water for you in the desert—I shielded you with my body at the siege of Antioch, or of Jerusalem.'

"Strange adventures, singular chances, could not fail to attend such an enterprise. To have survived the fearful destruction which swept off so many nobles, in not a few instances conferred a nobility of its own. A man's worth was then known. The serfs had their own page of history, which told of their heroic acts. The relatives of the dead became the kindred of martyrs; and decked out their fathers and brothers in the old legends of the Church. They knew that it was a poor man who had saved Antioch by discovering the holy lance, whilst the sons and brothers of kings had fled from that city. They knew that the pope had not gone to the crusade, and that the sanctity of monks and priests had been eclipsed by the holiness of a layman,—Godfrey of Bouillon.

'Then did humanity begin to honour herself in the lowliest condition.

The first revolutions of the commons precede, or follow hard upon, the year 1100 ; when they broached the notion that each ought to be free to dispose of the produce of his own labour, and to marry his children without another's consent, and were emboldened to believe that they had a right to go and come, to sell and buy, and even suspected, in the excess of their presumptuousness, that men might chance to be equal. Up to this time, this formidable notion of equality had never been clearly enounced."

Of the rise of the influence of woman, he thus speaks :—

"The restoration of woman, which Christianity had begun, was principally effected in the twelfth century. A slave in the East, shut up, too, in the gynæceum of the Greeks, but emancipated by the jurisprudence of the empire, she was recognised by the new religion, as man's equal. Christianity, however, hardly freed from the sensuality of paganism, still feared woman and mistrusted her. Man knew himself to be weak and tender. He kept her at a distance ; the more he felt his heart sympathise with her. Hence, the hard, and even contemptuous expressions, by which he strives to fortify himself against her power. The common term for woman in ecclesiastical writers, and in the capitularies, is the degrading yet profoundly expressive phrase—*Vas infirmius* (the weaker vessel). At the period of Gregory the Seventh's efforts to emancipate the clergy from their double bonds—woman and territorial possessions, there was a new outbreak against the dangerous Eve whose seductions lost Adam, and who is ever persecuting him in his sons.

"With the twelfth century began a movement, the direct reverse of this. The free spirit of mysticism undertook to raise up what sacerdotal severity had dragged in the mire ; and this mission was chiefly discharged by a Breton, Robert d'Arbrissel. He led back woman to the bosom of Christ, founded asylums for her, and built Fontevrault ; and Fontevraults soon arose throughout all Christendom. Robert's venturous charity led him to address himself preferably to great sinners ; and he preached in the most abandoned and repulsive quarters God's clemency, and his immeasurable mercy. 'One day that he was at Rouen, he entered a notorious house, and seated himself by the hearth to warm his feet. The courtezans surround him, supposing that he had come through wantonness. He begins to preach the words of life, and to promise the intercession of our Saviour. Then, the mistress of the house exclaims, 'Who art thou, who sayest these things ? Truly for twenty years I have lived in this house to commit crime, and during all this time no one ever entered it to speak of God and of his goodness. Yet, were I but sure these things were true !' . . . . On the instant, he took them out of the city, and joyfully led them to the desert, where he made them do penance, and transferred them from the devil to Christ.'

"'Twas a fantastic sight to see the blessed Robert d'Arbrissel teaching night and day, in the midst of a crowd of disciples of both sexes, who slept around him ; but neither the bitter sneers of his enemies nor the disorderly scenes to which these meetings gave rise, could check the charitable and courageous Breton. He covered all with the large mantle of grace.

"As grace prevailed over the law, a great religious revolution insensibly took place. God, if I may so speak, changed sex. The virgin became the world's God ; and took possession of almost all the temples and altars. Piety was converted into the enthusiasm of chivalrous gallantry. The

mother of God was proclaimed to be pure, and spotless; and the mystic church of Lyons celebrated the festival of the immaculate conception (A.D. 1134), thus exalting the ideal of maternal purity, at the very moment Heloise was expressing in her famous letters the pure disinterestedness of love.

"Woman reigned in heaven and on earth. She is seen interfering in the things of this world, and ordering them. Bertrade de Montfort governed at one and the same time her first husband, Fulk of Anjou, and her second, Philippe I., king of France. The first, excluded from her bed, thinks himself too happy to be suffered to sit on her footstool. Louis VII. dates his acts from the coronation of his wife, Adèle. Women, the natural judges of the contests of poetry and the courts of love, sit likewise as judges, equally with their husbands, in serious matters. The king of France makes especial recognition of this right; and we shall see Alice de Montmorency leading an army to her husband, the famous Simon de Montfort.

"Hitherto barred all right of inheritance by the barbarous customs of feudalism, woman recovers it everywhere in the first half of the twelfth century—in England, Castile, Aragon, Jerusalem, Burgundy, Flanders, Hainault, Vermandois, Aquitaine, Provence, and Lower Languedoc. The rapid extinction of the male lines, the amelioration of manners, and the progress of justice open the way to her right of inheritance. Women carry crowns with them into foreign houses, bring the world together, accelerate the union of states, and prepare the centralisation of the great monarchs."

Brief and imperfect as is our notice, we have but space left to say, that the translations are spirited and exact. That of "Thierry" has no name to it, but it has undergone the revision, and received the approbation of the illustrious author. Michelet has, in the edition we refer to, been rendered by Mr. George Henry Smith, and does him great credit, for it gives an excellent and faithful idea of the graces and force of the original. To render such an author into a foreign language is a task of no easy kind, and elevates the translation of prose into the rank usually and justly given to the translation of poetry.

NARRATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES EXPLORING EXPEDITION during the Years 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842. By CHARLES WILKES, Commander of the Expedition. Vol. I. Wiley and Putnam.

WE cannot help it, if political alarmists who above all people in the world are most prone "to cry out before they are hurt," will shake their heads at the growing importance of America as a producing country, and augur frightful things to our own commercial interests, and date our own decline and fall from the advent of her prosperity. John Bull as we are to the back-bone, there is one point on which we welcome all proofs of successful rivalry on the part of Brother Jonathan; and which we are ready at all times to regard with more favour than jealousy, whatever success he may obtain in driving us out of the market. If he can or will match us with "a better article," in what is called "the book-trade," so far from wishing to stop his progress, we would aid his efforts, as we intend doing, by giving all the weight we can by our

recommendation to the attempt before us, of "making head" against a market in which we have had hitherto secure, but somewhat careless possession.

This "Narrative" is the first of five volumes of an expensively got up work, which is quite equal to any of the handsomest publications of the kind that have issued from our own press. Our eyes, so long spoiled by the typographical excellence of our own printers, are no longer caught by mere excellence of printing; but when we see a beautiful page, in our own language, with the *imprimatur* "Printed by C. Sherman, Philadelphia, U. S. A.," we must confess a feeling of novelty is given to an otherwise familiar and ordinary object. Not only printing and paper are first-rate, but the illustrations are in the best possible taste, and in great profusion. If such beautiful works are wafted over the Atlantic by every steamer (and such an event is not far from a probability), Paternoster Row and Albemarle Street must be on the look out for a stout rivalry.

It is now our place to give some idea of the literary materials of which this goodly volume is made up. The narrative is an account, by the Commander, of the only Expedition that was ever fitted out by the American nation for scientific objects. Great allowance ought therefore to be conceded for the difficulties which it had to encounter; and great praise should be awarded for the discoveries which, in spite of those difficulties, it was the means of making.

The Act of Congress authorizing the undertaking having passed, the command of it was given to Mr. Wilkes, in March, 1838. The vessels appointed for the service were two sloops-of-war, a brig, a store-ship, and two tenders. The primary object in view of the American legislature appears to have been the promotion of the commercial interests of the state embarked in the whale fisheries, and other enterprises in the great Southern Ocean; but the Commander was specially instructed "to take all occasions not incompatible with the great purposes of the undertaking to extend the bounds of science and promote the acquisition of knowledge." To secure the latter object, a corps of scientific gentlemen accompanied the Expedition, consisting of a philologist, conchologist, mineralogist, botanist, horticulturist, with naturalists and draughtsmen. The hydrography and geography of the various seas and countries, with astronomical observation, terrestrial magnetism, and meteorology were confided to the naval officers of the Expedition, who were expected to co-operate harmoniously with the *savans* whose pursuits were exclusively confined to scientific investigations.

The reader will make his own obvious reflections on the objects of a vessel so freighted—not leaving the shores of her mother nation chartered with the instruments of destruction, and carrying within her bosom the fierce elements of discord and slaughter—but, like the dove that issued from the patriarchal ark, a herald of hope and a messenger of peaceful inquiry—bearing on her wings to the rude wigwam of the savage the olive-leaf of amity and the blessings of civilisation.

Before, however, trusting ourselves to the mercy of the waves with the gallant and learned crew, we shall glance at the "general order," from which we are able to discover the means by which such a valuable mass of information has been obtained. The critical reader will, like ourselves, charitably hope, from some of the phrases in the document, that at the time of its concoction the philologist was not put on board; although we are not such land-lubbers as not to know that the heavy part of the cargo is generally stowed away first.

"GENERAL ORDER.

"All the officers of the Exploring Expedition will be required to conform to the rules and regulations of the service, by keeping a journal during the cruise, which *he* will send to the commander of the ship, to which he may be attached, weekly. This journal will contain the daily reckoning, distances, bearings, &c., of the ship when at sea, also a full record (with such observations and remarks as may present themselves) in relation to all occurrences and objects of interest, which may, at the time, be considered even of the least importance, and which may come under the observation of the officers, whether on board ship or on shore, and may tend to illustrate any transaction or occurrence which may take place, or afford any information to the manners, habits, or customs, of the natives, and the position and characters of such places as may be visited. The journals required by this order, will be disposed of agreeably to the directions of the honourable Secretary of the Navy; and it is expected that they will be as full and complete as possible."

On the 17th of August the Commander received his sailing instructions, and the signal being made the squadron got under weigh, with a light air from the south-west. The wind becoming favourable on the 25th they were enabled to lay their course towards Madeira, which island they made on the 16th of September. The following description will give some idea of the luxuriance of nature in this beautiful region:

"On proceeding out of Funchal, fruits, flowers, and vegetables, seem crowding upon the sight; in the lower portions, groves of orange and lemon trees are mingled with the vineyards—the trees are loaded with fruit; then, as one mounts higher, bananas, figs, pomegranates, &c.; and again, still higher, the fruits of the tropics are interspersed with those of the temperate zone, viz., apples, currants, pears, and peaches, while the ground is covered with melons, tomatoes, egg-plants, &c. Further beyond, the highest point of cultivation is reached, where the potato alone flourishes. Then the whole lower portion is spread before the eye. Vineyards occupying every spot that is susceptible of improvement; and one rides through paths hedged in with geraniums, roses, myrtles, and hydrangeas. These plants, which we have been accustomed to consider as the inhabitants of our parlours and greenhouses, are here met with in gigantic forms, and as different from our small sickly specimens as can well be imagined. For those unacquainted with the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, it would be difficult to conceive an idea of this favoured spot. Many of the terraces, on which the vines are grown, are cut on the sides of the hills; and the visitor cannot but admire the labour expended on the stone walls that support them."

The objects desired by the visit to Madeira having been obtained, on

the 25th of September the Expedition sailed from that place to Rio Janeiro. There is much to interest the reader in the description of that semi-civilized city and the rich country that surrounds it; but we must give a social in preference to a natural description :—

"The slave population is stated at five times the number of that of the whites; and, notwithstanding the existing danger of maritime capture, the supply still seems equal to the demand. Although many slaves are taken by the English cruisers, brought in and tried by the mixed commission, agreeably to treaty, yet means are found to introduce the slaves. Two slavers were lying in charge of the English squadron while we were there. On board of them, though quite small vessels, were two or three hundred negroes. It is difficult to imagine more emaciated, miserable, and beastly looking creatures, and it is not a little surprising that they should be kept thus confined by those who affect to establish their freedom and ameliorate their condition. These vessels, it is understood, had obtained their victims on the eastern coast of Africa."

As a relief to this sombre sketch we will hang up a picture of a ball at which the officers of the Expedition were present, which will give us some idea of a Brazilian Almack's.

"Among the many places to which we had the honour of an invitation, was the White-jacket Ball, at Praya Grande, so called in consequence of a request being made, on the card of invitation, that the gentlemen would come in white jackets, and the ladies appear without brilliants or other jewels. We gladly accepted the invitation. The row across the bay was beautiful; the water undisturbed by any breeze; the air soft and balmy; while thousands of lights along the shores, and the phosphorescence of the water, gave additional interest and brilliancy to the whole.

"The distance, though great, was not too much for so beautiful an evening. After being once or twice at fault, we at last found the landing, and walked a short distance from the beach. On reaching the ante-room, we were met by the committee of gentlemen or managers, and kindly greeted without ceremony, making us at once feel at our ease. We were shortly after ushered into one of the most splendid ball-rooms I ever saw,—it would contain over a thousand persons. There were upwards of three hundred present, all dressed in pure white, without any finery whatever. The room was brilliantly lighted. We were shown around, and introduced to a great many persons of both sexes, who all seemed bent on amusement. It was truly a *sans souci* meeting. Seldom have I seen so much taste as was displayed in the arrangements, or so good a tone of society. A good band of music, all Brazilians, played waltzes and marches alternatively. I was told that there were many distinguished persons, senators, representatives of the congress, &c., present. These balls take place monthly, and are really what they profess to be, for the pleasure of meeting, innocent amusement and recreation. All the expense that attends them is the music and lights. Some few dulces were the only refreshments. The language generally spoken was Portuguese, though some few of the ladies, and many of the gentlemen, spoke French. I was not much struck with the beauty of the ladies, though many were quite pretty.

"The great charm thrown over the whole, was the unaffected manners and *naïveté* exhibited by the whole company. I left the ball at a late hour,

exceedingly gratified with my visit, and the politeness and kindness that had been shown us."

The administration of justice appears to be as much open to remark in the Brazils as in countries boasting a civilization of a much higher standard. "Great corruption" exists in all the courts, "and no class of people are so unpopular as the judges." We must give the following account of the constitution of a court with a singular name and with still more (we trust) singular powers—"the Court of Findings and Losings." We presume the former part of its name alludes to the lawyers' share, the latter to the suitors. Perhaps our own Court of Chancery has a growing likeness of itself in Rio Janeiro :—

"The greatest injustice occurs in the Orphans' Court ; but the Court of Findings and Losings is one of the most singular in this respect. It takes charge of all things lost and found, making it the duty of a person finding anything to deposit it with the judge. The loser, to prove property, must have three witnesses to swear that they saw him lose it, and three others, that they saw the finder pick it up, otherwise it remains in deposit. To show the working of this system, a gentleman in Rio found a bank note of about 4,000 milrees (about £250). The owner went to him and claimed it, proving satisfactorily to the finder that the bank note was his, upon which the finder gave it up.

"The judge of Findings and Losings heard of the circumstance, and asked a statement of the case, which the finder unsuspectingly related. The judge praised his honourable conduct, and was punctiliously polite. The next day, however, he issued an order for the deposit of the money found, and because it was disregarded, the finder, a respectable foreign merchant, was arrested in the street and sent to prison, to be confined with common criminals. The jailor, however, having private apartments for those who could pay for them, he became his guest, and was preserved from the disgust of being a close prisoner, and the companion of degraded and depraved wretches. Before he could regain his liberty, he had to pay the amount found, the decision being the forfeiture of a like sum, together with the jailor's fees, &c."

Gentle reader ! before we proceed further, a word of advice in your ear : should you ever happen to take a summer jaunt to the Brazils, and perceive a bank-note for four thousand milrees in your path, whatever you do—don't pick it up !

Passing over a most interesting transit from Rio Negro to Terra del Fuego, with a pleasing account of the natives, and the intercourse of the officers with them, we will follow the track of the vessels to their arrival at Orange Harbour, and thence to Chili. It may be doubtful whether a residence amongst the savage barbarians of the one is not infinitely preferable to the state of society, described as formerly existing in the other. Speaking of Chili, the author says :—

"On my former visit, there was no sort of order, regulation or good government ; robbery, murder, and vices of all kinds were openly committed. The exercise of arbitrary military power alone existed. Not only with the natives, but amongst foreigners, gambling and knavery of the lowest

order, and all the demoralising effects accompanying them, prevailed. Every one engaged in trade was found more or less to recognise the system of fraud and deceit that had become the order of the day. The demoralising effects of smuggling and bribery in open day, without disguise, with the knowledge and connivance of the higher authorities, whose duty it was to apply the corrective, naturally brought about this state of things, and the inference was drawn, true or false, that they participated in the profits accruing from such transactions. I myself saw, on my former visit, several dead bodies exposed in the public squares, victims of the *cuchillo*. This was the result of a night's debauch, and the fracas attendant upon it. No other punishment awaited the culprits than the remorse of their own conscience. Now, Valparaiso, and indeed all Chili, shows a great change for the better ; order reigns throughout, crime is rarely heard of, and never goes unpunished ; good order and decorum prevail outwardly everywhere ; that engine of good government, an active and efficient police, has been established. It is admirably regulated, and brought fully into action, not only for the protection of life and property, but in adding to the comforts of the inhabitants.

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"Schools and colleges have been established, and a desire to extend the benefits of education throughout the population is evinced. This has been of late one of the constant aims of government. The credit of forming this police is given to Portates. It consists of two distinct bodies, one mounted, the other on foot. The watchmen carry swords only. The former patrol the streets on horseback, while the latter take their particular walk round a square or two, for which they are responsible. A message may be sent through them to the farthest end of the city, and an answer returned in fifteen minutes. They carry a loud and shrill whistle, the sounds of which are varied as occasion requires, and by it a concentration of force can be effected in a few moments."

It seems that no state of society is so bad, but some good hints may be obtained for a better one : the following regulations of the police might afford the functionaries of Great Scotland Yard a useful practical suggestion.

"This police adds greatly to the comfort as well as to the safety of the inhabitants. To give an instance of its effects, apothecaries are chosen weekly to keep their shops open all night, in case of sickness, or requiring any aid ; one has only to call for the vigilante, who takes the recipe, and passes it to the next, and so on to the shop, where it is obtained, and returned as soon as possible, without any trouble whatever. They have their particular rounds, and each door is obliged to have a padlock. If any door is found without it, they put a lock on, for which the owner has to pay a fine of four dollars to the city to have it removed ; half is the reward of the vigilante."

As we are informed, from very good authority, "that the Polka is going quite out,"—may we recommend to our readers a most admirable successor in the *Samacueca*, a dance that turns all the Chilians' heads and heels, and of which they are exceedingly fond. This is indeed the national dance, and is as much in vogue with the common people as with the *noblesse*. It appears to us equally characteristic as the Bohemian exotic that has been naturalised amongst us ; perhaps rather

more picturesque; and if there is such a thing as ethics in the *ballet*, a trifle more vicious.

"The dance is performed by a young man and woman; the former is gaudily decked in a light scarlet jacket, embroidered with gold lace, white pantaloons, red sash and pumps, with a tiny red cap, whilst that of his partner consists of a gaudy painted muslin dress, quite short, and stiffly starched, not a little aided by an ample pair of hips—thrown over all is a rich-coloured French shawl; these, with well-fitted silk stockings, complete her attire. These last, are in truth, characteristic of the Chilian women of all classes, and they take no pains to conceal them. One not unfrequently sees the extravagance of silk stockings in the washerwomen at their tubs, and even with their hands in the suds. The dress in general fits neatly, and nature is not distorted by tight lacing, or the wearing of corsets. Nothing is worn on the head, and the hair, parted, and equally divided from the forehead back to the neck, hangs down in two long plaits on each shoulder to the waist.

"The style of dancing is something like a fandango. The couple begin by facing each other, and flirting handkerchiefs over each other's heads, then approaching, slowly retreating again, then quickly shooting off to one side, passing under arms without touching, with great agility, rattling and beating time with castanets. Their movements are quite graceful, those of their feet pretty, and withal quite amorous; the gestures may be readily understood, not only by the native audience, but by foreigners. I cannot say much for its moral tendency."

Arrived at Peru, we have a description of society much resembling Chili, but yet giving evident symptoms (a sad, but by no means strange thing in a new country!) of a retrograde movement in civilisation. We know few passages in recent history more instructive than the struggles of the South-American republics; and they combine a rare (we hope) union of the fierce vindictiveness of the savage race from which they have so recently sprung, with the intrigue and ambition of civilised life. Passing through the clouded moral atmosphere of this country, we are reminded of the old tradition related by Giraldus, of a whole region which was inundated by the sudden overflowing of a fountain, and overwhelmed like the Atlantis of Plato, by the "world of waters." According to the legend, on a clear day, the stranger might see the towers of the ancient city under the water. Moore, in his glorious song, "Let Erin remember the days of old," thus alludes to this favourite superstition:—

"On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining."

Crofton Croker has also, in his legends of the South of Ireland, a graceful version of the old story. The following, although a painful, is too striking a picture to be omitted.

"Outside the walls of the fortress are several large vaults, filled with the dead, in all stages of decay, and on which the vultures were gorging them-

selves ; this was a revolting spectacle. Indeed, it is truly surprising, that the higher classes, and those in immediate authority, should not feel the necessity of appearing more civilised in the disposition of their dead. Many are thrown in naked, and covered only with a few inches of sand. Great numbers of skeletons are still seen with pieces of clothing hanging to them. Dogs and vultures in great numbers were everywhere feeding upon the dead, or standing aloof fairly gorged with their disgusting repast. If anything is calculated to make a people brutal, and to prevent the inculcation of proper feeling, it is such revolting sights as these."

The once flourishing city of Lima is now a melancholy reverse of its former wealth and splendour—the sad consequences of five-and-twenty years of revolution and political intrigue, of which it was the fated centre. Peru may now be considered as a subjugated country, and bears all the evident marks of its fallen state. The moral elevation of the Peruvians may be conjectured by the following sketch :—

"Great attention has been paid to laying out the Alameda, which is on the north side of the city. Its centre is ornamented with a number of fountains ; its walks are well shaded on each side, and the running water adds to its freshness ; all unite to form a delightful promenade.

"In the cool of the evening it is much frequented, and its stone seats are occupied by numbers of citizens. This is the best place to get a view of the inhabitants ; and notwithstanding their internal commotions, they appear fully to enjoy their cigarittas, which they are constantly smoking.

"The peculiar dress of the ladies is here seen to the best advantage, and, however fitted it may be to cover intrigue, is not certainly adapted to the display of beauty. A more awkward and absurd dress cannot well be conceived. It is by no means indicative of the wearer's rank, for frequently this disguise is ragged and tattered, and assumed under its most forbidding aspect to deceive, or carry on an intrigue, of which it is almost an effectual cloak. I never could behold these dresses without considering them as an emblem of the wretched condition of domestic society in this far-famed city. The saya and manto were originally intended as a retiring, modest dress, to mark reserve, to insure seclusion, and to enable ladies to go abroad without an escort. The general term for the wearers is Tapada, and they were always held sacred from insult. Tapada is likewise applied to a dress which is also freqnently seen, viz., a shawl worn over the head, so as to cover the nose, mouth, and forehead. None but the most intimate friend can know the wearers, who frequent the theatres in disguise. It is to be regretted, that it is now worn for very different purposes from its original intention. Intrigues of all kinds are said to be carried on under it. It enables the wearer to mix in all societies, and to frequent any place of amusement, without being known, and, even if suspected by her husband and relatives, the law of custom would protect her from discovery. In this dress, it is said, a wife will pass her own husband when she may be walking with her lover, and the husband may make love to his wife, without being aware it is she."

What a delightful state of society must that be, where a wife walks out with her lover and passes her husband ; and the husband is the unconscious wooer of his wife !

The following is a home-picture, and would have been a fine subject for Teniers, or our own Wilkie :—

"The market of Lima is kept in an open square. It is a strange place to visit, and the scene that is witnessed there cannot fail to amuse the stranger.

"It is well supplied, and many purchasers frequent it. There are no stalls, and mats are used in their stead. The meat is laid on them in rows, and the vegetables heaped up in piles. Some of the piles consist of only one kind, but they are generally all mixed together. The meat, as at Callao, is cut with the grain, and into small pieces, to suit the purchasers, and poultry is cut up in a similar manner. But what will most attract the stranger's notice, are the cooking establishments. These are in great request; stews, fries, and olla podridas, are in constant preparation by some brawny dame, who deals out, with much gravity and a business-like air, the small pieces to the hungry Indians who stand by waiting for their turn. The fried dishes seem to claim their preference, if one could judge by the number in waiting. The expertness of the woman who officiated was truly wonderful, twisting and twirling the dough in her hand, placing it upon a stick, dipping it in the hot oil, and slipping it as soon as cooked dexterously in the dish for her customers. Then again was a frier of pancakes close by, equally expert. The variety of dishes cooking was surprising, and those who fried fish exhibited undoubted proofs of their freshness, by consigning them to the pan before they ceased to live."

From a very well drawn-up political history of Peru, which forms Chapter XIV. of the first volume, we give an interesting anecdote. The "three good women," mentioned by Montaigne, required in modern times a third to match with them. The wives of Grotius and Lavalette are an immortal two, a Peruvian makes an honourable third in the person of a Senora Lafuente.

"In the year 1831, Gamarra being on the frontiers of Bolivia, with the army, he became suspicious that Lafuente was concerned in some of the movements, and gave orders to seize him. Lafuente had little notice of it, but when the party detached for the purpose arrived at his quarters at night, Senora Lafuente, his wife, bolted the door, to give time for her husband to escape. The officer in command, before going to the apartment, had stationed guards round the square, with orders to shoot any one whom they saw escaping. On arriving at the door of the chamber, he found it bolted, and ordered it to be opened. This was done by Senora Lafuente, after her husband had effected his escape through the window. The officer, eager in pursuit, followed, but mistaking the course of flight, got upon the roofs of the houses, where he was seen by his own soldiers, who, true to their orders, fired and shot him dead. Lafuente, thus saved by the good management of his wife, escaped to Callao, where he found an asylum on board the United States ship, St. Louis, then lying in the roads. Thence he went to Chili, and from Chili to Bolivia, where he became reconciled to Santa Cruz, and endeavoured to obtain aid from him to overthrow Gamarra."

On the 13th of July the expedition, under the favour of a light breeze, left Peru, for the examination of the Panmotu Group of islands; on one

of which, the Henuake Handen, or Dog Island, (quite uninhabited) they landed.

"The number of birds in this island was incredible, and they were so tame as to require to be brushed off their nests to get their eggs. The most conspicuous among them was the frigate-bird (*Jachypetis Æquilus;*) many of the trees were covered with their nests, constructed of a few sticks. The old birds were seen, as they flew off, inflating their blood-red pouches to the size of a child's head, and looking as if a large bladder were attached to their necks. The gannets, sooty terns, and the beautiful tropic-bird, were in countless numbers; the former guarding their eggs (which were laid on the ground without a nest) with care, remaining by them, and even suffering themselves to be captured without resistance. Their hoarse croaking was quite deafening. Some droll sights were seen of crabs walking off with snakes, and both again being seized by some stout bird and borne away. Armies of soldiers, or piratical crabs, were seen moving in all directions with their shells.

"We enjoyed ourselves much, and found no use for our gunpowder and shot; as many specimens as we could desire, were taken by the hand, both old and young. In some cases the tropic-birds were taken off their nests, and from others their eggs were taken without disturbing them; indeed, I have never seen any barn-yard fowls half so tame.

"The various snakes, the many-coloured fish, the great eels, enormous and voracious sharks, shells, large molluscs, spiders, with the curious lepidoptera, seemed to have quiet possession, their webs stretching in every direction, and occasioning us much annoyance; all gave a novelty to the scene that highly interested and delighted us. In the afternoon we returned on board, loaded with specimens; and the survey being completed, we bore away on our course."

The morning of the 24th of August found them off the north-west end of the island of Wytohee, another of the group; the natives of which are described as peculiar, and totally distinct from any other they met with in this remote archipelago. One peculiarity we fear will greatly shock the exquisites of the *salons* of London and Paris—the barbarians have both *moustaches* and imperials! We have always cherished an opinion that there was strong evidence of the darkness of the minds (if they had any), of the wearers of such appendages; and that they bore a striking resemblance to the savage tribes, but we are now blest with an authority above the suspicion of prejudice. The chief, described as "a very old man, quite grey; had a long staff and white beard; his legs were enlarged with the elephantiasis, the swelling being of a white colour, and so large and regular, that many thought he had on sailors' trowsers"—was prevailed on to approach the officers; and having gone through the ceremony of rubbing noses, soon became on excellent terms with them.

"On our gentlemen requesting to go to their huts, they seemed to be thrown into a kind of stupid wonderment; but on being assured they had nothing to fear, their countenances brightened up, and they led the way through the wood to an open space, surrounded by pandarms and cocoa-trees. These

natives had evidently had communication with vessels, but I very much doubt if any had landed before. They did not appear at all alarmed at the firing of guns, but were much surprised to see the birds killed, holding up their hands, and making ejaculations. They had no idea of the principles of barter, and allowed anything to be taken without opposition, receiving any articles in return with gratitude and delight. Iron was prized more than any other thing. On reaching the huts, inquiry was made of them for their women, when a general burst of laughter ensued, and they gave us to understand, that they had penetrated our motive for visiting their island—that as we inhabited an island without any women, we wanted to have some. Nothing more was said to them on the subject. They accompanied us to the boats, and at parting went through the same ceremonies of rubbing noses, shaking hands, and raising their arms with the palms towards us. According to the estimate I made of the inhabitants, the number was about ninety."

The following appears too faithful a tribute of the influence of the missionary on the savage race, to be passed over :—

"Nothing could be more striking than the difference that prevailed between these natives and those of the Disappointment Islands, which we had just left. The half inhabitants of the natives of Raraka was very marked, and it appeared as though we had issued out of darkness into light. They showed a modest disposition, and gave us a hearty welcome. We were not long at a loss to what to ascribe it: the missionary had been at work here, and his exertions had been based upon a firm foundation; the savage had been changed to a reasonable creature. Among the inhabitants was a native missionary, who had been instrumental in this work. If the missionaries had effected nothing else, they would deserve the thanks of all those who roam over this wide expanse of ocean, and incur its many unknown and hidden dangers. Here all shipwrecked mariners would be sure of kind treatment, and a share in the few comforts these people possess. No savage mistrust or fear were seen here. The women and children came about us, receiving our trifles. They showed much joy and curiosity at the sight of us, and were eager to supply our wants. The chief was an old man, much tattooed about the breast and arms, which gave him the appearance of a blue and brown checker-board; others had large rosettes on their legs and horizontal bands on the back, passing a considerable distance on each side of the spine, elaborately executed in various patterns."

We must here break off, and we confess with some reluctance; possibly the future volumes may authorise a continuance of the subject.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S

SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.

As it is our hope, in the course of this small history, to chronicle many great achievements of our hero of the gutter, St. Giles,—we shall not follow him year by year through his humble yet industrious course, in which, to his own satisfaction and strengthening conceit, he became profoundly knowing; subtly learned in every way of petty peculation; whether he plundered the orange-baskets of Covent Garden market, or whether, with finest skill, he twitched the tempting handkerchief from the pocket of the lounger. Nor was this, his lowly career, undignified by suffering. No: for ere he was twelve years old, he had tasted the hospitality of Bridewell; where, in truth, he had been inducted into the knowledge of far deeper mysteries than he had ever hoped to learn. In Bridewell, his young and ardent soul had expanded with the thoughts of future fame, won by highway pistol—or burglar's jemmy. And there, too, would he listen to fairy tales of coining: would dream of easy, lasting wealth, acquired by copper guineas. As for the lash bestowed upon him, the pain of that did but burn into his mind his high resolves. He would the more fiercely revenge the suffering upon everybody called honest. He would steal with all his heart and all his soul; he was born and bred to steal; he came into the world to do it, and he would notably fulfil his mission. Such was the strengthened belief of young St.

* Continued from page 212.

Giles, when, at fourteen and for the second time, he came back to the world across the threshold of Bridewell. Such was his creed: the only creed his world had taught him. Nevertheless, our hero did not vaunt this belief, save among those of his own Newgate persuasion; on the contrary, he assumed the character of a tradesman, that under his commercial aspect he might the more securely plunder the innocents who dealt with him. True it is, he had not the security of a shop; he could not, like his patron the dealer in marine stores, despoil across a counter; but he carried a basket; and whilst, to the unsuspecting eye, he seemed only the Arcadian vendor of chickweed, groundsel, and turf for singing-birds—for the caged minstrels of the poor—he was, in every thought, a robber.

It was a fine morning early in spring, and Plumtree-street resounded with the sharp tradesman cry of young St. Giles. Pausing at a door-step, and looking up to the second-floor windows, he pitched his commercial note with a peculiar significance, as though giving notice of his whereabout to an expected customer. "Chickweed for singing-birds," cried St. Giles, in a shrill, prolonged voice, as though he would send the glad tidings up to the garret casement, where hopped and fluttered some solitary linnet —some lonely goldfinch—that feeling the breath of spring, albeit through prison bars, sang a song of hope and cheerfulness. "Chickweed for singing-birds," cried St. Giles, with increasing volume and impatience. Then again he looked up at the window, and then muttered "The old un can't be dead, can she?" As he thus speculated, the window was raised, and a woman looked down into the street. "Is it you, my poor boy?" she cried; "stop a minute:" and instantly disappeared. "Thought the old un could n't be dead," said St. Giles, self-communing; and then he began to hum a tune and shuffle a dancing-step upon the pavement. The door was opened by a girl, who, with no very cordial looks, muttered,—"Mrs. Simmer—well, she 's a droll cretur, she is!—Mrs. Simmer says you 're to come up. You can leave your basket here, can't you?"

"In course, my beauty," said St. Giles, "'cause, you see, there 's only these two bunches left; and them I can carry in my hand without breaking my back." With this, St. Giles, rapidly placing his basket against the wall, gave a saucy wink to the servant, and bounded like a kid up stairs. In a moment he was with his patroness, Mrs. Simmer.

"My poor child, I thought you was lost," said the dame in the kindest voice. "What makes you so late?"

"Why, do you know mum, I can't tell what 's come to the chickweed: it does n't grow no how, now. If I was n't at five in the morning in Hampstead fields, a hunting in every edge, and hav'n't got above three penn'orth. Chickweed, mum, as Tom Blast says, seems a perishin' from the face of the earth, and only to spite poor people as lives by it. I do n't know how much I could n't ha' sold this mornin'; but I says to myself—no, there 's Mrs. Simmer's blessed little linnet, and her darlin' goldfinch as draws his own water,—they sha'n't go without, whoever does."

"Poor dear child! good little boy," said Mrs. Simmer, looking with softened looks upon the wily little trader.

"And to hear how all the birds did seem to call to me from their cages—I 'm blessed if they did n't, mum, as I came along—but no, says I to 'em, it 's no use, my little cockies, no use to be gammonin' me—this here chickweed 's for Mrs. Simmer's Bob and Tit, and for nobody else whatsomever." And after this fashion was the simplicity of two-score and ten talked to and duped by precocious fourteen.

But dear Mrs. Simmer seemed to be one of those good, old people, who strangely enough carry their hearts in their heads. She had not been above a fortnight in London at the time of this interview with St. Giles, whom she had met in the street, and whose pathetic tale of destitution—delivered with the cunning of an actor—had carried away her sympathies. St. Giles, however, had another claim upon her. He was, she said, such a pretty boy. Dear soul! she could no more read a human face than she could read Sanscrit. She only saw the bright, glittering eyes of St. Giles, and not the fox that looked from them; she praised his eyes and face, as she might have praised a handsome hieroglyph, wholly unconscious of its subtle meaning. A great master has said, "there is something in true beauty that vulgar souls cannot admire." And sure we are, there is something in the truest rascality, that simple benevolent souls cannot detect. They have not an eye for the worst counterfeit countenance; have no ear for a false voice, let it ring ever so brassily. Now, dear Mrs, Simmer was one of these: hence, was she, at fifty, but a babe, an innocent, in the hands of young St. Giles.

"Now, my poor child"—she said "take some tea. I 've kept it for you, with some toast;" and Mrs. Simmer took a smoking

jug and a plate piled with toast from either hob, and placed them on the table, before her guest. "Take as much as you can, my child, and then you shall tell me all your story as you promised. Poor lamb! Bless you, eat—it does my heart good to see you;" and Mrs. Simmer, folding her hands, looked with almost maternal tenderness upon St. Giles, who acknowledging the welcome with a knowing nod of the head, proceeded vigorously with his meal. Mrs. Simmer thought she never saw so handsome a creature; what St. Giles thought of Mrs. Simmer, we will not say. "And so you 've no father nor mother, my dear boy?" after some time asked Mrs. Simmer.

"Not one on 'em," answered St. Giles, rapidly moving his buttered chin. "Not one on 'em."

"The Lord help you!" cried Mrs. Simmer: "and no uncle, no aunt, no"——

"No nothing, mum," said St. Giles; and he gulped his tea. "All on 'em died, mum, when I was a babby."

"Poor dear child! Bless my heart! And how have you been brought up?"

"Brought up, mum"—and St. Giles grinned and scratched his head,—"you said brought up, mum? Don't know, mum."

"And where do you live, now, my poor boy?" and Mrs. Simmer melted with every question.

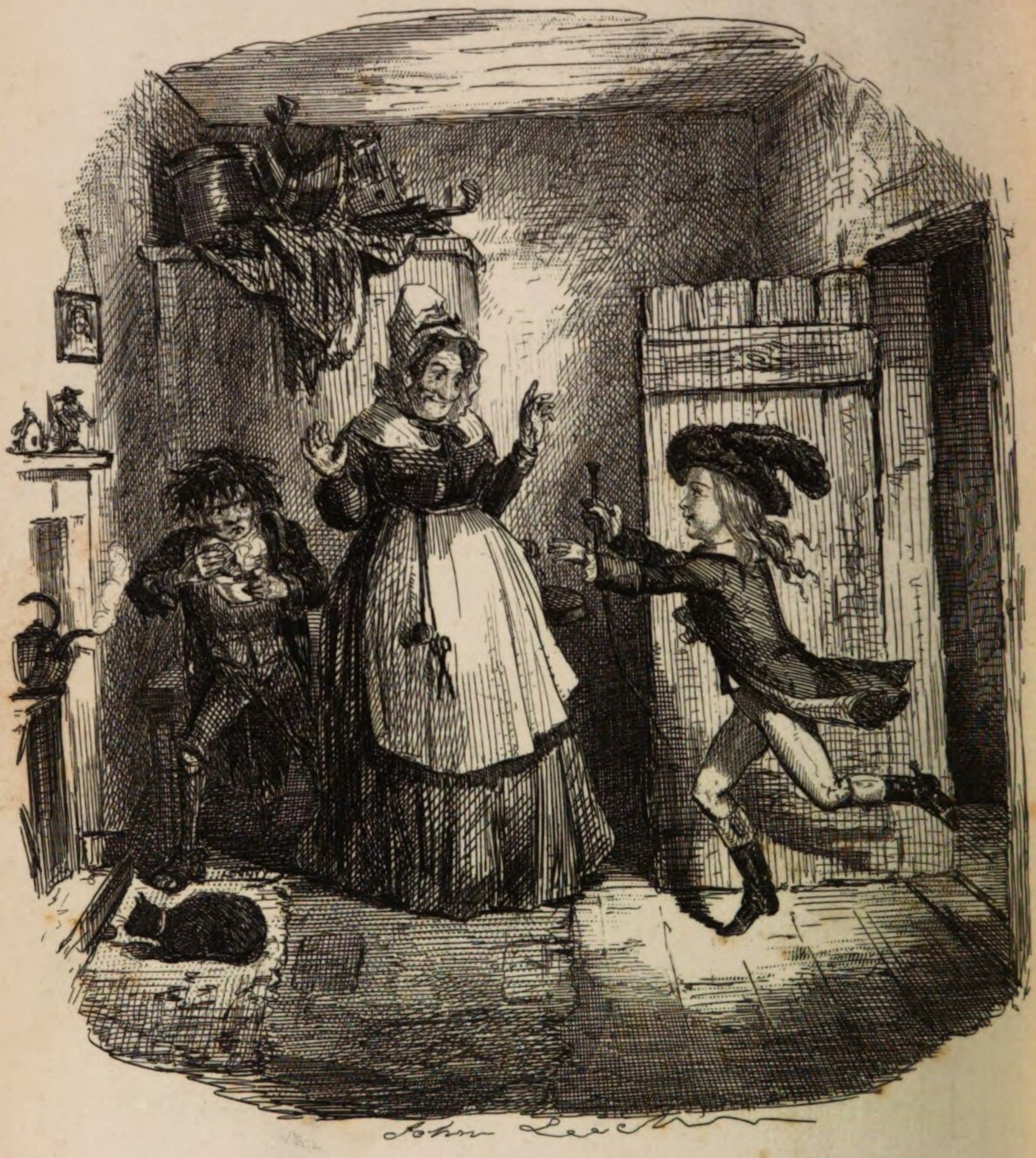
"Don't live nowhere, reg'lar, mum. Poor boys, like me, why we live—as Tom Blast says—like the rats, where we can. Then o' nights, mum, I sometimes sleeps in the market among the baskets. Sometimes, though, don't they come with a stick, and cut us out! I believe you!" and St. Giles seemed to speak with a lively recollection of such incidents. "Cuts the werry breath out o' you," he then significantly added.

"Cruel creatures! Gracious little lamb! And I 'm afraid you meet with bad boys there, eh? Wicked boys, that may some day tempt you to do something wrong? Eh?" asked simple Mrs. Simmer.

"Believe you," said St. Giles, with well-acted gravity. "Lots on 'em wanted me to go picking pockets—"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Simmer, and the tears came to her eyes.

"That's what I said, mum; no, says I, no, I shall stick to chickweed if I starves for it—I 'm not a-going to be hanged to please nobody: no, mum."



Lord St.ⁿ James visits Mr.ˢ Simmer,

and meets St.ⁿ Giles.

"That such a precious flower should be thrown away!" cried Mrs. Simmer to herself: and then to St. Giles: "You 're a good boy; I'm sure you 're a good boy. And tell me; I hope you go to church?"

"Oh, I should like it so!" cried St. Giles: "but you see, mum, it 's impossible."

"How so, my boy?" asked Mrs. Simmer.

"Look here, mum," and St. Giles, with the coolness of a philosopher, drew his feet up almost level with the table, and with his forefinger pointed to his ten muddy toes, that showed themselves through the parted shoe-leather. "Parson wouldn't have 'em, by no means. I did once try to go to church; I did begin to feel so wicked. Well, mum, if the beadle didn't come up, mum, and nearly cut me in two, mum."

"How wicked—how barbarous!" said the ingenuous Mrs. Simmer.

"And only for my bad shoes, and the oles in my coat; but that 's how they serves poor boys, mum. I don't think it's kind, mum: do you, mum?" And St. Giles tried to look at once injured and innocent.

Mrs. Simmer wiped her eyes, making an effort to be calm. She then said, "I 've been thinking, if I could get you a place in a gentleman's house."

"Wouldn't that be prime?" cried St. Giles: and as he spoke, there rang through the house a loud and hurried knock at the street-door. Mrs. Simmer, without a word, jumped to her feet, and ran to the window.

"Well, I declare! if it isn't that blessed child! if it isn't his lordship!" she cried.

Young St. Giles, at the word lordship, slid from his chair, and looked slyly about him. Was it possible that a lord could be coming into that room? Could he imagine such a thing as to see a real lord in such a place? Ere St. Giles had done wondering, the room-door was flung open, and in ran young St. James. St. Giles seemed to shrink into himself at the splendid appearance of the new-comer. He wore a bright scarlet coat, thickly ornamented with gold buttons; and a black beaver hat with a large, heavy feather of the same colour, brought out in strong contrast his flushed and happy face. For the moment, young St. Giles felt himself overpowered, abashed by the magnificent outside of the little stranger. He sidled into a corner

of the room, and looked at that scarlet coat as though it had been something dropt from the heavens. "Well, nurse," cried St. James with a loud, ringing laugh, "I told you I'd come and see you, and here I am. I went out riding with Mr. Folder. Well, he stopt to talk to somebody, and so I just gave him the slip, put Jessy into such a gallop! and was here in a minute. I say, can't that boy"—and St. James pointed his riding-whip towards St. Giles—"can't that boy hold Jessy, instead of the girl?"

"To be sure, my lord—to be sure," cried Mrs. Simmer.

"Certainly, my lord—directly, my lord—I knows how to hold osses, my lord," said St. Giles in a flutter.

"Just walk her up and down a little, will you, for she's hot," said St. James, with an early knowledge of horse-flesh.

"Yes, my lord—to be sure, my lord—walk her up and down, my lord;" and St. Giles flew down the stairs, and relieved the girl of her charge. Young St. James was then left to have his gossip with Mrs. Simmer: from which gossip a stranger might have learned that the good woman had, for years, been in the service of the family of St. James; that she had been the favourite nurse of his young lordship; and that for the first time in her life she had come to London from the country, where, made comfortable by a pension granted to her by the marchioness, after a short sojourn in the metropolis, it was her purpose to return. She had been to the house in the square, where young St. James had made his chivalrous promise to visit her; yes, at all hazards, to seek Plumtree-street, out of pure love, and a little frolic, to his old nurse. "Oh, I shall be at home now before Mr. Folder," said young St. James, in answer to the fears of Mrs. Simmer, alarmed at the escape of the young gentleman from his tutor. However, we must leave them and descend to the pavement to St. Giles.

With an air of becoming gravity, the boy led the pony up and down before the door, his eyes riveted upon the beast; certainly a creature of extreme beauty. She was jet black, of exquisite delicacy of outline; and her arched neck, quivering nostril, and fiery eye, told something for the spirit and horsemanship of the boy who rode her. Up and down St. Giles walked; and now looking at the animal, now thinking of the boy lord, it appeared to him that all the treasures of the world were concentrated in that pony—that St. James was a sort of earthly angel; a being of altogether another kind to the boys St. Giles had ordinarily

met with. There was something so magnificent about the pony and its rider,—that only to have had his lordship speak to him—that only to hold the bridle of his steed, seemed in the confused brain of St. Giles to redeem him from somewhat of his misery and lowliness. He could not but think the better of himself for all time to come. He had spoken to a lord—had held his horse! Could any of his gutter companions boast such greatness? These thoughts were busying the mind of St. Giles, when he heard himself addressed by a familiar voice. "What! my flower?" was the greeting; and St. Giles, turning, beheld his friend and tutor, Tom Blast. St. Giles, in his last retirement to Bridewell, had had the advantage of Tom's tuition; and, to speak truly, the teacher and pupil were worthy of each other. Tom was a scoundrel of most extensive experience; and had the happy art of so simplifying his knowledge, that he made it available to the meanest understanding. St. Giles, however, had no need of any such condescension: he could jump at a meaning—good or bad—half-way. Hence, the teacher and the taught respected each other for their mutual excellence. In fact, Tom Blast looked upon Young St. Giles, as his Newgate son; and St. Giles—in default of another—considered Tom as the best of fathers.

"What have you got here?" asked Tom, his eye sparkling all over the pony.

"Got a oss to old," said St. Giles, with an inquiring look at Tom. Then he added, sinking his voice—"it belongs to a lord: sich a little chap, and yet a lord."

"Well, she's a beauty," said Blast; "make her walk a little faster."

"She *is* a beauty," cried St. Giles, boldly venturing an opinion, and quickening the animal's pace.

"What a sweet trot!" said Blast, "so light and so free! why she wouldn't break a egg-shell! would she?"

"I should think not," answered St. Giles, a little flattered that his opinion was solicited.

"Come up!" cried Blast, urging the beast into a quicker pace. "Come along, sweet-lips!"

"Stop, Tom; stop!" said the prudent St. Giles, when he had arrived in Bedford-square. "Blest if we don't turn back, if they won't think we're a going to steal her; and that wouldn't do, no how, would it Tom?" asked the boy, and his eye encountered Tom's thoughtful look.

"Why,—no," answered Tom with some deliberation. "No; it wouldn't—turn her round again; and walk her gently, Giles; gently, pretty cretur." And as St. Giles complied, Tom turned too, walking with meditative eye that now glanced at the boy and now at the pony. Ambitious thoughts busied the brain of the small, timid thief, Tom Blast; and he pondered on the means whereby he could reap the profits of a stolen horse, still assuring to himself exemption from the tragic penalty. For many years Tom had from time to time eaten stolen bread; nevertheless, he had lived, as it were, upon the crumbs, the broken morsels of crime. He had never had the courage to dare Tyburn that he might dine, but he satisfied himself with the pickings of petty larceny. No: he never promised to earn for himself either biography or portrait in the Newgate Calendar. Hence, he was a little perplexed at the temptation that would intrude itself upon him as he glanced at Lord St. James's satin-coated pony. Fortune seemed willing to make him a handsome present of horseflesh, if he had only the valour to accept it. No: he would not be tempted: he had resolved to die a natural death, and therefore he resolutely dismissed the demon that would destroy him. Nevertheless, he thought it possible that policy might achieve what courage failed to attempt. He might accomplish all by a stroke of wit, profiting in security by the danger of another. St. Giles might be made the robber, and Tom Blast, in happiest safety, pocket the proceeds. Thus ruminating, Tom again reached Mrs. Simmer's door.

"Not wanted yet," said St. Giles, looking from the door to the window. "We'll give her another trot, eh?" And at the word the pony was turned towards Bedford-square.

"Gently," said Blast, "gently. Why don't you have a ride upon her? The young lord wouldn't know nothing of it. And what if he did? He couldn't take the ride out of you again. Only not so big, else she's the very pictur—yes the very moral of Dick Turpin's Bess," said Blast, looking critically, admiringly, at Jessy. "Get up, and don't be a young fool," he added; and then St. Giles—he hardly knew how it was accomplished—found himself in the saddle. "There, that's something like life, isn't it," said the tempter suddenly, speaking from the whole breadth of the pavement, and every other minute looking cautiously behind him the while he mended his pace, and St. Giles jerked the pony into a trot. "That's something like living for, eh? and I should

like to know why you shouldn't have it just as soon as any little lord whatsomever?"

"Ha! wouldn't that be prime, Tom?" cried St. Giles, his eyes sparkling, and face glowing. "Wouldn't it be prime?"

"It's nothing more than what you ought to have; why you ride as well as if you was born upon her back—give her her head a little more—now down this way," sharply added Blast; and then rapidly turning to the right, he ran on, St. Giles trotting hard after him. Arrived at the east side of Russell-square, Tom suddenly halted. "Now, St. Giles," said he, "are you man enough to make your fortin?"

"I should think so," said Giles, in high spirits with his feat of horsemanship.

"Now listen to a friend, Giles—a friend as never yet deceived you," said Blast with sudden gravity. "Throw away this bit of luck and you may never get another. Take the pony and sell it." St. Giles stared. "Why not, you fool! you may as well"—cried Blast—"you've stole it you know"—

"Stole it!" cried St. Giles.

"It's all the same; there's nobody as would believe otherwise—so I'll stand your friend, and get you the money for the bargain. Ha! I see—you havn't no pluck in you—not a bit," said the taunting friend.

"Ain't I though! just you see!" cried young St. Giles, determined to do anything.

"Well, then, as you've got yourself in a bit of trouble, I'll stand by you. Now, you listen; just dash as hard as you can through the fields, and then turn to the right—and so round and round, until—you know the way—until you drop down upon Smithfield. Then make for Long Lane; and then just afore you get to the Blue Posts—get off and lead the pony up and down as if you was holding her for somebody—and then in a crack I'm with you. Now, look sly, and your fortin's made. Young Turpin for ever! Off with you!" And so saying, the Tyburn monitor slapt the pony smartly with his broad hand, and the mettlesome creature bounded forth, young St. Giles with difficulty keeping the saddle. Away went the pony up the Long Fields and away towards Islington! The words "young Turpin" still rang in the ears of St. Giles, as he cantered along. He felt that he had already done something worthy the exalted name bestowed upon him; and as his blood mounted with the exercise, he imagined future triumphs that would

make him glorious. The robbery of the horse was—for the time—altogether forgotten in the increased importance that had fallen upon him. He dreamt not of the punishment attending the theft; he only thought of the hatful of guineas that the stolen property would produce him. And then, as he rode, how petty and contemptible did his former pickings and stealings appear to him! he almost felt ashamed of himself, comparing his past petty larcenies with his last grand achievement. From that moment he had taken leave of boyhood. He had suddenly become a man, by the grace of daring felony. Then—he thought—how should he ever be able to spend the money? Would he not have a scarlet coat with gold lace to it? ay, much finer than the little lord's! And would he not go to the play every night, and have his hot supper afterwards? And would he not flourish money in a hundred ways that should make all his old companions—the little dirty, paltry thieves of Hog Lane—look up to him with devotion and astonishment?

Still young St. Giles ambled along, and still the world seemed changed to him. He was in a waking dream—a rapture of happiness! All things about him bore a brighter hue; all things sounded with a sweeter music; his brain seemed on wings, and his lightened heart danced in his bosom. And—poor wretch—this ecstacy of ignorance arose from evil, from a crime whose fatal effects, certain as death, would follow him. Still the very houses, to his fancy, took a new and pleasant aspect; wherever he looked he saw a new face of happiness—whatever he heard came toned with a new note of harmony. He saw not the blackened stones of Newgate—heard not the freezing accents of the death-dooming judge. Miserable, foolish wretch!

Yet how often do men—in the ripeness of worldly wisdom—imitate the folly, share the ignorance of young St. Giles! Elated by the commission of some profitable wrong, seeming secret, too, as profitable—how often to them does Fortune seem to put on a new and shining face, when at the very time she grasps the lash, or drugs the bitter bowl that shall revenge the wickedness. For a brief time does successful evil put a new tint of outside beauty upon all the world; and happy knavery rejoices in the cunning that makes the world to him so beautiful. What a plodding, leaden-eyed fool is mere honesty! what an oaf, an ass, compared to him who squares his code of morals by his seeming interest! And then full surely time advances, and the world, that

looked so fresh and smiling, is hollow-cheeked and ghastly—its beauty wiped away, even as a harlot's paint. Successful knavery, dizzied with its luck, sees suddenly delicious scenes—a paradise of worldly joy and life-long rest—then, waking to the truth, beholds around it burning, barren sand. If the mature pilgrims of the world are sometimes so deceived, why not the boy St. Giles?

Still the young, yes, and happy, felon trotted on, until he entered Smithfield. He then walked the pony slowly up Long Lane, and soon as he espied the Blue Posts, faithful to his orders, he dismounted, looking anxiously around him for his friend and instructor, Tom Blast. A quarter of an hour passed, and still he came not. And then, and for the first time, he looked at the stolen goods with lowering eyes, and his heart felt leaden. What was he to do with the pony without Tom? Nobody would buy it of him. And then a deeper and a deeper shadow fell upon all things; and, biting his lips, young St. Giles, with eyes—quick as rats'—looked about and about him. What an ugly brute the pony seemed to him! Yes: he knew what he would do: he would jump upon the pony—gallop back to Plumtree-street, and swear he had only been for a ride. Anything to be well clear of the pony. With this thought St. Giles had his foot in the stirrup, when he was tapped upon the shoulder by a man plainly and comfortably dressed in a dark-grey suit, wearing a light flaxen wig in tight curls, surmounted by a large beaver hat, scrupulously sleek. He had a broad, fat face, with a continual smile, laid like lacker upon it. And, when he spoke, he spoke very gently and very softly, as with lips of butter.

"My dear little boy," said the stranger, patting St. Giles affectionately on the back, "where have you been so long?"

St. Giles looked—he could not help it—very suspiciously at the stranger; then scratching his head, he observed, "Don't know you, sir."

"I dare say not; how should you, my dear? But you will know me, and for a friend. I've waited for you, these ten minutes."

St. Giles said nothing: nevertheless his thoughts were never more active. He by no means liked the appearance of his new friend: he felt afraid of him. He would fling himself into the saddle, and gallop off. As he determined upon this, the stranger, in the gentlest manner, twitched the bridle from his hand, and gently said, "My little dear, it's all right."

"All right!" cried St. Giles; and somehow he felt that his stolen pony was about to be stolen from him—"what's all right?"

"You came from Plumtree-street." St. Giles winced. "Now you know you did; don't tell a lie, my little dear; for don't you know what comes of little boys who tell lies? I have seen your friend, and paid him; it's all right; but as you 're such a nice little boy, here's a guinea for yourself." St. Giles's heart rose somewhat at the guinea. "You 're to go into the house, and wait for Mr. Blast." St. Giles's eyes twinkled at the name: of course, as the stranger averred, it must be all right. "Stop, don't change the guinea; here's a shilling too, my little dear. Now, go in—I don't want to be thanked—only let me see you go in, that you mayn't come to any harm in the street." St. Giles, taking a last look at the pony, entered the Blue Posts. The stranger and the pony went—who shall say whither?

St. Giles meekly seated himself in a corner of the hostelry, ordering for his refection twopennyworth of ale, and some bread and cheese. And when he had somewhat solaced his inward boy, he began to wonder when Tom Blast would come. Hour after hour passed, and still St. Giles remained alone. Again and again he looked at the clock—again and again at the guinea. Never before had he possessed such wealth: and the contemplation of his riches in a great measure abated his anxiety for the arrival of Tom; even though he thought of him as the bearer of other guineas, the purchase-money of the pony. Still, there was the charm, the fascination of ready gold to comfort St. Giles: the glitter of the money held him like the eye of a snake. His only perplexity was how he could best spend it. He was deep in these thoughts when, the room having filled, his attention was awakened and afterwards possessed by a man who, talking very loudly—and with his clenched fist beating the table the while—about what he called the abstract beauty of honesty, gradually hushed all speakers into reverent listeners. The man was about the middle-time of life, drest somewhat like a grazier. He seemed prematurely bald, which questionable defect gave to his head an outside look of wisdom, possibly not warranted by the contents. He had one of those large clear faces, often called open, because probably there is nothing positive in them. He was earnest and voluble in his speech, as though his arguments welled up from his heart, and would out.

"You have said, sir," he cried, "that honesty is the best policy. You have been pleased to call that a golden maxim."

"I have," answered a huge, dull-looking man, in a butcher's coat. "I have," he repeated; sucking his pipe, and winking his small eyes.

"Sir," cried the bald-headed orator, "I call it the maxim of a rogue and a rascal."

"Hallo! Hallo!" cried some, and "Prove it—prove it," shouted others.

"Prove it! Why it's as plain as the door of Newgate. Now, listen, gentlemen, if you please. Honesty is the best policy, that's what I have to tackle. Very well. What is honesty? I ask you that. Why, I suppose, it's not to pick a man's pocket—it's not to steal his purse, or his coat, or his sheep, or his horse!" Young St. Giles turned his eyes from the speaker. "It's not to put off bad money, or to give short measure, or light weight."

"Stick to the pint," cried a man with an apron, apparently a small shopkeeper.

"I am sticking to it," resumed the orator. "Now I tell you again that that maxim is n't the maxim of a good man, but of a rascal: of a fellow that wants to be rewarded for not stealing—for not passing off bad money—for not giving short measure. He says, no says he, I'll be honest, not because I love honesty for itself, but because it's all to my advantage to be honest. Now, I ask you, isn't that the trick, the cunning, of a sly fellow? What does he know about what I beg leave to call honesty in the abstract?"

"Stop, old fellow; not so fast," cried the shopkeeper. "I never heard of that. What is honesty in the abstrac?"

"Why, it's honesty stript of all flummery and nonsense," was the answer; "in a word, it's honesty stark-naked."

"I see," said the butcher, winking knowingly. "I see: just as the Lord Mayor,—with his robes and his gold chain, and every rag and thread in the world stript off him—would be the abstrac of a lord mayor."

"That's it; just it," said the bald-headed man. "Now, I ask, is any man here a friend of the lord mayor's?"

"I am"—"And I"—"And I"—"And I," cried several.

"Very well; now suppose you got nothing by him? Suppose you never got a dinner out of him, or a little favour of any sort—or a bow—or so much as a civil word of him—well, would you

be his friends still? I ask you that." There was no reply. "Well, then, the Lord Mayor 's nothing to you in the abstract, and your friendship 's not worth a brass farthing. In the same way that the man who follows honesty because it 's the best policy, follows it for what is nothing more than a mean and dirty advantage. No, gentlemen. Make honesty *not* the best policy, and then show me the man that loves it. That 's my man—that 's the true heart, gentlemen. But, to follow honesty because it 's the best policy,—why, I repeat it, it 's nothing more than the calculation of a sneak-up—of a fellow that hasn't the courage to be a rogue. No; give me honesty naked as truth; that 's the honesty I love best. I don't want to be bribed for being honest! Eh?" and he gazed triumphantly around him.

"I want you," said a man, putting his head in at the door, and looking with strange significance at the speaker.

"God bless me!" cried the orator, and immediately obeyed the summons.

Oh, abstract honesty! bleed for thy worshipper; for in less than three minutes was he handcuffed at the door on a charge of street robbery.

To return to young St. Giles, an attentive though unenlightened listener to the lecturer upon honesty. St. Giles had heard of honesty: had some dim notion of its meaning. It was a something especially made for people who had all things comfortable about them: so much he knew of honesty: but for honesty in the abstract,—in that he was as ignorant, ay, as even some of his betters.

The hours passed, and still Tom Blast came not. Evening approached—night shut in—midnight came, and St. Giles, with a heavy heart, though lightened somewhat by his guinea, turned into the street. He could not go home—no; at least, for a time, Hog Lane must be to him a forbidden Paradise. No matter. Had he not a guinea—a whole guinea—to himself? The thought, even in the midnight street, fell like a sunbeam upon him; he sprang from the pavement with a shout, reckless with his wealth. He would make a night of it—yes, he would have all things glorious! And with this hilarious wilfulness, he took to his heels, and was speedily housed for the night within the very shadow of Newgate.

CHAPTER VIII.

For more than a week did St. Giles live upon his guinea. True it is, that for the first day or two he dined and supped in the Apollo of an eastern cook-shop; besides taking his luncheon of fried fish in the Minories, for the which delicacy, the Hebrews, thereabout dwelling, enjoy a just renown. But these days of Carnival past, St. Giles economised, with a fine knowledge of the resources of the metropolis. Threepence awarded to him the sweets of sleep beneath a roof; and a shilling saw him safely through the day. However, let not the reader imagine that St. Giles—like many a great genius—was made dull and inactive by the golden reward of his ability—a circumstance to be so often deplored in the case of great authors, great painters, and especially of great philosophers; wherefore, it is questionable, if the world would not really gain more by them if it never rewarded them at all.—St. Giles was by no means one of these. No: he still kept his eyes wide open at the doings of life; still hived in that odd, world-twisted little brain of his, all sorts of knowledge for the future day. He especially employed part of his time, dodging about the haunts of Tom Blast; but, strange to say, that interesting person never showed himself in any of his wonted places of ease and recreation. Again and again did St. Giles travel Long-Lane—again slink and spy into every haunt in the fond and foolish hope of once more meeting with the soft-spoken man who, at the ruinous price of one guinea one shilling, had purchased a pony of incomparable Arab blood. St. Giles, with all his friendship, all his gratitude for Tom, could not but feel that he had been tricked, bamboozled by his tutor: and the nearer and nearer he approached to his last shilling, the more intense was his indignation—the more insatiable his thoughts of revenge. Yes, it was strange; but the poorer St. Giles became, the less tolerant was he of human frailty. And this uncharitableness is only another of the thousand evils to be shunned in poverty. Therefore, reader, if only to cultivate charity, cultivate wealth: virtue blossoms on a golden bough.

It was the ninth day of St. Giles's absence from his maternal home, and the pilgrim of London stood before a house of humble entertainment in Cow Cross. The time was noon; and St. Giles, feeling the last threepence in his pocket—turning them over, one by one—was endeavouring to arbitrate between pudding

and bed. If he bought a cut of pudding—and through the very window-pane he seemed to nose its odour—he had not wherewithal to buy a lodging. What of that? London had many doorways —hospitable stone-steps—for nothing; and pudding must be paid for. Still he hesitated: when the cook-shop man removed the pudding from the window. This removal immediately decided St. Giles. He rushed into the shop, and laid down his last worldly stake upon the counter. "Threepenn'orth o' puddin', and a good threepenn'orth," said St. Giles. With a look of half-reproof and half-contempt the tradesman silently executed the order; and in a few moments, St. Giles stood upon the king's highway, devouring with great unction his last threepence. Whilst thus genially employed, he heard a far-off voice roaring through the muggy air: his heart beat, and he ate almost to choking, as he listened to these familiar words:—"*A most True and Particular Account of the Horrible Circumstance of a Bear that has been Fed upon Five Young Children in a Cellar in Westminster!*" It was the voice of Blast; and St. Giles swallowed his pudding, hurriedly used the back of his hand for a napkin, and following the sound of the crier, was in a trice in Peter-street, one of the mob that circled the marvel-monger of Hog-Lane. Nevertheless, though Tom roared with an energy that very strongly declared his own faith in the horror that he sought to vend for only one halfpenny, still his auditors lacked credulity or coppers, for the well-worn enormity. Nobody purchased. Not even a timorous, sympathizing servant-maid advanced through the crowd to make the mystery her own. Tom looked about him with evident disgust at what he had heard called the advancement of the age; he had heard of the nuisance, and now he beheld it. His standing in the world as a tradesman was fast crumbling from beneath his feet. St. Giles was hurrying up to his old and early friend, when at a short distance he beheld his former patron, Capstick the muffin-maker, and Bright Jem. They looked, as he thought, somewhat curiously at his friend Tom, and then seemed to take counsel of one another. Under these circumstances, St. Giles thought that to accost Tom, would be to call unnecessary attention to himself. He therefore remained, shrunk down among the mob that every moment became less and less. What, too, made it most discouraging to Mr. Blast were the scoffs and loud laughter with which certain new-comers would listen to the description of the horror sought to be circulated, and then hurry off. "That cock won't fight now!" cried one—"A

little late in the day for that. Get something new," cried another. "Gammon!" shouted a third.

Nevertheless, be of good heart, Tom Blast: take consolation from this. You suffer in great society: you sink in most worshipful companionship. Very reverend, grave, authoritative persons —men of the bench, even of the pulpit—who for centuries sold to their exceeding profit, "Most True and Particular Accounts" of a horrid bear of some sort—whether of royal or feudal privilege—of witchcraft—of popery—of sham rebellion—nay, fifty bears and bugbears, all of horrid, ghastly nature,—they, too, in their turns, have outlived the profitable lie. And even in these latter days, when some Tom Blast in higher places,—nay, in the highest—sounds his tin horn of bigotry, and would trade upon some bear apocryphal,—he is assured in the like sense, although in gentler phrase, that such cock will by no means fight—that the day has passed for so foolish, vain a story—that, finally, his bear is no bear at all, but briefly, yet intensely—gammon. Has not history her catch-pennies, even as the archives of Seven Dials?

Mr. Blast was somewhat of a philosopher. He could have borne the laughter and scoffing of the crowd, if any of them had bought his ware: but his philosophy was not of that transcendental kind to endure outrage, unmitigated by any sort of coin, even the smallest, current in the realm. He therefore, with a *sotto voce* expression of the deepest contempt for his hearers, broke from the crowd, passing on, and then—his legs evidently walking in a passion—turning, he strode still onwards until he entered Cow-Lane. Here, St. Giles, hanging at his skirts, came up with him.

"Well, if it isn't a sight for bad eyes to see you!" said the unabashed Tom. "But don't let 's talk in the street." And Tom made for an opposite public-house, one of his customary places of call, unknown to St. Giles. Stalking through the passage, followed by his young friend, he made his way into a small, dark, low room. "I thought there 'd be nobody here," said Tom; and then in a tone of great tenderness and anxiety, looking straight in the eyes of St. Giles, he asked, "Well, and *where* have you been? They 're mad about you in the Lane. Where *have* you been?"

"Why, I 've been looking for you," said St. Giles moodily, shaking his head. "You must have know'd that."

"And that 's I suppose why we didn't happen to meet," replied Tom; possibly recollecting that his chief care had been to keep out of the boy's way. "Why, what 's the matter? you

look plaguy sarcy! What are you looking so black at, you young devil?" cried Tom, with sudden ferocity; but St. Giles felt his injuries, and was not to be browbeaten.

"Why, I 'm a looking at you,—and not much to look at neither," shouted St. Giles, with answering vigour. "You 're not a goin' to frighten me, I can tell you. Why didn't you come as you promised you would? You 're a good un, you are."

"Now, what does ail the boy?" said Tom coaxingly; though evidently ill at ease: for his fingers worked; and he bit his lip as he gazed on the boy, who with sullen, defying air, returned his look.

"Why, this ails me. Didn't you tell me to take that pony to Long Lane—and then didn't you tell me to wait for you?"

"I know it, Giles; I know it; but you see, as I went along, I thought agin over the matter. I thought, you see, it might lead you into trouble, if I came; so I thought I 'd stay away, and you 'd bring the pony home agin, and then, mayhap, after a little breeze, there 'd be an end of the matter. That 's it, Giles," said cautious Mr. Blast.

"Then why did you send the man as gave me a guinea, and took the pony away? and, as said too, that he 'd made it all right with you, and that"——

Here St. Giles was interrupted in his volubility by Mr. Blast; who performed—and an admirable performance it was—a look of immense astonishment, at the same time whistling very vehemently. At length, mastering his wonder, he cried—"Why, Giles! you 've never sold the pony?"

"No. I never sold it—but you did; the gemman told me so. You sold it; and after that— "

Mr. Blast could scarcely contain himself, so big, so swelling was his compassion for the injured boy. "Oh, Giles," he cried—"poor little fellow! You 're done, Giles; you 're done."

"And who 's done me? Why, you have," screamed the youngster in a paroxysm of passion. All childhood vanished from his face; so suddenly was it convulsed with rage. He stood, for a moment, breathless with emotion; and forgetful in his fury of the bulk and strength of his former teacher, he clenched his little fist, and grinding his teeth, advanced towards Blast, who, for a moment, recoiled from the small assailant. Then recovering himself, he laid his hands upon his knees, and with an effort to be calm, contemptuous, said—"And this, you little

varmint, is your thanks to me ; to me, you scorpin, as has been better than a father to you ! To me, who 's taught you ballad-chanting, and everything as is decent you know ; to me, as has laid awake in my bed thinkin' what I could do for you in the mornin' ; to me, who 's always looked on you as a rasher of my own flesh ! And you 'll shake them little mawleys at me ! " The picture of ingratitude was almost too much for Mr. Blast. He was nearly melted in his own tenderness.

" None o' that : that won't do for me, no how," cried St. Giles. " You made me steal the pony—you sold it, and now—"

The charge was too much for the indignant virtue of Mr. Blast. With an exclamation of disgust, he aimed a blow at his accuser, that but for his agility, would have laid him senseless on the floor. Bobbing his head and doubling himself up with wonderful elasticity, St. Giles escaped the meditated punishment, and the next moment saw him fastened on Tom : clasping him round the waist, and kicking with all his might and malice at his benefactor's shins. Tom, mad with pain and vexation, sought to fling the urchin off : but he held to his prey like a stoat. For some moments the boy heroically suffered the worst punishment that his master in iniquity could inflict, returning it with unequal powers. At length, Blast unclasping the urchin's hold, seized him in his arms, and threw him violently off. The boy fell, stunned, against the wainscot. The infuriate savage—his passion raging—was about to deal a blow—it would have been the last—upon the prostrate boy, when Capstick, Bright Jem, and a couple of officers burst into the room. Blast immediately divined their business, and with masterly coolness observed, pointing to St. Giles lying in the corner a senseless heap,—" There 's your young oss-stealer for you : and a nice job I 've had to nibble him. A varmint of a pole-cat as he is."

" The young un and the old un, too," said one of the officers. " Why this is better luck than we bargained for."

Jem lifted up the boy between his knees : he was still pale and senseless. " Mr. Capstick," said Jem, " for God's sake, some water ! " Then turning an indignant look upon Blast, he added, " Why, what a paving-stone you must have for a heart, to use a poor child like this."

" A child ! " cried Blast, " a young devil ! "

" And if he is," said Jem, " who 's made him one ? Murder ! why it 's the worst of murders ; to take and kill all the good in a

child's soul, and then to fling him into the world to do his worst, and answer for 't."

"There, there, never mind, Jem," cried Capstick, who was turning himself round, and shuffling about, visibly affected by the miserable condition of the child, yet struggling to maintain his outward misanthropy. "All wretches: all alike, worthless animals!" And then he roared at the waiter as he entered—"Why don't you bring some water—some brandy—anything, everything for this poor creature—this miserable—helpless—forlorn—unhappy little boy?" And then Capstick turned his face in a corner, and violently blew his nose, and coughed, and vowed he never had such a cold in all his life.

"There, there," said one of the officers, as Jem bathed the boy's face, "he'll come round again, never fear."

Jem groaned, and shook his head. "Yes, he will come round," he said. "If it wasn't that blood would be on somebody's head, it would be a good thing, if he didn't. Lord! Lord!" cried Jem, "to think this is the babby's face I once knew."

"Pooh—pooh!—nonsense," said Capstick; "we've nothing to do with that; nothing at all. The ends of justice—the ends of justice, Mr. Aniseed"—and again the muffin-maker coughed; he had such a cold.

However, whilst Jem—with his heart running at his eyes—is solacing young St. Giles, we will, as briefly as we may, inform the reader of the cause that has brought the muffin-maker and the link-man to Smithfield.

Ever since the conclusion of our sixth chapter—which the urbanity of the reader will consider to be no less than six years ago—fortune smiled upon Capstick. True it is, she often smiles upon the strangest lumps of men—is oft a very Titania enamoured with an ass's head—nevertheless, she showed good judgment in the favours she bestowed upon the muffin-maker. So fortune made interest with her good sister fame to play a flourish on her trumpet in praise of Capstick's muffins; that in time rejoiced many hearths without the circle of St. Giles's. In a word, Capstick soon built an enduring reputation upon muffins: and therefore had a better chance of his name going buttered down to posterity, than has the name of every monarch duly buttered in birthday ode. Well, the calls upon Capstick's oven were so increasing, that his wife suggested he should forthwith start a horse and very genteel cart. She, good woman! had no eye to a Sunday

drive—the vanity never entered her head : all she thought of was business : she was a woman, and therefore had no wish to adulterate it with even a drop of pleasure. Mr. Capstick was somewhat twitted with himself that such proposal emanated from his wife : it was so good, so reasonable, it ought to have been his own. However, he would say, the woman had caught something like judgment by living with him. At once, then, Mr. Capstick consented to the vehicle ; and that purchased a bargain, he took his way—in pestilent hour for him—to Smithfield, to buy a horse. Now, Mr. Capstick knew no more of the points of a horse than of a unicorn. As, however, he had little faith in human nature, and none whatever when mixed up with horse-flesh, he said to himself that he might as well be cheated at first hand as at second ; therefore, went he alone to buy a steed. Arrived in the market, full soon was he singled out by a benevolent, yet withal discerning dealer, who could see in a twinkling the very sort of thing that would suit him. "A nice little cretur that would eat nothing, and go fifty miles a day upon it." In brief, the worthy man sold it to the muffin-maker, sold it to him for an old song—to be sure, he could afford to let it go thus cheap—the black pony which only two days before had been the valued possession of Lord St. James. For four-and-twenty hours alone did the muffin-man rejoice in his purchase : for on his very first attempt to degrade the high-blooded animal to a cart—it was quite as fit to draw St. Paul's—the creature, although its flowing tail and mane had been ruthlessly docked and cropped—was identified by Cesar Gum, on his way, with a sisterly message, to Short's Gardens. Never before had Mr. Capstick known the full value of a good character. His story of the transaction was received as truth ; and though he lost the ten pounds — the value of the old song—he had given for the animal, he maintained his untarnished reputation. Of course, St. Giles was soon known as the horse-stealer. It also came out, that Mr. Thomas Blast had been seen in very earnest conversation with the boy, as he led the pony. Every search was made for Tom ; and as, with a modesty not usual to him, he seemed wholly to have withdrawn himself from his native parish, curiosity to learn his whereabout was the more quickened. Mr. Capstick felt his judgment, his pocket, too, somewhat involved in the transaction. He felt that he stood fair and upright in the eye of the world, nevertheless it would be to him a peculiar satisfaction could he detect Mr. Thomas Blast, or

the benevolent, simple-spoken tradesman who—for the price of an old song—had sold the pony. With this wish thumping at his heart, Capstick every day visited Smithfield and its neighbourhood; taking with him Bright Jem, whom he had accustomed himself to think an honest, worthy fellow, and his particular friend: that is, so far as the misanthropy of the muffin-maker would acknowledge the existence of such a treasure. It was strange, however, that Capstick—in his thoughts of revenge—had no thought of young St. Giles. No: all the vehemence of his wrath was roused against the boy's tutor.

We have now, we trust, sufficiently explained the course of accidents that brought the muffin-maker and Jem to Porter-street, and so made them hearers of the unprofitable oratory of Tom Blast. Fearful that they might be recognised by him, they employed a third party to watch him to his haunt, whilst they secured the attendance of officers. Hence, they saw not St. Giles, who—as we have before observed—kept himself close among the mob. They were the more astonished to find the ill-used boy in the same room with his schoolmaster.

"There, now—he's all right," cried one of the officers, as St. Giles—restored by the efforts of Bright Jem—looked about him. However, no sooner was he conscious of the presence of Capstick and his fast friend Jem, than his face glowed like a coal. He hung down his head, and burst into tears: there was no sham whimpering—no taught effort of sorrow—but the boy's heart seemed touched, melted, and he wept and writhed convulsively. A recollection of the goodness—the disregarded kindness of the men before him—thrilled through his soul, and though he knew it not, he felt the yearnings of a better nature. There was anguish—penitence—in the sobs that seemed to tear his vitals.

"Thank God for that!" cried Jem; and the poor fellow wept, too. "I like to hear that, eh, Mr. Capstick?"

Mr. Capstick felt an odd queasiness in his throat, and could say nothing. He therefore again threw himself upon his pocket-handkerchief. Then, conscious that he had a great duty to perform for the ends of justice—a fact, that when otherwise puzzled he had more than once insisted upon—he turned to the officers, and pointing his thumb towards Blast, observed with peculiar loftiness, "You will be good enough to handcuff that man."

"Handcuff me!" cried Mr. Blast. "They'll do it at their peril."

"Ha! my good man—I beg your pardon—you desperate scoundrel!" said Capstick with withering urbanity; "they're accustomed to do a great deal at their peril: thanks to such rascals as you. Handcuff him."

"They darn't do it—they darn't do it," shouted the struggling Blast: and in a moment afterwards his wrists were locked in iron. "I'll make you pay for this—never mind; it's no matter to me—but I'll make you pay for this," he said; and then, like a Tyburn philosopher, Tom became suddenly reconciled to his manacles.

We will not dwell upon the details of the examination of the prisoners. It will be sufficient for the reader to know that, after certain preliminaries, a sitting alderman committed St. Giles and his tutor for horse-stealing. Both scholar and master awaited their trial in Newgate.

It was not until after the culprit's first examination, that Capstick felt the full annoyance of his position. When Jem would shake his head, and look dumpish on the matter, Capstick would talk loud, and beg him to think of the ends of justice: but when the boy was committed on the capital charge, the muffin-maker's public spirit wholly forsook him. Evidence had brought the accusation quite home to the boy; however legal proof might fail to criminate his tempter. "They'll never—never think of much hurting the boy—a child, you know—a mere child," said Capstick to Jem, as they left Guildhall together.

"Humph! I don't know what you call hurting, Mr. Capstick," said Jem, moodily. "But I shouldn't think hanging pleasant."

Capstick turned pale as flour, and he could scarcely articulate the words—"Impossible—ridiculous—they couldn't do it."

"Ha!" cried Jem, "when hanging 's the thing, you don't know what they can do. Well, I 'd rather ha' been in bed, with a broken limb, than had a finger in this matter. I shall have that poor child always about me: I know I shall. When he 's killed and gone, I shall never take my pipe without seeing his face in the fire. And then my poor old woman! She that still 's so fond of him—poor orphan thing! for his mother 's worse than lost to him—she 'll lead me a nice life—that is, though she won't say anything outright, she 'll always be a crying about him. We 've done a nice thing, Mr. Capstick, to make our lives pleasant as long as they last!"

"Pooh, pooh—folly, Jem; all folly. I suppose property must be protected. I suppose you won't deny that, eh?" asked Capstick.

"I deny nothing," answered Jem hopelessly; and then he groaned "God help us! Why didn't he die in the frost and snow? Why did I warm him, when a babby, at my own fire, only to help to hang him arterwards?"

"Hang him! Nonsense! I tell you, Jem, you 're a fool—an old, butter-hearted fool—and you know nothing: here have you lived all your life with the worst of people about you—not but what folks at the very best are great rascals, every one of 'em—but here have you been up to your ears in villany—and yet you look upon everybody about you as innocent as shepherds and shepherdesses in white china. I 'm ashamed of you, Jem; be a man, and think of the world as its rascality deserves. For Lord! what a lump of roguery it is! How that the blessed sun should ever condescend to smile upon such a lot of wretches as we are, I can't tell."

"No more can I," answered Jem: "but since the sun, as you say, does condescend to show a good face to us, I think it 's as little as we can do to try to do the same to one another."

Capstick, taken somewhat aback, looked suddenly round upon Jem; and then, feeling himself wholly unable to controvert this opinion, he simply said, "Jem, you 're a fool."

A week passed on, and the trial of St. Giles approached. It was strange to Mr. Capstick that so many of his customers would ask him about his health. "Why, what can ail the people?" he would say. "I was never better—never in all my life. I eat like a pig, and sleep like a dormouse: can any man do better than that?" But Mr. Capstick was not well. The biped pig made poor meals; the human dormouse had restless nights: and when dreaming, dreamt horrid visions of death and Newgate.

It wanted some ten days of the trial, when Bright Jem presented himself at Capstick's house. "You see," said Jem, "they 're getting some money in the Lane so that they may have a lawyer for poor St. Giles. Well, they 're a bad lot, I daresay: but you should only know what some of the poor souls have done."

"And what have they done?" asked Capstick, with what he meant for a sneer.

"Why, some as had two blankets have sold one on 'em; some

with two gowns have pawned one o' them. It would make you bless yourself, Mr. Capstick, to see besides what things they've made twopences and threepences of—kettles, sarcepans, anything. It's wonderful to see how they do stick by one another."

"Crime, Mr. Aniseed, crime is a brazen cord—and certainly does hold rogues together," said Capstick.

"You may say what you like," said Jem, "but whenever I've looked up that horrid Lane, and seen men and women like devils, and children—poor creturs,—like devil's little ones,—I never could have thought that in that dismal place there was after all a sort of good, that the very best of us wouldn't be any worse for more of it."

"Very like; very like," said Capstick. "And I am to understand, that the people want to fee a lawyer?"

"That's it," replied Jem. "There's a Mr. Tangle, somewhere in Clifford's Inn; he's a sharp un: they say he'd get a chap out o' Newgate; get him out through a flaw no bigger than a keyhole. Well, I've been thinking—not that I can do much—but I've been thinking that as we helped to get the boy into Newgate, if we was to give what money we could to help to get him out."

"And so defeat the ends of justice?" cried Capstick, and he frowned severely.

"Oh, I daresay it's wrong," said Jem; "nevertheless, if we could only get the boy safe off, he might be a good un after all. Didn't you hear how he cried? Oh, there's heart in him yet, I'm sure there is. Well then, you see—"

"I see perfectly," said Capstick, "you've come to ask me to subscribe to the fund for the lawyer?"

"Well, that's just it," assented Jem.

"Forgetful of my serious responsibility as a witness—forgetful of the ends of justice—forgetful of what I owe to society—forgetful—"

"Forgetful," cried Jem with animation, "of everything except of saving a child from the gallows."

"Mr. Aniseed," said Capstick very decidedly, "I am sorry to refuse you anything, but you must not let your feelings blind you: you mean well, but you have yet to learn that the best meaning men are those who so often do the most mischief. In a word, sir, I can have nothing to say to this business."

Bright Jem made no answer, but with a moody nod, was about to leave the shop, when the muffin-maker called to him. "I think you said this attorney's name was Wrangle?"

"Tangle," said Jem, shortly.

"Tangle, Lyon's Inn," said Capstick.

"Clifford's-Inn," cried Jem, a little sulkily, and then he darted from the shop.

It is most true that Mr. Tangle deserved the high reputation bestowed upon him by Jem. His office in Clifford's-Inn was looked upon as a private way out from Newgate. Many and many a time, when the fatal halter seemed inevitable, has he, by some deft device, turned the running into a slip-knot, and the hangman has been defrauded by the quibbler. Many a gentleman had Mr. Tangle restored to the road, none at all the worse for Newgate. Many a highwayman, on his solitary midnight watch, might think with gratitude of the master-spirit of Clifford's Inn.

It was the evening of the day on which Bright Jem solicited Capstick, and Mr. Tangle sat in the solitude of his chambers. He was sunk in profound study; possibly, pondering how to find or make a flaw: how to give to the line of right a zig-zag, profitable bend, for some consulting client shut in Newgate stones. His clerk was out: therefore, his knocker being struck, he rose himself and opened the door. A tall, bulky man, wrapped in a great-coat, a hat slouched over his face, tied by a handkerchief that almost wholly covered his features, stalked into the room. Mr. Tangle was not at all surprised: not at all. So many odd people —so strangely appointed—every sessions called upon him.

"You are Mr. Tangle," said a voice that most assuredly belonged to Capstick, the muffin-maker. Mr. Tangle bowed. "You are interested in the case of a boy, one St. Giles?"

"I have been consulted," said Tangle in his dry way. "A bad case; confessedly, a bad case; still, something may be done. You know till a man 's hanged there 's always hope; that is, if there 's always ——"

"Money." Mr. Tangle smiled and nodded. Mr. Capstick took a small leathern bag from his pocket, from which he counted out ten guineas. "I am not a rich man, Mr. Tangle," said Capstick.

"I am sorry for it," said Tangle (and evidently with a feeling of sincerity); otherwise the ten might have been fifty.

"But do what you can for that wretched boy—only save him from hanging, and there 's twenty more."

"Thirty pounds," said Tangle; "it 's doing it—if indeed it 's to be done at all—very cheap; too cheap. Nevertheless, as you 're not a rich man, I 'll not refuse money. What name?"

"Never mind that," said Capstick. "I think I've given you enough to show that I'm in earnest. Now, only save the child, and as God 's in heaven you shall have the other twenty."

"We 'll see what can be done," said Tangle, showing Capstick to the door—"I have hopes ; great hopes."

And the trial came on, and St. Giles and Thomas Blast were arraigned for stealing a pony of the value of fifty pounds, the property of the Marquess of St. James. Nothing could be clearer than the evidence against the boy, as delivered by young St. James, Mrs. Simmer, and her servant. But legal proof was wanting against Blast. True, he had been seen talking to St. Giles, as the boy led the pony ; but nothing more. There was no doubt that the man who had taken the animal from St. Giles in Long Lane was an accomplice of Blast's, but he was not to be found—there was no proof. Whereupon, Thomas Blast was acquitted ; and young St. Giles found "Guilty,—Death."

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF LAMAN BLANCHARD.

GENTLE and kind of heart—of spirit fine ;
The "Elia" of our later day—the sage
Who smiled the while he taught, and on the page
'Mid wisdom's gold bade gems of wit to shine ;
He hath departed, and the tuneful Nine
Mourn a true worshipper ; his lyric strain,
His moral song, for these we list in vain ;
The sparkling essay, pure in its design,
And full of racy humour, we no more
With each recurring month shall read, and still
Improve the fancy and instruct the will,
With images and thoughts from that rich store,
That mental treasury—that copious rill,
That freshened and gave life to all it gushèd o'er.

H. G A.

TRUTH IN A VISION.

In the afternoon of an early spring-day, a traveller stood on the side of a hill, and looked down into a valley. The day had been fitful, and frequently overcast with clouds; though, sometimes, gleams of splendour had burst forth, revealing prospects of unexpected beauty, and changing the dull, lonely cottages on the sides of the moorland hills, into sunny homes—fit places for angels to visit.

But our traveller was weary; for he had wandered afoot many miles over lonely moors, which depend far more than well-cultivated fields on the sunshine for every aspect of cheerfulness that visits them. But are not all the smiles thrown from the loveliest spots on the earth's varied face, humble expressions of praise to the all-beautifying and glorifying sun? What on earth can be beautiful except as the reflection of the heavens? The life above hallows and illumines the life below, even as the sky colours the face of the sea.

But the hues of the dark-brown moors had overshadowed the thoughts of our traveller. The earth had seemed to him, during the day, heaven-forsaken; and he had gazed with melancholy upon the lone cottages here and there sprinkled among scanty patches of green, regarding them as the abodes of victims doomed for ever to solitude, penury, toil, and all the aching ills of life. This gloomy impression was deepened and darkened as he looked down into the valley inhabited by miners and their families, who found subsistence by arduous and hazardous employment in bringing to light the ore hidden beneath the moorland hills. The dulness and toilsomeness of life, bereft of all the charms which religion, poetry, and imagination can throw over it, oppressed the wanderer's mind: his heart beat less courageously in his bosom; fears of the future grew upon him, and he felt weary of his own destiny.

——How this train of feelings had come upon him he could hardly tell; but, when once indulged, it was hard to be cast aside. Thought he—

"I could bear the sight even of great sorrows, if sustained by some great interest, or made sublime by a religious motive for endurance, better than this prospect of a life of slavish labour and miserable poverty. What is the importance of this life, that the poor creatures who inhabit yon low huts should degrade themselves, and toil harder and longer than any beasts of the field, or fowls of the air, to support it? Surely, men are becoming mere beasts of labour; and yet, I do not complain so much of the hardships and sufferings that are endured, as of the want of any great interest to ennoble and reward them. These poor creatures toil thus—for what?—for mere bread! Surely, the old times, ay, the days of warfare and superstition, were better than these; not so dull and heartless! Men might fight and contend for mistaken objects; bnt still they had some great, soul-elevating objects in view. The monk in the desert might live even on coarser fare than that of these soulless, toiling men; but saints from heaven visited his solitude, the hosts of paradise were interested in his lonely struggles, and sometimes he was cheered with visions of angels.

"Now heaven and earth are separated, what care the angels for these earthly sons of toil, born only to wield the pickaxe and the shovel, and to maintain a tedious conflict with the rigorous powers of nature!"

Thus the traveller pursued his soliloquy, until all the world appeared to him only in one aspect—as a place of oppressive, hopeless toil. Thus one wrong, one-sided reflection, brings on a train of sad conclusions—sad, because false. Our traveller had looked downwards on the earth, without one upward glance to heaven. And there are some among us, whose philosophy teaches them to do so; for, because others have pursued an opposite, but equally false course, of gazing upward at the light, and not tracing the flight of the sunbeams downwards; these porers on the ground imagine that the eye of wisdom must ever be fixed upon the soil, and that man was made to be a miner rather than a star-gazer.

One look into the western sky dispelled the cloud which had gathered over the mind of the meditative wayfarer; for there was evident preparation for a glorious sunset. A light breeze from the west had sprung up, and now began to shift the clouds about, making a golden opening in the horizon, which grew wider and wider, until it stretched, like a sea of molten sapphires and

rubies, across the whole valley. Colours, not to be caught by the pencil of the most faithful painter, began to burn on the clouds; every dark vapour, touched by the evening radiance, was changed into a shape of glory; and from between the clouds, if clouds they might still be called, beams poured down on rocks, trees, and river, reflected in hues of gold, crimson, purple, and violet, while the cottage-windows shone more splendidly than the stained-glass of cathedrals.—"And the preparation for all this glory"—said the traveller, "has been made during this dull and cloudy day—this is but the appearing, the outcoming: all the elements of this revelation of splendour were here, even when the valley looked so dark, an hour ago."

This thought—a true one—changed the current of his meditations, and to indulge them more freely he had closed his eyelids; but still he beheld with the inward eye all that shining western sky, and even a still brighter vision began to open upon him.

Brighter and brighter, clearer and clearer, and opening into an immeasurable expanse of pure lustre, heaven was spread out before him, and at his feet lay the valley and the cottages all bathed in a celestial light. As he continued to gaze, the wide expanse began to be filled with the winged and hovering forms of innumerable celestial genii, all busily engaged, and apparently intent upon some great movement, though, at first, the spectator was unable to discover the meaning of their motions. Some were displacing others,—while some were advancing, others were retiring; but all their movements were perfectly harmonious, and one spirit of love seemed to pervade and sway the innumerable company of shining forms. Soft, musical voices filled the serene air; and, especially, one of the genii, though it could not be discovered from whom the voice issued, spoke in articulate and intelligible words.

To gain some insight into the meaning of the scene before him, the spectator fixed his attention upon one group of figures. Beside a pile of clouds stood a figure in a dark vesture, and the gazer was made to understand by the voice which addressed him, that this was the Genius of the Clouds. Another form, in a bright array, advanced towards him, and waving his wings over the dusky collection of clouds, shed upon them a rich variety of glistening and resplendent hues.

"Clouds and darkness have their time and place," said the Voice, "but they must vanish in the presence of the Spirit of Light."

The spectator turned to look at another figure. In the northern sky, amid some dusky gray vapours, sat a form, clad in snowy white—the lingering Genius of Winter; but one, dressed in emerald green, and with blooms of cerulean blue twined around his brows, approached; and, taking hold of the snow-white robe of the former, gazed upon his countenance. Under this gaze the Genius of Winter gradually vanished away, and soon no trace of him was left behind; but the clouds that had enveloped him were shedding, under the touch of Spring, sparkling rain-drops on the fields below, and where every drop fell immediately sprang up a shining flower.

"Winter has his time and place," said the celestial Voice; "but Spring is ever going round the world, and at his breath Winter must ever melt away."

Meanwhile, the Genius of Evening Splendour, who had transmuted the clouds into great roses, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, yielded his place, folding up his many-coloured wings, to the serene Genius of Night; who came forward, waving his wand, and, lo! all the gorgeous array of the west faded, through many dying shades and hues, into one deep blue, while the moon arose in the east, and innumerable stars twinkled forth from the farthest heavens.

"Night is the time for visions. Night has its revelations," said the Voice.

"Welcome, sacred Night."

And now the traveller gazed below, and beheld the sons of toil plodding their way, through the moonlight, towards their cottages. But his gaze was recalled upwards by a sudden flush of morning rosiness, and he beheld the west, for an instant, opened into an immeasurable space, filled with sunlit mountains, fountains sparkling in morning radiance, children sporting in dewy fields, like fairies on a floor spangled with diamonds, and men and women going forth to their daily avocations, with glee and melody. As suddenly as it was revealed, the curtain fell, and the scene closed.

"Night and darkness and sorrow are only in the part, not in the whole," said the Voice; "the west is the east—the setting is the rising sun. Happy are all who live in the whole!"

Again the spectator gazed below, and saw the valley crowded with genii, attending labourers to their homes and hovering around the cottages. Above one infirm old man, whose shoulders

were heavily laden with the instruments of toil, a Genius hovered, and, with a friendly hand, supported a part of the burden.

"Never are the children of men—the poor—neglected by Heaven," said the Voice.

The spectator, not knowing how it could be, found that he could see the interiors of the cottages. In one lonely chamber he beheld a Genius hovering over the pillow of a sick child.

"That child must live to be a man, and do his part in the great and patient toil which must convert the earth into a happy home for the children of men," said the Voice.

In another hut he saw one of the genii holding a taper, which cast a clear radiance over the book in which a gray-headed man was reading. In several other cottages he beheld the genii, all earnestly and benevolently engaged.

"All these are rays from one sun," said the Voice: "though invisible, that sun ever cheers the whole world; and, under his beams, the earth is surely, though it may seem slowly, ripening into summer beauty and splendour."

"But if all this care is bestowed upon the poor sons of toil," thought the traveller, "why may they not, at once, be released from their hardships?"

This thought was answered by the voice of the interpreter, saying:—"Night serves the day—winter serves summer—the past serves the present—the present serves the future. To understand one time, behold all time. Lo! the past!"

As the Voice ceased speaking, the traveller gazed again below, and saw the valley covered with a wild, dark forest, through which the river was roaring. No lighted cottage adorned the prospect; but from the outskirts of the vast wood came out wolves and other beasts of prey, their eyes and fangs gleaming in the moonlight.

"Thanks to the hand of labour and the heart of man," said the Voice: "it is no longer the valley of wolves."

Suddenly the valley was restored to its former appearance; and now the spectator thought he could discern some beauty in the peacefully-flowing river, the many-twinkling cottages, and even in the machinery about the mouths of the dark, deep mines.

"A great work is doing in the world," said the Voice; "let men understand it as we do, and duly honour each other in mutual assistance. See how genius inspires labour!"

The sky and the valley were now excluded from his view, and the spectator only saw the interior of an apartment—a study—where sat a thoughtful-looking man, with a pair of compasses in his hand, occasionally drawing lines upon a sheet of paper. Suddenly that scene vanished, and the spectator's view was directed to a wild moor, without a human habitation. A cloud passed over the scene for a moment, then was as suddenly dispersed; and lo! the moor was sprinkled over with cottages—fires were gleaming—the sound of hammers was heard. Beside an opening in the ground, was a mighty smoking engine; an immense rope was coiling round a revolving wheel, and large masses of precious ore were drawn up and heaped upon the ground. Beside the engine stood the thoughtful-looking man—the magician, whose thought had transformed the wilderness into a mine of riches. But the traveller saw children, even of tender age, descending the shaft of the mine, there to labour, far from fresh air, and sunshine, and birds, and flowers, and all beauteous things; and he saw them come up again, worn with toil, and with faces pale, and sad, and sickly; and then he exclaimed—"Better had the magician never have conceived this wealth-making plan, and better had the moor remained the wilderness it was, only peopled by the undisturbed red grouse!"

"Hush!" said the Voice. "See more!"

And lo! the interior of a splendidly illumined church, or cathedral, was unfolded, where an orator, in priestly robes, was addressing a congregation of gaily-dressed people.

"None of them think of the poor children who are descending the shaft of the mine on the moor!" said the spectator.

"See more!" said the Voice. "Men *will* come to know and honour one another."

Then the interior of a little room was displayed, where sat a young man writing in a book; and, in the intervals of writing, he sometimes looked up at a picture of the mine on the moor; and a number of the working children, in ragged clothing, stood by his desk, and said—"Write for us! write for us! write, and teach rich people how to treat us!"

And the young man continued to write. Then several well-contrasted scenes were shifted rapidly before the eyes of the traveller.

He beheld a concert-room, filled with gay ladies and gentlemen, while singers and players on sweet instruments made the

walls resound with rich harmony. "They are not singing of the children on the moor," thought the traveller; and, at the thought, the scene changed; and lo, at the same time, while the concert was proceeding, he saw a line of men and their children walking home from the pit's mouth, across the moor, after their day's labour, with no music to accompany them but the howling blast of night and winter.

"Music is wanted *there*," said the traveller.

He saw trains of priests and bishops issuing from noble cathedrals in large cities—and then the moor without a church, and the sooty miners. He saw a palace, and court-ladies glittering with diamonds; and then he beheld the bottom of the mine and the children toiling in the black passages.

Then he beheld many of the genii going about with copies of the little book which the young man had written, and putting them into the hands of rich and noble people, lords, ladies, bishops, priests, judges, and legislators, coming out of courts, palaces, churches, and carriages; and all the lords, the ladies, the bishops, the priests, the judges, and the legislators, stood still and looked at the frontispiece-picture of the mine on the floor, and began to read in the little book.

Then he turned his view to the moor again; and, lo! a lady of a very gracious aspect came forward and laid down on a certain spot a purse of gold. And then a man with a line walked round the spot upon which the lady stood, and marked out a piece of ground, and the genii began to build a beautiful church; and, near to it, others were building a school-room, and the lady with the kind countenance pointed to the children who stood gazing around, and said mildly;—"these children must no more go down into the mine; but must be taught all good things by those whom I will send."

"Good!" said the traveller.

"Behold the Future!" said the Voice.

Then the traveller looked again, and saw the hall which the genii had built at the command of the Lady, lighted up for an evening festival, and the miners and their families, having closed the day's labour, had washed and dressed themselves in good garments, and thronged into the room. And musicians were there, playing and singing; and in a chair above all the rest, sat the young man who had written the little book about the "Mine on the Moor;" and when he arose to speak, all the men and the

women and the children clapped their hands and shouted to greet him; and when he pointed to the Lady who had built the church and the hall, they shouted and clapped their hands again.

Then the Traveller looked far round the church and the hall, and saw that the plain was sprinkled over with neat and comfortable dwellings, with gardens beside them; and inside the houses, he saw books, pictures, and instruments of music, and smiling faces around bright firesides. "This," thought he, "is better than leaving the solitary moor to the red grouse!"

"Ay!" said the Voice—as the vision faded, and the traveller saw only the blue, starry sky, and the moonlit valley below—"the vision is true. The spirits of beauty and goodness are always present in the earth, though they do not always thus display themselves. This valley, like all other parts of the earth, is always under the eye of heaven. Learn, traveller, to trust in the invisible, and let not your faith be discouraged by passing clouds."

Then the traveller, being awakened from his dream, went down the side of the hill, to find rest and shelter for the night in some house in the valley.

J. G.

THE PARSON'S GAMEKEEPER.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

THE Apostles, we believe, kept no gamekeepers; nor did these retainers, to our knowledge, form part of the establishment of the Fathers. Neither are they, even now, connected with the Clergy as a body; but only with some few, who have the misfortune to be encumbered with temporal estates, and owe themselves the duty of making the most of them. Considered in relation to game-preserving Clergymen, gamekeepers may be considered as a sort of lay-brethren, a kind of auxiliaries out of orders, instituted for the suppression of poaching; a sin unknown in primitive ages. Thus much have we premised, lest any one beholding the above title should ask, "What has a Parson to do with a Gamekeeper?"

There is no better shooting in the whole south-west of England to be had than around the village of Fitchurst. Nor is there better ale to be got anywhere than at the house therein situate, commonly called and known by the name and sign of the White Lion; or, by paraphrase, the Lily Roarer. Many are the sums of five shillings, besides the score, for which, in its equivalent for coffee-room—call it not tap—the jolly farmers of the neighbourhood, jollifying overmuch, are wont to become liable.

A goodly collection of coats of broad cloth, drab nether garments and continuations, top-boots, wide-brimmed beavers, together with a smockfrock or two, and as many pairs of hob-nailed shoes, with their respective proprietors in them, had collected, one midwinter evening, around the ample fire-place of the room in question. The conversation consisted of a sort of grumble on affairs in general, going on in a low tone, and occasionally intermitting for half an hour or so. After one of these pauses, during which the wind had been making a great pudder in the chimney, Farmer Stares, stretching out his heels, remarked that it was a roughish night; and Mr. Purkis, the landlord, said he shouldn't wonder if there was some trees found blow'd down in the Park next morning. Another long rest again ensued, when Mr. Budd, the miller, took his pipe from his mouth, and raising his jug to his lips, said with a nod over his shoulder to the host, "Well; here 's to 'ee, neighbour;" and the publican answered, "Neighbour, same to you."

At length, one of the farmers asked a travelling pedlar present how "wuts" was; meaning by wuts not an individual, but a species of grain, otherwise called oats.

Oats led to corn, corn to the Corn Laws; these to politics in general, and, finally the Game Laws came on the carpet, or, perhaps, we had better say on the sawdust.

"Well!" exclaimed Farmer Snodbrook, "I do zay that to zend a poor feller for dree months and more to Bridewell, a takun' of 'un away vrom his whoam, just only for wirun'a here, is too bad on 'em; too bad."

"Too bad, a precious sight," said Mr. Purkis. "Gentlemen must have hardish hearts to do 't. Yet they 'ool do 't—ay, even Reverend Gentlemen I 've know'd do 't."

"Pa'asons!" cried Budd. "Ah! what call, I should like to know, have a Pa'ason got to bother his-self about pa'atridges and pheasants?"

"Our Pa'arson doant, sart'nly," remarked Mr. Snodbrook.

"No," said the miller, "'A doant. The one afore 'un did though."

"Ah!" ejaculated a member of the company, who sat smoking in the corner. He accompanied the interjection with a sly grin and a profound shake of the head, as much as to say that he, if he chose, could well corroborate the assertion.

"What, you remembers 'un, Jack?" inquired the landlord.

"Ay, to be sure I do. Lor' ha' marcy! Ah! A pretty Pa'ason he was. More at home in his shoot'n-jacket than his surplus by a good bit. Terrible severe a' was agin poachers. Got rather sicken'd o' that tho', at last."

"How was that, Jack?" Mr. Purkis asked.

"Why, I'll tell 'ee," answered Jack Turner, for so was the speaker called. Mr. Turner was a grizzled, dark-complexioned personage; and he owed the latter peculiarity no less to the constant practice of smoking than to Nature. He had been, at one time, what is termed "pretty well off," as a maltster; but he used to care for malt much less than for its product. He was also fonder of sport than of his business; which, therefore, dwindled away, leaving him, however, with enough to purchase a small annuity that sufficed to provide him with his daily beer—(something under two gallons)—tobacco, and other necessaries. But to sacrifice to his barrel, he was obliged to save in his toilet, and accordingly he wore a suit of very shabby black, which he had had for years. He was above sixty; so that his reminiscences went pretty far back; and as he had always lived in the neighbourhood, he was a sort of walking chronicle of its annals; though not yet quite "the oldest inhabitant." Jack always spoke in a deep and rich but somewhat husky bass; and his language was rather provincial. "I'll tell 'ee," said Jack; and then he made use of the spittoon. "Let 's see; ah! 'tis about twenty year since the last Pa'ason died. Ding'ood his name was; D-i-n-g-w-oo-d; Ding-'ood: he was a Honourable;—the Honourable and Reverend Mr. Ding'ood. Shelbourne up yonder used to belong to 'un, and 'a lived up at the house there, where his nevvy lives now. As to bein' a Pa'arson he was no more fit for one than I be, and they didn't ought to have made one of 'un; no more they wouldn't, I take it, if they had know'd he was goin' to come into the property. Used to say that he turned his pulpit into shoot'n box."

"What, Pa'ason used to zay so?" demanded one of the farmers.

"No; not Pa'ason," replied Mr. Turner;—"we said that of un'. Never used to mind nothing but fish'n and shoot'n, and precious good care 'a took to keep it all to his-self. Lor' ha' marcy! if he only see a feller in one of his copses with a hedgestick or a big pebble stone,—had 'un up afore the next Justus in a pig's whisper. Well, o' course Pa'ason had a gamekeeper; and didn't he use to make 'un look sharp arter the poachers! At last this here keeper left, so he was obliged to look about for a new 'un. It so happened that at the same time the parish-clerk died. Any of ye recollect Dan'l Beck?"

A few "had heer'd talk of 'un."

"Lor' ha' mercy, what a chap he was! Dan'l turned blacksmith arterwards when he got married. At that time Dan'l was a sort of a gentleman; his old aunt had left 'un a little summut, and what with that and doin' odd jobs, 'a somehow managed to git on. Folk *did* say, too, that Dan'l used to make it out now and then by helpin' hisself to a head of game or so, or a brace or two of trout; and sart'nly he was a capital hand at sniggl'n eels. However, he was too sharp ever to get caught out. I fancy the Pa'ason was up to this, and thought, mayhap, that 'twas no bad plan to set a thief to catch a thief, for what did he do when his keeper left but went and offered his place to Dan'l Beck; and told 'un 'a might be clerk, too. That was 'cause of his voice. Lor' ha' mercy, you should have heard Dan'l Beck sing:—used to make the pewter-pots ring again.—Well: Dan'l was agreeable; so he takes both places, and for a week or so he and Pa'ason got on capital. Used to walk over here together to church on week days, and they do say on Sundays too, sometimes:—Pa'ason with a gun. I've seen 'un go into vestry with his shoot'n jacket on; and then he 'd pop on his surplice over that, and step into church to a christ'nun. One mornun' whilst he was a marry'n a couple, a bird as he 'd bagged—only stunned I suppose—starts out of his pocket, and off 'a goes. Dan'l, afore he 'd time to think, sings out, 'Never mind, master, never mind. I 've mark'd 'un down in Mr. Rogers's pew.'"

"Lor!" shouted the company. "Ho-ho-ho! My eye!"

"That 'ere was a fact; sure as I 'm sitt'n here," continued Jack Turner. "Hows'ever, arter a bit, Pa'ason begins to find fault wi' Dan'l. 'A come to know that Dan'l had let one or two

fellers off as he 'd cotch'd poach'n, when 'a might ha' gone and had 'em up. So 'a says to 'un, 'This here wunt do, Dan'l, thee must look more sharp.' 'Well, I 'm sure, Sir,' Dan'l says, 'your game 's as well preserved as e'er a gentleman's in the county.' And so 'twas, for Dan'l, tho' a wouldn't go inform'n agin the poor fellers, what does he do? 'A goes his rounds reg'lar, warns every feller off as he sees, and wheres'ever he finds a wire,—Dan'l know'd precious well where that was like to be—'a pulls 'un up. Took care, too, to shoot down all the varmant, and all that. But this warn't enough for Pa'ason; and one day when it come to his ears that Dan'l had let a feller off, Tom Crawley 'twas—Dan'l was a sweetheart of his sister's—'Dan'l,' 'a says, 'you wunt suit me no longer: you and I must part next quarter.' 'Very well, Sir,' Dan'l says, 'just as you please.' Well, hows'ever Dan'l was to stay out the quarter. Pa'ason hisself went and informed agin Tom Crawley, and Tom got fined; bein' no more than just able to pay, and out of work, his wife and young 'uns was well-nigh starved; and Tom was heerd to swear that he 'd sarve the Pa'ason out. In the meantime Pa'ason, more and more determined to put down poach'n, says to Dan'l, 'Tell 'ee what 'tis, Mas'r Dan'l, I 've made up my mind them there fellows shan't escape as they 've been a doin' of. Just you go now up to Natley Copse and thereabouts, and you set a lot o' steel-traps and spring-guns there—I 'll be down upon the rascals.' 'Beg your pardon, Sir,' says Dan'l; 'but I thinks 'taint hardly Christian-like to take a poor feller's life, or maim 'un, for the sake of a head of game.' 'You do what I tells ye, Dan'l,' says the Pa'ason, 'and don't give me no answers.' 'Very well, Sir,' says Dan'l, 'I s'pose you 'll have the hu-mane man-traps set; not them with they great teeth as cuts a feller's leg in half, nigh.' 'I wunt have no such thing,' says the Pa'ason; 'them as chooses to trespass on my property may take the consequences.' 'Very well, Sir,' says Dan'l; 'what you orders must be done in coorse;—but I thinks, savun your Reverence, if I was a Pa'ason'—'Don 't give me none of your sarce,' says Pa'ason; 'you go and do as I bid ye.' Away goes Dan'l, and down 'a comes here, in this very room, and tells the whole story.'"

"Did 'a though?" exclaimed several voices.

"Ah! yes 'a did—in this very spot. Lor' ha' marcy! I recollects it as if 'twas but yesterday. Who should be here at

the very time but Tom Crawley's self ? They smokes a pipe or so, and by'm by Tom Crawley gets Dan'l Beck into a corner, and there they falls too a whisper'n."

"What about ?" said Farmer Snodbrook.

"Couldn't hear what 'twas about ; but guessed arterwards. At furst Dan'l seemed to shake his head a bit ; but at last a'pea'd to come in to what Tom said ; and in about an hour away they went together. Towards the arternoon, Tom comes back alone, and we says to un, 'Where hast bin, Tom ?' Says, 'I've bin up to Natley Copse 'long a' Dan'l.' 'What's bin doin' of ?' we axes. 'Doin' of ?' answers Tom; 'help'n a' Dan'l Beck to set steel-traps and spring-guns.' 'What *you*, Tom !' we says. 'Never you mind,' says Tom. 'I've got my reasons for so doin'.' 'What reasons ?' says we. 'Wait till you knows,' answers Tom Crawley : with that he up and off.

"The Pa'ason had gone out that day to see about some tithes, and was to return in the evenin'. This here was in September. Well, goin' along, just at dusk, by the footpath across Mr. Lovell's field as joined his property, he sees a feller in a smock-frock with summut that looked like a gun in his hand, skulk'n under the hazels. Afore a' got close enough to see who 'twas, for the man's face was muffled up, the chap begins to make off. 'Hallo you ! stop there,' sings out the Pa'ason. At which the feller only began to walk faster, and at last to run ; Pa'ason arter him. The Pa'ason chevy'd 'un a matter of a hundred yards as far as a stile as led into his copse, and by that time had got hard upon him—within ten paces. The feller got over the stile, and when he'd done that he gave a hop, skip and a jump, and then cut on along the path through the copse. Pa'ason gets over the stile, too, and bolts off again arter 'un."

Here Mr. Turner paused, and took a few whiffs of tobacco.

"Well, Jack, did a' catch 'un ?" demanded the host.

"No," answered Jack Turner, "he didn't. For a very good reason, which was, that he got cotched hisself."

"How d'ye mean ?" said Mr. Budd.

"Why, in one of his own man-traps. Afore he 'd gone another yard, snap up it flew ; and there was Pa'ason as fast as a feller in the stocks."

The Lily Roarer resounded with a hoarse hearty laugh.

"Sarved 'un right; though, mind ye," observed Farmer Stares, "I 've know'd the teeth o' one of them gins meet in a man's leg."

"'Twarn't quite so bad as that, neither," said Jack Turner;

"for this here was a hu-mane man-trap arter all. It punished the Pa'ason smartish, however, for all that, and there he was holler'n and giv'n tongue for nigh three hours. Some said that there was they who heer'd 'un and know'd where 'a was; but chose to let 'un bide. The best of 't all was, that when at last 'a did make somebody hear 'un, it turn'd out to be Will Ford the constable comin' home with another feller, both the wuss for liquor. They didn't know 'un, and he couldn't make 'em know 'un, so when they'd took 'un out they lugg'd 'un off, 'spite of all his storm'n and scuffl'n, to the Cage; and blest if they didn't lock Pa'ason up in Cage all night! Lor' ha' marcy, what a row and a laugh there was next morn'n! Pa'ason had cotch'd the rheumatis and hurt the leaders of his leg in the trap, and precious mad he was besides. Did 'un good though; never set no more steel-traps and spring-guns. He didn't know no better his self than that 'twas all a accident; but there was them as did."

"Know'd what, Jack?" exclaimed his auditors.

"Why know'd as them as did it all was Dan'l Beck and Tom Crawley. Tom own'd a long time arterward as 'twas he that 'ticed Pa'ason into trap."

"Ah!" moralised Mr. Purkis, "it only shows the truth of the old sayin', that them as digs pits for other folks, often falls into 'em themselves."

"So it do, neighbour," said Farmers Snodbrook and Stares.

"Wonderful," exclaimed the miller. "As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be!"

"So much," said Jack Turner, "for the Parson's Gamekeeper. Now, arter all that, let 's have another drap o' beer."

A CASE AT SESSIONS.

YESTERDAY, at the Sessions held in Buckingham,
The Rev. Simon Shutwood, famed for tucking ham
And capon into his appointed man,
Gravely discust a deadly breach of law,
And then committed to the county jail
(After a patient hearing) William Flail:
For that he, Flail, one day last week,
Was seen maliciously to sneak

And bend his body by the fence
Of his own garden, and from thence
Abstract, out of a noose, a hare,
Which he unlawfully found there,
Against the peace (as may be seen
In Burn and Blackstone) of the Queen.
He, questioned thereupon, in short,
Could give no better reason for 't
Than that his little boys and he
Did often in the morning see
Said hare, and sundry other hares,
Nibbling on certain herbs of theirs.
Teddy, the seventh of the boys,
Counted twelve rows, fine young savoys,
Bit to the ground by them, and out
Of ne'er a plant a leaf to sprout:
And Sam, the youngest lad, did think
He saw a couple at a pink.
"Come!" cried the Reverend, "Come, confess!"
Flail answered, "I will do no less.
Puss we did catch; Puss we did eat;
It was her turn to give the treat.
Nor overmuch was there for eight o' us
With a half-gallon o' potatoes:
Eight; for our Prue lay sick abed,
And poor dear Bessy with the dead."
"We can not listen to such idle words,"
The Reverend cried: "The hares are all my Lord's.
Have you no more, my honest friend, to say
Why we should not commit you, and straightway?"
Whereat Will Flail
Grew deadly pale,
And cried "If you are so severe on me,
An ignorant man, and poor as poor can be,
O Mister Shutwood, what would you have done
If you had caught God's blessed only Son,
When he broke off (in land not His they say)
That ear of barley on the Sabbath day?
Sweet Jesus! in the prison He had died,
And never for our sins been crucified."
"Constable! take that man down stairs,
He quotes the Scripture and eats hares."

W. S. L.

CAT-AND-FIDDLE MORALITIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

For fifteen years had the large wooden arm-chair of the Cat-and-Fiddle been consecrated to the use of Captain Bam. He would sit in it as it were a throne; and the customary guests of the hostelry paid him affectionate loyalty. He had won all hearts by his odd, kind ways; he had become the familiar oracle of all by his strange, yet wise sayings. He had, too, the rare and happy knack of so mixing his wisdom with his drollery, that when men laughed and swallowed his jest, they also, like children cheated with sweetened physic, swallowed something that in proper season would do them hearty good. And then there was a mystery about Captain Bam; and, at times, mystery is a sort of sauce to human character. It will now and then give a strange relish to what without it would be insipid common-place. Not that it was so with Captain Bam. Certainly not: but the mystery was this. Fifteen years before—on a sharp, wintry afternoon—he crossed the threshold of the Cat-and-Fiddle. He carried a small leathern pack, and appeared otherwise appointed for a long pilgrimage. It was, we say, sharp, blighting weather, and Captain Bam called hastily for a mug of ale. "A mug of ale, and directly," said Captain Bam, "for I can't stop a minute." The ale was brought, and the Captain hastily took a long draught thereof. He then drew his breath, and a smile as from the very roots of his heart broke over his face, and his eye strangely glimmered and twinkled upon the landlord. "*Eureka!*" said Captain Bam, and the host looked. "*Eureka!*" again exclaimed the Captain. "Take my pack," he said, in a voice trembling with the fulness of satisfaction, "take my pack—I will rest here."

And Captain Bam—his pack removed—sank in the large arm-chair. It seemed that his travels were ended; that, in a happy moment, he had accomplished the purpose of his life; that all his future existence would be an appointed state of rest. There was a little wooden nook—a sort of summer-house, at the end of a long garden—which, after few words, he hired of the host;

whence, every night he came, to bestow his talk upon the guests of the Cat-and-Fiddle. "And how he would talk! Ha! better than a printed book." Such was the oft-avowed opinion of his gladdened hearers. And now the Captain is dead. His body lies in the churchyard of the market town, but two miles distant from the Cat-and-Fiddle. He had himself written his epitaph. It is a model of brief simplicity—enough to bring a blush into the cheek of many a stone-faced cherub. The epitaph has only one word: it is this: "BAM."

The Captain died, but not his stories. No: there sat every night in the fireside corner of the Cat-and-Fiddle an ardent, passionate lover of the mind of Bam. He was a silent Pylades—a mute Pythias. He would sit and store himself with the syllables of Bam; then, like the bee, would he fly rejoicing home, and ere he slept hive the wisdom in enduring ink. That wisdom is now before us. The little vellum-bound book, its pages finely written as with the point of a needle, lies upon our desk. Upon the forehead of its title-page there are these words, "CAT-AND-FIDDLE MORALITIES;" touchingly recollectful of the genial haunt where their fine wisdom was audible.

There are—no, we will not tell the number of stories enshrined in this little book. But from time to time we will lay one before the reader, in what we believe to be the very words of Bam.

Yes: we will begin with the first. Here it is—the title beautifully engrossed, from which we guess the legal yearnings of the chronicler—here it is.

The Tale of a Tiger.

Perhaps, my friends, you have never heard of a place called Singapore. Well, it 's no matter if you havn't. It 's a long, long way east, where all sorts of shipping trade, and where all sorts of people live—China-men, Malays, Javanese, Bengalees, English, Dutch, and what not. Well, there was at Singapore a certain Dutch family in the pepper trade. They were named Vandervermin. They were all rich, cautious, heavy people; all save Jacob Vandervermin, who when a mere youth was left a poor orphan; left, as it might have seemed, on purpose to exercise the loving benevolence of prosperous uncles and aunts, and flourishing cousins. Alas! the whole body of the Vandervermins considered the poverty of Jacob as a blight—a family reproach; a nuisance

that every one sought to put off upon the other. Jacob was the little toe of clay that disgraced the Vandervermin body of brass. And what made him worse, he was, for one with Dutch blood in his veins, a sprightly frolicsome fellow. He was a beggar, and yet, with a stony hardness of heart—as Peter Vandervermin, the head of the family, declared—he would laugh and make offensive jokes upon his wretchedness. There are men who cannot understand a joke, simply because it is a thing that carries no worth with it in a ledger. Now Peter Vandervermin received a joke—especially the joke of a poor man—as an offence to his judgment and a sidelong sneer at his pocket. His wife, Drusilla Vandervermin, was of the same belief; and in this goodly creed, man and wife had reared a numerous family. Jacob Vandervermin was the only outcast of the name who had ever disgraced it by a jest. It was plain he would come to no good; plain that he would die the death of a sinner. When one day his body was discovered mortally mangled by a tiger, not one of the Vandervermins was shocked or surprised. No: they had always said that something dreadful would happen to him, and it had come about. Peter was buried—handsomely buried. Not one of the Vandervermins would have given him when alive the value of a coffin-nail; but being dead, the case was altered. The pride of the family was concerned in the funeral; hence, they respected themselves in their treatment of the deceased. Doubtless, the ghost of a despised ill-used relation is propitiated by a costly burial; and thus many a cousin or half-brother who has glided through life in a cobweb coat, has superfine cloth upon his coffin.

I had this history of Jacob Vandervermin from a China-man. He repeated it to me with the eloquence and fervour of a believer. The China-men—at least the sort that live at Singapore—believe that when the tiger kills its first man, his ghost becomes his very slave; bound, ordered by fate to be a sort of jackal to the tiger; compelled by destiny to find the beast its dinners, even among his kith and kin. Hence a tiger having carried off one of a family, not one of the survivors is from that moment safe. My China-man—he passed for a very learned fellow among his tribe—had the most intimate knowledge of the Vandervermin tragedy, which after his own lofty fashion—painting his story as though he was painting his native porcelain—he related to me. I shall give it you in plain, cold English; for, my good friends all, be it known to you, I scorn the flourish of a traveller.

At the age of eighteen, Jacob Vandervermin—having been knocked from uncle to uncle, the poor, passive family shuttlecock—fell at length into the counting-house of his richest, and oldest uncle, Peter. For two years did Jacob eat the bread of dependence ; for with that bitter word was his bread always buttered—when he awakened the inextinguishable ire of his rich and orderly relative. Jacob had been guilty of a gross wickedness ; in fact, of a crime in the eyes of Peter Vandervermin, of the deepest dye. He had, in a moment of culpable neglect, let fall a large, unsightly blot of ink upon his uncle's ledger. To the mind of Peter Vandervermin, his graceless nephew had thrown an indelible stain upon the white reputation of the family ; at least, Peter so avenged the fault, for without a word he seized a ruler that lay upon the desk, and with it smote the skull of the blotting offender. Jacob uttered no syllable ; but instantly closing the ledger, and raising it with both his hands, he brought down the book of figures with such precise vehemence upon the head of his uncle, that the principal of the house of Vandervermin & Co. lay stunned and prostrate on the floor of his own temple—that is, of his own counting-house.

Now, Jacob was not a man to give unnecessary trouble. He knew that if he remained, it would only cause his uncle the pain and the perplexity of thrusting him from the house, and therefore, with scarcely a penny in his purse, did Jacob don his hat, and cross his uncle's threshold.

Vain was it for him to beg the aid of any of the name of Vandervermin. What, he—a poor creature, too, a pauper, a beggar, a—no there was no worse word for him—he smite so good, so tender an uncle ! No, he might starve, perish ; it would be to share his wickedness to relieve him. It was a secret comfort to the Vandervermins that Jacob, in a momentary forgetfulness, had knocked down his uncle. That sacrilegious blow had for ever and for ever snapt the thousand fine ties that—despite of his previous errors—still held him to the family heart. Now he might perish ; and the sooner the better. The only hope was that he would be drowned, or decently starved to death ; that, for the sake of the family, he would not come to be hanged, however richly he deserved it.

For some weeks, Jacob continued to live without money. Nothing, perhaps, so eminently shows the superiority, the crowning greatness of the human animal—a fact so well attested in

many cases—as the power of man to subsist for a time without cash. He is a self-wonder while he does it ; nevertheless, the miracle is performed. Tear a plant up by the roots—fling it aside—and it perishes. Shut a cat up in an empty, mouseless garret, and one by one her nine lives will go out. But take money from man—money, which is the root of evil, a root upon which man best flourishes, thereby proving the wickedness of his nature—and still, still he lives. Perhaps, somehow, the carnivorous, omnivorous animal becomes an air-plant, and so feeds upon the atmosphere about him. I have met with many air-plants of the sort. There is not a city, a town, without them. Such men get over days, and weeks, and months, and wonder how they have so successfully travelled thus far to the grave. They must rub their hands, that they have cheated what seemed to them a vital principle of nature.

And in this way Jacob Vandervermin lived. Every day seemed to him a difficult stepping-stone to get over, and yet the night saw him on the other side of it. But it is hard, miserable work, this keeping check against time by meals in the bowels : this incessant looking for butcher and baker as the allies against death, and wondering and trembling from day to day, lest they should not come to the rescue. My friends, this is hard, debasing work—I have known it.

One day, with thoughts heavy as lead upon his brain, did Jacob Vandervermin wander forth. He wandered and wandered, until weary and spent, he sank upon the stump of a tree in a desolate place. "How—how," cried Jacob, "shall I live another day !"

What a mole-eyed thing is man ! How he crucifies himself with vain thoughts—how he stands upon tiptoe, straining his eye-strings, trying to look into the future, when at that moment the play is over—the show is done.

Jacob had scarcely uttered—"How shall I live another day !" when a tiger, a royal tiger—wherefore, a cruel, treacherous, bloodthirsty beast should be called royal, I know not—when a royal tiger fell like a thunderbolt upon him.

As a very large tom-cat snaps in its mouth a very small mouse, and looking statelily around, seems to say—the mouse kicking all the while—"Pooh, pooh—why this is nothing—!" so did the royal tiger look and speak, with Jacob Vandervermin writhing and screaming in its jaws. Well, tigers make short work of men. Almost as short as man himself sometimes makes of his fellow-

biped. Jacob Vandervermin—it was his luck to meet with a benevolent tiger; he was not played with before he was finally crunched—Jacob Vandervermin was soon dead.

And now, my friends, prepare for a wonder! Long before the tiger had picked the bones of Jacob—Jacob's ghost stood, like a waiting footman, meekly behind the dining animal. There was Jacob in his wide, parasol-like hat of straw—his white jacket and trousers, in all things the same as when he lived, save that he was so transparent the eye could see through him: and then his look was so serene and passionless! It was odd to see how meekly the ghost looked on, the while the tiger gnawed and crunched, and then with its rasping tongue cleaned the bones of the ghost's late body. It was plain that the ghost cared no more for what he once thought the most valuable thing under heaven, than if it were an old threadbare coat, put aside for a glorious garment. Thus, after a few minutes, the ghost seated itself upon the stump of the tree—where, a short time before, it had sat in the flesh—and twiddling its thumbs, looked composedly about it. And when the tiger had finished Jacob—for the poor animal had not for a week before tasted so much as a field-mouse—it stalked away to its den, the ghost of Jacob following it.

Gorged to the whiskers, almost for two whole days did the tiger sleep. And then rising and stretching itself—like a Mogul after a debauch—the tiger said, "Jacob."

"What wills my lord?" answered Jacob's ghost.

"Jacob, I must sup: something nice, now—something delicate. I don't like to say it to your face Jacob, but you haven't quite agreed with me. I could fancy something mild and tender to-night."

For a moment the ghost was thoughtful; then observed, "What says my lord to a nice sugar-cane salad?"

The tiger leered somewhat pityingly at the ghost; then saying "Look here!" opened its jaws. Even the ghost of Jacob shivered—like moonlight upon water—at the dreadful array of teeth. "Think you," said the tiger, "such teeth were made for salads?"

"Tigers, I have heard, were not always flesh-eaters," said the ghost, a little boldly.

"Why, there is a story among tigers," answered the ingenuous brute, "that at one time—but it 's a long time ago—we used to crop clover and trefoil, and wild-thyme, for all the world like foolish little lambs. And then suddenly—but how it came about I never

heard—we took to eating the kids and lambkins that before we played with. How the change began, and who took to killing first, I know not: I have only heard it wasn't tigers; and now, I only know that I must sup: that this very night I must have another Vandervermin. Have you any babies in the house?"

"None: I assure you, my lord, not one," answered the ghost.

"That 's a pity," said the tiger; "for I feel it, my stomach needs something tender and succulent. However, lead on: air and exercise may tone my vitals a little. Why do you tarry, sirrah?"—and the tiger growled like a stage tyrant—"you know your destiny; lead on."

The ghost seemed to feel the truthful force of the rebuke, and immediately led the way. As they walked on, the ghost espied a remarkably fine ox, strayed from a neighbouring farm. "See, my lord; see," cried the shadow.

"No, no;" said the tiger, a little contemptuously. "I can't do that sort of thing now: having once tasted the goodness of man, I must go on with him. No; no; I thank my luck, I now know what good-living really is." And then the tiger paused, and twisting its tail gracefully about its legs, as sometimes an ingenuous maid will twist about a gown flounce, the brute observed,—"What a lovely night! How the air freshens one's spirits! What a beautiful moon—and how the stars shine—and the airs whisper among the tamarind-trees, like unseen fairies making love! You are sure, Jacob, there is not a baby in the house?"

"Nothing like it, my lord," answered Jacob.

"What is the best you can promise me?" asked the tiger.

"To-night, I'm afraid nothing better than Drusilla, my aunt," said the ghost. The tiger growled dubiously; and then said, "Well, we can but look at her. You know the safest way,—so mind what you're about."

Cautiously, stealthily, goaded by fate, did the ghost of Jacob lead the tiger to the mansion of Peter Vandervermin. Leaping a low wall, they gained a garden, and proceeded along a winding walk, until they came to a pretty little summer pavilion, wherein sat aunt Drusilla, as was her wont, knitting, with a large Dutch pug at her feet.

"There 's your supper," said Jacob, pointing to the withered old gentlewoman.

"Humph!" growled the tiger, and angrily twitched its tail—"humph! It 's against my stomach; I can't do it."

"What think you," urged the ghost, "of the pug just for a snack?"

The tiger curled its whiskers with a look of disgust, and growling "dropsical," turned supperless away. And all the next night did the tiger fast. But sweet is the sauce of hunger; for on the third evening, the tiger rose and stretched itself, and its eyes glared with brightening flame, as it said—"Come along, Jacob: I don't know that that old woman will eat badly after all."

Jacob again conducted the destroyer to the house. Again showed Drusilla, unconscious of her fate, knitting, knitting. There was a slight growl—a spring—an old woman's scream—a yap, yap from the pug—and then the wall was leapt—and Peter Vandervermin was a widower.

I will not follow the tiger to its banquet. Suffice it to say, the tiger ate and slept. However, very ill and feverish did the tiger awake in the morning. "Jacob," cried the tiger, "what's the matter with me? Phew! I can hardly move."

"Perhaps," said Jacob, "my lord has just a stitch in his side."

"No, no," said the tiger, "I feel 'em now; it's that abominable old woman's knitting-needles."

"Every rose has its thorn, my lord," said the ghost, joking as a ghost may be supposed to joke. "You never find a woman without pins and needles."

"Jacob," cried the tiger, "either you come of a very bad family, or after all, man-eating is by no means so wholesome—however pleasant it may be—as a hearty, simple meal off a buffalo, a deer, or anything of that sort."

"Then, why my lord," urged the ghost, "why not return to the humbler diet?"

"That's all very well, Jacob. Why don't men—with red noses and no insides—turn from arrack and new rum, and drink only at the diamond spring? I begin to feel myself no better than a drunkard: yes, I fear I'm a lost tiger. It's very nice—very delicious to eat a man at night—but it's like what I 've heard of drink—what a head-ache it leaves in the morning!" "Ha," cried the beast, "I 'm afraid I 'm making quite a man of myself. Look at my tongue, Jacob; it's as hard and as dry, you might grind an axe upon it. Oh, that dreadful old woman!"—and the tiger closed its heavy, blood-shot eyes, and tried to sleep.

Only three days past, and then the tiger leapt up, and licking itself all over—as though it was going out to an evening party, and wished to put the very best gloss upon its coat—the creature cried—"Come away, Jacob; I must have another Vandervermin."

"Oh, my lord," cried the ghost, "think what you 'll suffer in the morning."

"*That* for the morning," cried the tiger, whisking its tail—"I tell you, Jacob, I intend to make a night of it. Slave, lead on."

And thus for three months, conducted by the fate-enforced ghost, did the tiger continue to sup off Vandervermins. Uncles and aunts, cousins male and female, in all eight, had the tiger devoured, when one night the brute carried off the ninth and last victim in the person of Justus Vandervermin, lawyer and usurer. The tiger—strange to say—devoured every bit of him; but it was the brute's last morsel; it never could digest him: Justus Vandervermin remained, like so much india-rubber, in the vitals of the tiger. Nothing could stir the lawyer.

"Jacob," cried the brute, feeling its last hour approach; "I shall die, and your ghost will be at rest. I forgive you—but why—why didn't you tell me that Justus was a lawyer?"

And with these words the tiger died, and the ghost of Jacob Vandervermin was instantly at peace.

"And if all this story isn't true, Captain"—asked one of the Cat-and-Fiddle Company—"what do you get out of it?"

"Why true or not, this much," answered Captain Bam; "never to neglect and ill-use a poor relation. For however low and helpless he may seem, the day may come when he shall have about him the strength of a tiger."

HOLIDAYS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The Birthday of William Shakspere.

To one who looks round upon England with eyes undazzled by the glitter and pomp of those who occupy its social eminences, and who endeavours to understand the true character of the deep and gloomy abysses of humanity that everywhere intervene, there is, perhaps, no fact more truly saddening than this:—the country once denominated by those who knew her best—the poets—as merry England, does not now exhibit from year's end to year's end one really national holiday; or, in other words, one day of universal spirit-stirring rejoicing. It is true enough that the shades or spectres of former festivals still mock us with their annual visits, under the old and revered names; but what has become of the healthy, spontaneous, heartfelt sense of enjoyment, with which all classes, from the very highest to the very lowest, used to greet the genuine Christmas, and Whitsuntide, and May-day, and all the other days that were severally devoted to the honour of evangelist, apostle, saint, or martyr? Why, it is gone: absorbed, as an item unreckoned, and not worthy of reckoning into the political economist's "national wealth." To the statue with head of gold, arms of silver, and feet of clay and iron,—

"We have given our hearts away:"

and though (to continue the poet's line) the gentlemen just named may look upon them but as

"A sordid boon,"

we may surely be pardoned for valuing them ourselves, and setting to work to redeem them at the first favourable opportunity. In deep thankfulness do we say there are evidences on all sides that the work of redemption is about to begin. Not much longer will the mightiest of all the sciences be disgraced by the fantastic or dishonest vagaries of its professing disciples; not much longer will they be able to persuade us that the wise production of wealth may be usefully studied in entire forgetfulness

of the honest distribution of wealth, or that either of these branches of the subject can be rationally understood, except in connection with the production and distribution of that better wealth of the heart and the intellect; that alone raises us above the rank of the prudent insect in her cell, or the comfortable beaver in his frozen hut on the stream. The richest and most precious of all imaginable treasures that this world can show, is a happy people; assuredly that will be one of the first kinds of wealth that will be sought to be produced by every true system of political economy. And when produced, we may hope to be rewarded for this long period of darkness and privation through which we have passed. Our holidays shall be revived with tenfold splendours, and a hundred times the enjoyment, that could have distinguished them, when men generally were ill-educated, or not educated at all, and when they were dependent, not only for their daily bread, but for the safety of their property and lives upon the will of those who had all but despotic power over them. It was merry England, doubtless, in spite of all the darkness of the background here and there visible through the splendour of the picture; and merry England it must be again,—being at the same time, also, free England, and (in which all she is summed up), educated and enlightened England.

The perennial springs of enjoyment, then, will flow as of yore, but swelled from a thousand fresh sources when the superincumbent rubbish shall have been cleared away, but not generally in the same channels. Christmas may grow ruddier than ever with his good cheer and his brilliant holly-leaves. May-day may again stand forth as the embodied representative of all that is young, and beautiful and promise-breathing in this apparently old world; —we can understand such holidays, and others like them. But who comes now to be reminded of the horrors of St. Bartholomew's day, or of the turbulent ambition and violent end of Beckett, by St. Thomas's day, much less to make holidays of them? And as to the political commemorations of the execution of the kingly "martyr," and the restoration of his son, we fear the sentiments of the people of England now would be anything rather than in accordance with the notions of those who established the days in question in the calendars. Besides, we want no party holidays. Then, again, St. George's day:—never again will the twenty-third of April, or any other day of the year, be made sacred by the happiness of an entire people, if it can only be founded upon the

desire to do honour to such contemptible and pernicious examples of established sanctity as that cheating, parasitical, oppressive, and brawling personage, St. George the Victorious—patron saint of England though he be. The truth is, there is no longer any spirit of life in the muster-roll of our calendars. We have outgrown all kinds of religious worship but that which leads one most directly to the Supreme Power,—all kinds of hero-worship, except that which will bear the searching inquiry—What great and permanent benefit has your hero achieved for the whole family of man? Answer that satisfactorily, and we, too, like the Greeks, will put him in our calendars, will make a constellation of him, in which every separate star shall be the chief event of his truly glorious life. In this, as in everything else, it is good to begin well. Leaving St. George to the contempt or oblivion he so richly merits, St. George's day must still be *the* day of an Englishman's festival year, for it is the real or presumed birth-day of William Shakspere. How shall we observe it? Anticipating Time's movements, let us describe the twenty-third of April of —— years hence.

The masts and yards of the vessels in the pool of Dover are gay with fluttering ribbons of every colour and size. Groups of people in their holiday garb are pacing up and down, and watching with deep interest the arrival of vessel after vessel from the opposite shores, each bringing its freight of joyous and expectant pilgrims. Most of these are evidently our own countrymen, who will not be absent from their native land on such a day, but many are also foreigners, young men and old, ardent students or philosophic citizens of the world, who rightly look on William Shakspere's memory and reputation as the property of all mankind. And now there is a hurrying to the London railway station. And as the interminable train glides rapidly along, every eye is directed forwards, not as yet so much in wonder and admiration of the picturesque and in some parts sublime aspect of the way, but in order to obtain the earliest possible glimpse of Shakspere's cliff. "Here it is," suddenly cries one; "here is the

> 'Cliff, whose high and bending head
> Looks fearfully in the confined deep.'"

And, immediately, another voice, in tones that express the exuberant but not ungraceful enthusiasm of its owner, an enthusiasm in which all present participate, recites aloud the passage—

> "How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low !
> The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles : half-way down—

but here the train rushes into the very bowels of the cliff, and the voice is lost in the tremendous hubbub that accompanies the passage, and which even extinguishes the sounds of the good-humoured laughter that was called forth at the suddenness of the interruption. As we emerge, an old gentleman is overheard telling another of the honourable Shaksperian feeling of the engineer and directors of the work. The cliff in question stood directly in his way. They could not go round it, and it was very difficult to attempt to go through it, as the chalk of which it was composed was of an exceedingly loose and crumbling texture. To destroy the cliff by gunpowder, in the same mode that the neighbouring headland of Round Down was torn to pieces, seemed the only feasible, as it was by far the easiest way. But that was just what Shakspere's engineering and speculative brethren did not choose to do ; so, in spite of difficulties, a tunnel was determined upon, and made. And the result affords a lesson applicable to every man, and every kind of business in pursuit—the difficulty was, as every difficulty should be, turned into a triumph. The tunnel is not only very beautiful, but is supposed to be among the safest yet constructed.

What a clatter of bells ! London surely must be out of its senses. What hosts of people are in the streets ; can there be a single soul left anywhere at home ? The very church-towers and steeples seem to be waving, as with human feelings and gladness, the broad, undulating, richly-coloured flags that crown them ; even the old tower of Julius itself forgets that it is "London's shame," and sways to and fro its painted canvas as busily and energetically as heart can desire. The shops are closed. Business is as effectually withdrawn from the eye, as it is absent from the thoughts. Every window appears embosomed in foliage and flowers. Rich pictures, chiefly illustrations of his works, are frequently displayed. Household phrases that he has bequeathed to us, are inscribed in every variety of fanciful device. Triumphal arches here and there cross the streets. Garlands hang across each lane or passage, some of them telling at a glance where the head that formed them had borrowed the idea of their selection, for here we perceive,

" . . . daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to minds ; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one."

Hardly a public building we pass, but there is an announcement on its walls of lectures or amateur performances to be this day given. These lectures are evidently in the right spirit ; exhibiting none of that ludicrous love of self which seeks to hide the real object of admiration under the guise of a professed admiration for the great poet, which, for instance, makes men publish new editions of his plays on the strength of introducing into them some half dozen new readings of comparatively unimportant lines. Among the subjects chosen we see Shakspere as the founder of the English Drama,—Shakspere, the Artist—the prophetical character of the Shaksperian Philosophy,—Shakspere as a Student of Natural Phenomena—and so on, with endless lists of his individual characters, chosen as subjects for popular analytical examinations. The play-bills have put on for the day a resplendant border of prismatic hues, in harmony with the genial nature of their contents. Every theatre to-night opens wide its doors, without fee or reward, to all who choose to enter. Throughout England on this 23rd of April, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear and Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, *As you Like it*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, shall pour forth their concentrated stores of pathos, and sublimity, mirth, wit, and humour, as freely as the all-compre hending heart of the author himself could have desired.

The streams of the people here and there appear to have some determined point towards which they are advancing. One passing from the city over London Bridge, pauses before the beautiful church of St. Mary Overy, to comment on the fact that "Edmund Shakspere, player," is buried in it, and that William must have stood there as chief mourner over his brother's remains. Then they move on to the neighbourhood of the Bankside, Southwark, where an elegant memorial marks the site of the Globe Theatre, in which some of Shakspere's pieces were first

produced (as *Henry VIII.*), and in which he himself has often trod the stage. In the vicinity, in a place called the Clink, we learn from the memorial in question, was Shakspere's house. As we come into the city, we find similar streams progressing towards the Blackfriars, the site of the other two theatres with which the great poet was chiefly connected, and towards the hall of the civic corporation. Once, in Shakspere's lifetime, that corporation attempted to drive him and his company from the precincts of the Blackfriars, where they had found refuge, owing to the peculiar privileges of the place. Now, it is proud, and justly so, of possessing and exhibiting the documents that refer to the tale of the very property in question, and which possesses no other value than what may be given to it by the bare signature of William Shakspere. But daylight will be gone before we reach Stratford, if we thus pause to notice all the manifestations of metropolitan reverence for him whose birth-day is now being commemorated. Every open space rings with the sound of spirit and mirthful enjoyment. Every house, however humble, we step into, has its laurelled knot placed conspicuously over the grandly furnished table, where a seat is ready for every acquaintance or friend that may chance to drop in ; whilst from the larger mansions of the nobility or wealthier gentry is heard the note of preparation for the performances of various kinds that are to take place in them. The continual flow towards the West shows where the most imposing of these spectacles is to take place. As we approach Buckingham Palace, we perceive that Royalty itself is glad to forget itself in one day's remembrance of a mightier spirit—the usual flag waves not from the top of the marble arch, but in its place flaps heavily to and fro, heavy with its rich bordering of embroidery, one having reference to the glad business of the time. We enter not there, but report whispers of the revival of the poetical feelings and tastes with much of the skill of the framer of the masques of the days of James I. ; and that day some new one, having of course William Shakspere's wondrous exertions for the subject, is to be personated by noble actors before a royal and noble audience.

A short hour's journey sets us down at Stratford, and among the "observed of all observers,"—actors and spectators in the imposing pageant that here revives the memory of, whilst it far surpasses all the most picturesque and attractive spectacles of the poet's own time. Good feeling is perhaps in many portions

more conspicious than good truth ; what then ? is not the exhibition of that feeling a thousand times more delightful than aught the good taste without the feeling could give us ? We want the hearts of the people in their holidays—be sure, if we get them, the mind will follow. Then shall we describe the busy tumultuous, but truly superb procession that we now watch, slowly coming along through the principal street, and the crashes of the most exhilarating music. Through the thickly variegated forest of flags we catch glimpses, ever and anon, of costumes unfamiliar to the eye, in connection with our own prosaic mode of life, but instantly recognisable as the habits of these creations—ideal as we call them, of the stage, but which in truth are so real, that we know them better than nine out of ten of the men that we are most accustomed to meet in our daily life. Stages there are too, which appear to be representatives of the performances of the mysteries or moral plays that preceded the Elizabethan drama. Another shows the performance of a play that was evidently written by one fresh from the study of those earlier works, and which bears as many marks of youthful cognition, that, in all probability, it was the first of the magical thirty-seven. This is "Love's Labour's Lost ;" where even the Hector, Alexander, and Pompey are direct, and unmistakable reflexes of the Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar of the Nine Worthies, one of the series of Coventry plays. In the representation of "Love's Labour's Lost," we see the curtains of the old stage and the balcony, whilst the auditory are Elizabeth and her court ; it being presumed with good reason, that this play was one of those early

> "Flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did tickle Eliza,"

of which Ben Jonson speaks.

But to us the most interesting part of the pageant is that long line of persons, whose dark costumes form so striking a contrast to the showy magnificence of the pageant. Look where you will, you feel eventually the sense of respect aroused by the sight of some well-known and honoured form, belonging to the great republics of letters, the arts and the sciences. Poets, divines, philosophers, painters, actors, musicians, are here to do honour to the memory of William Shakspere ; and to cogitate with a knowledge that it only tempers, not destroys their enthusiasm, or his unrivalled greatness, as evidenced by the test that each one in

his own department of study finds that there he sees the most reason to wonder at, and to reverence the comprehensive and all but unerring genius of the poet.

The pageant has its round of localities to perform ; but we will anticipate its movements. In what a deep, and most eloquent silence every one who visits Stratford for the first time, looks on the house in Henley Street, in one of the rooms of which tradition, not unsupported by evidences, says the poet first saw the light : and from whence he was to send forth another kind of radiance that should extend gradually, but surely to the remotest corners of the earth. It is but a mean-looking place in itself, with rude timber beams, and rough walls of plaster, but lustrous beyond the power of the imagination to look steadily on it, in the fact of his birth ; and in the thousand of names, each involving its own world of associations, that cover the walls. As we return to the street, and take yet another lingering look at the exterior, we are attracted by an inscription, which modestly informs us, that the house was purchased for the nation, and restored as far as possible to its original state, by means of funds derived from the performance of a play of Shakspere, in each of the principal theatres of England, on the night of the 23rd of April, 184—*. This is as it should be. The poet himself was an actor. What he wrote, he wrote for actors to expound. By an actor, Burbage, he was in all probability first introduced into that public life which was to be of so momentous a character. His friends and associations were chiefly actors. To actors, he extended the sacred office of literary executorship ; and consequently to actors (Heninge and Condell) does the world owe the first authorised and complete edition of his marvellous series of dramas : an edition, which after two centuries of open and con-

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* We leave others to fill up the omission of this date. Would that the suggestion here thrown out, or some other and better one were adopted, while there is yet time. We all know what Shakspere has done for us ; what have we done for him ? Nothing. Not even protected the few memorials that have been left of his presence among us. In consequence even the inscriptions of the room where he was born have been once covered over with whitewash ; and though the mischief has been partially remedied, perhaps the next attempt may be more successful. Or perhaps even the house itself may fall into hands with whom Shakspere's fame will be looked upon but as a practical daily annoyance, and be destroyed by some new Mr. Gastrell, as was the mulberry tree, planted by the poet's own hand. To the actors and managers of England, we would carefully commend this matter.

cealed scornful disrespect, in containing all sort of passages as "foisted in by the players," now again is adopted by Mr. Knight as the basis of the incomparably best edition of the poet that has been published. To an actor, Betterton, we owe nearly all the information we possess with regard to the poet's life; for it was he, who in single minded love for the memory of Shakspere, "took a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a veneration."* Lastly, to whom but actors generally do the people of England, as distinguished from the mere readers of England, owe their knowledge of the author of Hamlet and Lear? True, they have not for the latter part of the last two centuries represented him with the literary integrity that one could wish; but who is to blame for that, but the very class of men who are generally foremost in condemning the mutilations and distortions of the "players?" It is the literary, and not the histrionic tastes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that are really answerable for having originated these disfigurings of the poet: the last are necessarily to a great extent at all times the reflex of the first; the theatre is essentially a school for acting, not criticism; for the delivery of the received and popular text, not the study of whether it ought to be so received. The lesson, however, should not be lost. In future the heads of the profession will do well to take nothing for granted. If they then err and are blamed, they will at least have the consolation of reflecting they are punished for their own offences. Truly, literature is not without its cant: and this—its treatment of actors, is one of them.

As we emerge upon the fields round Stratford, we find ourselves among a crowd of eager pedestrians, evidently bent on a similar errand. They have left the pageant behind, with its uproar still ringing in their ears, and are now bounding along footpaths, and by hedgerows, that they know he must have once trod, towards the village whence his mother, Mary Arden, was led by his father, to take a new name and a new home, and to Acton Cantlow still further on, where they were married; and then returning they cast a glance westward and southward toward Bedford, and Great Hillborough, and other places mentioned in certain verses, that the inhabitants of Stratford with more affection than discrimination attribute to the poet.

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* Rowe's Life.

"Piping Petworth, dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dudging * Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggarly Broom, and drunken Bedford."

Near Bedford, too, was the crab-tree, beneath which Shakspere, saith tradition, after a drinking bout with the topers of the adjoining village, laid himself down, and slept the night away, sheltered from the falling dews by the natural canopy. As we get nearer back towards Stratford, a still more attractive spot awaits us—Shottery, "the prettiest of hamlets," where the poet wooed and won his bride, Anne Hathaway, and which was seen in all the rural splendour and gaiety natural to the day; and by the light of the setting sun presents one of those pictures which continue to haunt the eye and the imagination long after the scene and the time have passed away. We must yet fine time to thread once more the giddy crowds of Stratford, and pause by the site of New Place, where the poet lived in all peace and honour the last few years of his life, and where he died. We must also send our thoughts, if no more, over the meadows eastward, in the direction of the Avon that winds through them; for there, within an hour's walk, lies Charlecote, the abode of Sir Thomas Lucy, who, according to tradition, was the means of banishing Shakspere from his individual and local to his intellectual and universal home—from the town of Stratford to the stage of Blackfriars, and that larger stage in which "all the men and women are merely players."

The shades of evening are gathering rapidly round the beautiful old church of Stratford, and enveloping, and as it were, hushing into harmony with itself, the busy multitudes who have accompanied the pageant hither on the last solemn place of visitation. The font, in which the poet was baptized, was, after long absence from the church, restored to the place† from which it never ought to have been taken, and the memorial that points out his last resting-place, have each been visited by thousands of worshippers during the day; but now, at the close of the solemnity, at such an hour, and in such a presence, all mere incidents of the life pass away from the thoughts; and life itself, in all its grandeur and beauty, seems to rise before us, unconsciously

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* Sulky—in dudgeon.

† The date of that restoration, also, we regret to say, cannot yet be furnished.

challenging our eternal gratitude and reverence. Thoughts, too high and solemn to find expression in words, expand and elevate every heart. We feel as though our overwrought feelings should have voice, but are restrained and kept silent by the reflection—what tongue can be adequate to them, and the occasion? Haply, higher and purer natures are above us, doing that which we are incapable of. In and around this old church of Stratford fancy conceives the sounds must be eternally rising heavenwards of a host of heavenly christians—

> "But whilst this muddy nature of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

MOTHERS' LOVE.

At Père la Chaise there is an infant's tomb,—
A little chapel plainly wrought of stone;
Its painted window panes just tint the gloom
That shows an altar with *immortelles* strewn:
The happy sleeper's toys—most childish things—
Are there enshrined, as though the Mother's heart
Still struggles with despair, and doating clings
To all that of her darling seems a part.

O Love parental! growing by its loss,
And springing up when most 'tis trodden down,
Great Nature's alchemy, that maketh dross
More precious than the jewels of a crown!
Is love like this the tenant of one breast?
No; 'tis as universal as the air;
A Truth that shows the Atheist's creed a jest;
For Chance must vary—Love is everywhere.

The Mother claims her child by Nature's right,
In kingly halls or at the workhouse door;
Let Power then be chary of its might
To make that love a torture to the poor.

THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Letter IX.—To Mrs. Hedgehog, of New York.

Dear Grandmother—It was very kind of you—though away from Old England—to have prayers put up for the Bishops of Exeter and London, and Mr. Courtenay and Mr. Ward, with all the unfortunate young clergymen who've been frightening their good mother Church, for all the world like young ducklings that, hatched by a hen, would take water. The bishops, you will be glad to learn, are much better; and now, Sunday after Sunday, the young parsons are taking off their white surplices and putting on their old gowns, just like idle, flashy, young dogs, who've been making a noise at a masquerade, but are once more prepared to go back to their serious counters. Mr. Courtenay and two or three of his kidney did think of putting on chain-armour under their surplices, like the Templars that you once saw in the play of *Ivanhoe;* but whether the Bishop of Exeter has interfered or not, I can't say; the thing's given up.

Mr. Ward, who has been turned out of Oxford, for his *Ideal of a Christian Church*—which means a church with censers and candlesticks, and pictures of the Virgin, and martyrs' bones, and other properties—is going to be married; if the business isn't done already. I shouldn't have written upon the matter, only Mr. W. has printed a letter in all the papers, giving *his* notions of the holy state. They, certainly, are very sweet and complimentary to the lady chosen by Mr. Ward: for he says—

"First, I hold it most firmly as a truth even *of natural religion*, that celibacy *is a higher condition of life* than marriage."

Now, if celibacy is the highest condition of life, how is it that Adam and Eve came together while they were yet in Paradise? Their union—according to Mr. Ward—ought to have taken place after they both fell. Matrimony should have followed as a punishment for the apple. And then when it was commanded to

"increase and multiply," was it supposed that those who obeyed the command would not be in so "high a condition" as those who neglected it? But men read their Bibles through strange spectacles!

However, grandmother, as you like to hear all the chat about the church, you must know that last week I took up a fare near an oyster shop in Covent-Garden—a very respectable sort of person; in fact, I'm sure one of the Established Church. When he had left the cab, I found that *The Ecclesiastical Gazette* (No. 81) had dropt from his pocket. I've gone through it, and found parts of it—I mean the church advertisements—very odd indeed. You can't think how strange they read after the New Testament—if you wouldn't think the pulpit cushion was a counter, after reading 'em! Look here, now:

A CURATE WANTED in a large market-town forty miles from London, near a railroad, population *five thousand*, where the Incumbent resides and takes his full share of the duty. He must be in Priest's Orders, have a voice sufficiently *loud* for a very large church, and, whilst holding *moderately high Church views*, be chiefly anxious to *seek and save the lost* by preaching Christ and Him crucified. Stipend, *one hundred pounds* a-year. The Advertiser does not pledge himself to answer every letter.

All of 'em bargain for a loud "voice:" you'd think, grandmother, the advertisements were for chorus-singers and not clergymen. And, grandmother, can you tell me what "a *moderate* high church view" is? Is it moderate virtue—moderate honesty—moderate *truth?* Pray, tell me.

Another advertiser wants "a pious and active curate," who will double his duty with "the tuition of the incumbent's sons." That incumbent has a good eye for a good pennyworth, depend upon it.

At Bishop's Lydeard a curate is tempted with "a neat little cottage," and "*almost* certainly the chaplaincy of an adjoining union," with "other considerations" (what can *they* be, grandmother?), which will make the salary "equivalent to 100*l.* per annum." And for this he must be orthodox and married.

Another curate is wanted in a "small parish in Berks," where "*the duty is very light.*" What would the apostles have said to such an offer?

A beneficed clergyman, advertising from Camberwell, wishes for duty "in some agricultural *and picturesque part* of the north of England." A picturesque part! You see, it isn't every one who would like to preach in the wilderness.

Another curate is required in Nottinghamshire: salary, 100*l.* per annum. He must have the highest references for "gentle-

manly manners," *as* "the vicar is resident." I suppose if the vicar was away, a second or third-rate style would do well enough for the parishioners.

However, you 'll be glad to learn that several of the advertisers profess to be "void of tractarianism and *other* novelties." Just in the same way as they write up somewhere in Piccadilly—"The original brown bear."

Another clergyman "is desirous of meeting with an early appointment in town :" and, grandmother, you may judge of the lengths this gentleman will go to preach Christianity and save human souls, when he adds—"no objection to the Surrey side!" Is n't this good of him? Because, you know, grandmother, the opera, and the club-houses, and the divans, and so forth, are none of 'em on the Surrey side. To be sure, there 's the Victoria, and Astley's —but they 're low.

Now, grandmother, don't all these advertisements smell a little too much of trade—don't they, for your notions of the right thing —jingle a little too much with gold and silver? As I 'm an honest cabman, though I knew I was reading all about the Church and her pious sons, yet, somehow, the advertisements did put me in mind of "Rowland's Macassar,"—"Mechi's Magic Strops," and "Good stout Cobs to be disposed of."

I am, dear grandmother, your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P.S.—I open my letter to tell you that the Bishop of Exeter has broken out again. A Mr. Blunt of Helston *will* wear the surplice ; and the Bishop, like a bottle-holder at a fight, backs him in his doings. Do have more prayers put up for the Bishop.

LETTER X.—TO SAMUEL HEDGEHOG, GALLANTEE SHOWMAN, RATCLIFFE HIGHWAY.

DEAR SAM,—I 'm just come home from Hampstead ; and so, while the matter's fresh in my mind, I sit down to write you a few lines. You have heard of the awful murder—of course. Well, I don't know : murder 's a shocking thing to be sure ; nobody can say it isn't ; and yet after what I 've seen to-day—Sunday, mind —it does almost seem to me as if people took a sort of pleasure in it. Bless you ! if you'd only seen the hundreds and hundreds of

folks figged out in their very best to enjoy a sight of the place where a man had been butchered,—you 'd have thought Haverstock field, stained and cursed as it is with blood—a second Vauxhall at the least. I 'm sure I 've seen people going to Greenwich Fair, with not half the pleasure in their faces. However, I'll tell you all about it.

I was called off the stand about eight this morning by a gentleman and lady, dressed as I thought for church. They 're a little early, thought I, but that 's their business. "Take us to Hampstead," said the gentleman; "and mind; as near to the murder as possible." "Do, my good man," said the lady—bless you! to have looked at her you 'd have thought she 'd have fainted at the sound of murder—"do my good man," said she, "and make haste; for I wouldn't be too late for anything. Take care of these," said she to the gentleman, giving him a basket, "and mind they don't break." Well, it 's my business to drive a cab; so I said nothing, but started for Hampstead. Bless you! before I 'd got half up Tottenham Court-road, it was no easy driving, I can tell you. The road swarmed! Up and down the New Road, through Camden Town, and right to Haverstock Hill—I never saw anything like it, except perhaps on the day they run for the Derby.—Everybody seemed turned out to enjoy themselves—determined to have a holiday and no mistake.

Well, I drove as near as I could to the place; and then, I got a boy to hold the horse, and got down and went along with my fare. If it didn't make me quite savage and sick, Sam, to see hundreds of fellows—well-dressed gentry, mind you!—gaping and lounging about, and now poking the grass with their sticks, as if it was something precious because blood had been shed upon it—and now breaking bits of the trees about the place, I suppose to make toothpicks and cribbage-pegs of. And then there were fathers—precious fools!—bringing their children with them, boys and girls, as though they 'd brought 'em to a stall of gingerbread nuts, where they might fill their bellies and be happy! But the worst of all, Sam, was to see the women. Lots of 'em nice, young, fair creatures, tender as if they were made of best wax,—there they were running along, and looking at the bushes, and the grass, and talking of the blood, and the death-struggle—just as if they were looking at and talking of the monkeys at the 'Logical Gardens. Well, the handsomest of 'em after a time looked to me no better than young witches,—and that' s the truth. Every minute I ex-

pected some of 'em to do a polka, they did after a time seem so to enjoy themselves.

Well, all of a sudden, I missed my fare. Looking about, I saw my gentleman go up to the brick wall. Then he took a heavy hammer out of his pocket, and knocking away, split a brick, and then knocked it out of the wall. "This is something like," said he to me, twinkling his eye; "something to remember the murder by." And then he carefully wrapt the pieces of brick in a silk handkerchief, and put 'em in his breast pocket, as if they 'd been lumps of diamonds. I said nothing—but I could have kicked him. However, he hadn't done yet—for going to a part of the field, he said to his wife—for so she proved to be—"This is the place, Arabella; the very place; where 's the pots?" Then the lady took three garden-pots from a basket, and then her husband, dropping upon his knees, turned up the earth with a large clasp-knife, and when he 'd filled the pots, he dug up two or three daisy roots, and set 'em; his wife smiling and looking as happy all the while as if she 'd got a new gown, or a new bonnet, or both. "Come," said the gentleman, squinting at the daisy-roots, and twisting one of the pots in his hand—"this is what I call worth coming for. As I say, this is something to recollect a murder by. Humph!" and then he paused a bit, and looked very wishfully at the stile—"humph! I should like a walking-stick out of that; but the police are so particular, I suppose they would n't suffer it. Come along, Arabella;" and securing the broken brick and the daisy-roots in the pots, my gentleman went back to the cab. "Now drive as fast as you can to the church," he said; "I wouldn't but be there for any money." Well, I never did drive through such a crowd, but at last I managed it: and at last,—but no; I haven't patience enough to write any more upon this part of it. There was nothing wanted in and about the churchyard to make it a fair, except a few stalls and such like. It made me sick, Sam, to look upon this murder's holiday.

I wish you 'd have seen the Yorkshire Grey, public-house! No sooner did they open the doors, than there was as much scrambling as at any play-house on boxing-night. Well, the landlord didn't make a little by his gin that day! Murder proved a good customer to him! And then to see the hundreds and hundreds struggling and pushing to get to the bar—to hear 'em laughing and shouting—and seeing 'em tossing off their liquor—upon my life, Sam, there was a mob of well-dressed, well-to-do Englishmen,

that considering what had brought them there, wasn't half so decent as a crowd of Zealand savages.

Cricketing 's an English sport—so is single-stick—so are bowls—so are nine-pins—and after what I 've seen to-day—so, I 'm sure of it, is murder. For my part, it does seem a little hard to hang the murderer himself, when it appears that he gives by his wickedness so much enjoyment to his fellow-subjects.

Well, Sam, I 'm now come to the marrow of my letter, and it 's this. I do think, if you will only take pains, and have all the murders of the year nicely got up, you may make a capital penn'orth of the lot with your show at Christmas. When lords and ladies make a scrimmage for it at police-courts, and respectable, pious people take in newspapers for the very best likenesses of prisoners and cut-throats,—I 'm sure you 'd get custom—if the thing was well done—ay, "of the nobility, gentry, and public in general."

Now, do, Sam, take my advice. Depend upon it, the pop'lar taste sets in for blood: and so, instead on winter's nights a going about with your old-fashioned cry of "Gallantee-Show"—sing out "Mur—der," and your fortune 's made. And so no more from

Your cousin and well-wisher,
JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER XI.—TO MRS. CHICKWEED, WIDOW, PENZANCE.

DEAR MRS. CHICKWEED,—It has given me a vast deal of concern that you should have been frightened by the ignorant reports in the newspapers. Don't believe a word they say on the matter. It is n't true that the churchyard where you laid Solomon Chickweed, before you went back to your native place, is to be shut up—the tombstones to be taken down—and all future burials forbidden. It 's very true that St. Clement's Church-yard is in the middle of the Strand, but that's no reason why folks should n't be buried there, twenty deep; if the sexton can only as much as sprinkle 'em with a little grave-dust. Parliament knows better than to interfere in the matter. To be sure, there 's a great hubbub about public health—but what 's public health in comparison with church fees? Some meddlesome people have been

writing a Report about the burying at St. Clement's ; and the Report says—" Thus a diluted poison is given in exchange from the dead to the living in one of the most frequented thoroughfares in the metropolis." So you see, your late husband—poor fellow ! he 'd have been sorry to think it—may at this moment be helping to kill some of his oldest and best neighbours.

But what of that ? Look at what is called the moral good these churchyards do in the middle of London. What wicked people we cockneys should be without 'em ! Is n't it plain that they keep a check upon us ? That they make us think of life and death ? That they often give us—so to speak—a pull up when we are about to stumble ? Look at the state of all the trades-people in the neighbourhood of such churchyards as St. Giles's, and St. Clement's, and St. Bride's, and a hundred others within a few yards of shop-counters. Why, they're all pattern folks. They have all so constantly death in their eye, that it makes 'em honest to their own disadvantage. Think, too, what it is for folks from the tops of omnibuses now and then to see funerals going on in the highway of London. Do you suppose that it doesn't do them a world of good ? To be sure : and that's the reason the rectors and so forth of the churches in London have set their faces against the new-fangled cemeteries where people are buried in quiet, with nobody but the mourners to see the ceremony. Don't, Mrs. Chickweed, think it's for the fees : certainly not, it's all for the sake of the souls of the giddy sinful people of London. It's true enough that what is called the " effluvia" from these churchyards may poison the bodies of the living, but what of that, when it helps to keep their souls so sweet ?

I'm called away, and so for the present can add no more. If, however, at any time they think of disturbing Solomon, depend upon it—for old acquaintance sake—you will hear from me.

Till then, I am your well-wisher,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

LETTER XII.—TO ISAAC MOSS, SLOP-SELLER, PORTSMOUTH.

DEAR ISAAC,—I don't know whether Portsmouth has any aldermen, but if it has, I hope you'll get into a gown outright. The thing's as good as done. What poor George the Third,

Lord Eldon, and such folk think of it, there's no saying,—but in a twinkling, a Jew may be an alderman! Even the Bishop of London swallows the measure, although shuddering at it, as if it was a black draught. However, Isaac, what I write to you about is this. Mr. Ashurst, in the Common Council of London, spoke about the Jews; and after him the Duke of Cambridge in the House of Lords. Both of 'em gave their reasons for what is called Hebrew emancipation; and droll it is to consider 'em one with the other. Here they are:

MR. ASHURST.

No man was consulted as to who should be his parents, what constitution, organization, or temperament he should receive, what should be the climate, his colour, or country, what should be his language, what literature should influence him; what education he should receive, nor as to what general external circumstances should surround him. They saw and knew as a fact, *that religion was geographical*. If a man was born in Turkey, he was a Mahometan; in Africa, a pagan; in India, he was one of the multitudinous castes or sects which prevailed there, and in a Christian country a Christian; why, then, for a matter *which was independent to himself*, should man lose his civil rights? That religion which was true would ultimately prevail, but not by persecution.

DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

I have had occasion for some time to know the good which persons professing the Jewish religion have done, and particularly with reference to the different charities to which I belong; and I can certainly say, that it is to them that we owe a great deal, *and that they contribute a very large portion to the funds* of the charities over which I have the honour of presiding. Two of the individuals whose names were mentioned in the speech of my noble and learned friend on a former occasion are personally known to myself. One was formerly the high sheriff of the county of Kent—Mr. Salomons; and I can bear witness to the good he has done. Also there was Sir Moses Montefiore . . . . learning what was the object of the meeting I was about to attend, *he gave me a very handsome sum*, which he desired me to present. I will not mention what the sum was, for it would be a violation of good taste to do so.

Observe this, Isaac: Mr. Ashurst argues upon what are called broad, wise, and benevolent principles. He would give liberty to the Jew because the man was born a Jew; because he couldn't choose his father and mother, his creed, or colour. It is his fortune to be a Jew, as it may be the fortune of the Bishop of London to be a Christian. Therefore the common councilman would give him equal freedom with the best. Now, the royal duke would 'mancipate the Jew because "he contributes a large portion" to the fund of Christian charities. With the duke, the Jew buys the favour with hard cash! Sir Moses ought to be an alderman, because he gave the duke "a very handsome sum" for a charitable meeting!

The Jew touches the common councilman through his reason,

his sense of justice; but the Hebrew moves the royal duke purely through his breeches-pocket. "We owe a great deal to the Jews," says Cambridge; "and *therefore* they ought to be freed." Now suppose, Isaac, that the Jews had been poor; that they had never subscribed handsome sums; could the duke, according to his own logic, have lifted up his voice in their behalf? I fear not.

Thus, then, it is, Isaac. Mr. Ashurst and men of his school give liberty as a right—the Duke of Cambridge and such reasoners—sell it.

There 's a good deal, Isaac, to think of in what Mr. Ashurst says: that no man can choose his colour or his country. Only suppose, now, if Sir Robert Peel had been born one of the—what d'ye call 'em?—the spinning dervishes, whose whole religion is said to be in doing nothing but going round, and round, and round! Why, one can't help thinking that Sir Robert would have gone round with any of 'em.

Just suppose, too, Sir James Graham born a Chinaman. Instead of dining off Christian beef and mutton, don't you think he'd have eaten rats glazed with rice—and now, all the world knows a rat 's a thing he can't abide to think of.

Only think, Isaac, how many white-skinned public folks, if they 'd been only born in Africa, would have been *born* as black—yes, quite as black as if they could now be turned inside out.

Is it any merit of Lord Brougham's, that he wasn't born to play with knives and balls like Ramo Samee? On the other hand, is poor Ramo to be despised because he hasn't the salary of a shelved Chancellor? I should think not.

There 's capital wisdom in what Mr. Ashurst says—the best of wisdom. And let us hope that even lords and bishops will by and by come to understand it.

And so no more from your old friend,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

APRIL FOOLS.

He who mourneth day by day
That his youth doth pass away
Like the blossoms on the tree,
Sure an April-fool must be :
For the blossoms fade and die
That the tree may fruit supply ;
So youth fled, we e'er should find
Fruitful wisdom left behind.

He who lives to garner gold,
Selling what should ne'er be sold,
Bartering peace for dross, why he
Sure an April-fool must be !
Many who 'd have mourn'd his end
Will rejoice that they may spend ;
For the ingots he may save,
None will bury in his grave.

He who spurns the horny hand,
Throwing loom or tilling land,
Treating labour scornfully—
Sure an April fool is he !
Were the loom of toil bereft,
Spider would weave warp and weft ;
Earth and labour are allied—
Thriftless groom makes thriftless bride.

He who thinks that Time hath done
All for which Time was begun,
Nor its onward course doth see,
Sure an April-fool must be !
Night but slowly melts away,
Daylight cometh ray by ray ;
Time must work creation's plan,
And MAN be victor over MAN.

A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.*

"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable: neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another." WALTER RALEIGH.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

1066—1073. In the year 1066, a great comet hung over London. Multitudes gazed upon it nightly with ignorant and superstitious terror. They believed it a supernatural presage, connected with the sins and the distractions of Saxon England. Monks and pilgrims had brought tidings of a great force on the Norman coast, threatening invasion; and sudden and direful portent of that dread calamity glared from the awful splendour of the 'long-haired Star.'

William the Bastard, Duke of Normandy, was then crossing the sea. His vessel led the way at the head of seven hundred others, followed by a thousand smaller transports, and conveying fifty thousand well-armed Norman soldiers. First among the noblest of the five hundred knights who shared the Bastard's fortune, were Robert, Count of Mortaigne; Alan, Earl of Bretagne; Robert, Count of Eu; Richard, Count of Evreux; Gilbert de Monfichet; Roger de Beamont; Roger de Mont Gomeri; William Warenne; Richard de Clare; William Fitz-Osbern; and Hugo of Avranches; men you would have thought kings, not officers, says the ancient chronicler. Pope Hildebrand had blessed the enterprise, and sent the consecrated banner which fluttered from William's topmast.

The undisturbed landing of the armament, the most formidable and best appointed yet seen among the western nations, was effected at Pevensey, in Sussex, on the 30th of September. The archers, with their quilted cassocks and black wooden bows; the full-armed barons and knights, with their coats of mail and helmets of polished iron, their war-horses, men-at-arms, esquires, and

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serjeants; the pioneers, carpenters, smiths, and workmen; had successively ranged themselves upon the plain, when William leaped from the last boat. He was clad in heavy armour, his foot slipped upon the wet sand, and he fell his whole length upon the beach. 'God keep us! but here is a bad sign,' exclaimed a neighbouring voice. 'What now?' cried William, springing up and showing his gauntlet full of English sand. 'What 'amazes you? I have taken seizin of this kingdom here un-'challenged, and, by the Splendour of God!' his favourite oath 'as far as it extends it is mine—it is yours!'

He kept the promise; though but a fourth part of it was kept when, on the 14th of October, the field of Hastings was won. That bloody and hard-fought battle, which cost the lives of near fifteen thousand of his Normans, opened him the way to London; the West, the East, and the North, remained to be subdued. But, undeniably the first warrior and statesman of his age, he had a spirit wholly inaccessible to doubt or fear; a body incapable of fatigue; such strength as it was believed no man till then possessed; and, grounded on these qualities, the entire devotion of his vassal followers. A Norman chronicler and contemporary describes him, in the course of the march to London, dismounting with a party of his barons at a rugged and impassable road, and walking amid the ranks. His friend Fitz-Osbern, at his side, complained of heat and fatigue. 'Cast off thy habergeon and helmet, then,' exclaimed William; and unfastening them himself as he spoke, he threw them on his own shoulder and marched forward: leaving the weary knight to follow in his leather doublet, 'to the great delight of the soldiers.'

It was a sluggish and irresolute spirit which met this prepared and active one at the gates of London. The last Saxon Witan set up feeble and idle debate in the city; while the Norman's fire and massacre reddened the sky without, and filled the air with groans. The truth cannot be concealed, that the Saxon cause had little virtue left in it. Whatever had remained to give it grace, seemed, saving Waltheof and Hereward, to have died for it at Hastings. Its thanes were sunk in sloth and self-indulgence; its priests were ignorant and corrupt; its citizens had no ascertained security; its serfs and slaves were at the lowest depth of their vile condition; and the length and breadth of the island had no man equal to that appalling hour, for aid or counsel.

It is not, I believe, within the scheme of Providence, that a

great nation should have been conquered by the prince (however potent and valiant) of a single province, at the head of a comparatively small band of mercenary soldiers, unless other causes had conspired to make common cause with the invader. It was a weakness worse than domestic faction, which gave the Norman strength against our Saxon England; it was torpor, without even the factious disease of life in it; it was the coming on of living death. The long and feeble rule of Edward the Confessor, had left the last Danish invasion to work its most evil results unmolested; and the country, divided, distracted, dislocated, was waiting to be cast in a new mould. She had strength, but chiefly wasted in riotous frays, in family feuds and robberies; she had solid worth, a rough and manly nature, but degenerating into rudeness and a coarse brutality; she had free and noble institutions, but pining for lack of sustenance; she had a fair and fertile land, but on the eve of being split into fragments. The death of Harold had left her without even a chief of moderate pretensions to place upon the throne. A boy of tender years and feeble intellect, Edgar the Atheling, was his only legitimate successor.

I cannot, then, call the Saxon citizen Ansgard a traitor to his country, who, borne in his litter from house to house (for he was crippled with wounds he had received in battle), first counselled the offer of the crown to William. The Norman's acceptance was more remarkable. His troops had spread themselves over Surrey, Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire, marking their way with fire and sword; by intrenched camps at Wallingford and Berkhampstead, whither, 'slaying the people' as he passed, he had himself gone, London was determinedly girt round from succour on the west and north; when he received Ansgard's deputation from the city. Yet he affected to waive the sovereignty, till his barons' approving shouts went with their glittering falchions up into the air; disclaimed, while swords still clashed around him, the title of a conqueror; and stooping down to kiss the boy Atheling, who had been brought by the citizens to surrender his claim to the Saxon throne, declared that he should mount it as the heir of his kinsman, Edward the Confessor, with the sanctity of Harold's oath on his behalf, and at Edward's often-urged desire. He appointed Christmas Day for the ceremony of his coronation.

It is to be remarked as not unimportant, that Harold *had* sworn to support these pretensions, and that Edward is supposed at one time to have given them his deliberate sanction.

For this was not the first entry into London of William the Bastard. It was not the first time its narrow streets had echoed to the mailed feet of a crowd of Norman barons. The Confessor had been in his boyhood sent for refuge into Normandy, and had there passed all the years of his life, from the thirteenth to the fortieth, when he returned to England to take possession of his throne. He returned, as it was natural, not only with many Norman friends of his youth and adversity, but with a fondness for Norman manners and usage, and a love of the Norman tongue. The new nobility and new fashions became dominant in his court; and formed the direct incentive to that rebellion of Earl Godwin, against which he was ultimately driven to ask aid of his 'good cousin,' Duke William. His good cousin answered the call with alacrity, and was in sail for England with a powerful fleet, when sudden tranquillity made his service needless. He landed with but a gallant train of knights, and took his way to London.

It was as if, says an old writer, he had suddenly found himself in a kingdom of his own. The Norman commander of the Saxon fleet at Dover greeted him as his liege lord; in garrison of the Saxon castle and fortress on a hill at Canterbury, he found Norman knights; in every step of his progress to London, Norman barons, bishops, burgesses, gave him welcome; and at the Saxon court of Edward the Confessor, he found himself among Norman clerks and nobles. Would it be difficult to give shape to the thoughts with which, in all human probability, the wary and resolute Bastard, even thus early, surveyed this weakly-governed, disorganised land? A land very different indeed from that which we now see around us, teeming in every corner with life and cultivation. *Then*, a land in which the population did not reach two millions; and of which one-third was uncultivated heath and moor, and another third covered with forests, through which the bear, and, even in the immediate neighbourhood of London, the wild-boar ranged. But yet a land of grand promise to him who saw its wants; fertile, and of unbounded capability. And so, with liberal store of arms, horses, hounds, hawks, and loving farewells from Edward, William the Bastard had gone back to Normandy; to return, in fifteen years, William the Conqueror.

But it was not in that character, I repeat, he stood on the Christmas Day of 1066, in the lately-finished Abbey of Westminster. He stood there, before the sacred spot under which the Confessor lay, to be *Ordained* his kingly successor: and to take covenant with his future subjects that he would govern by law.

A deplorable hypocrisy it may have been, as the best-informed historians believe it was ; but a show of sincerity will sometimes do the work of sincerity itself, and results sprang from the *Form* of that coronation which we shall see take gradual development and practical effect in the succeeding ages of Norman sway. That it was wholly hypocrisy I do not however believe. I believe that as William, clad in the dalmatica, anointed with the holy oil, and with his hand on the gospel-book, solemnly repeated the oath of the Anglo-Saxon sovereigns, prescribing duty to the king, and submitting to compact with the subject, he thought most sincerely of restraining his own Norman vassals, if he thought less sincerely of conciliating the English people.

When, to the question of the Archbishop of York, such as were present cried out with loud acclaim that they accepted the Norman for their king, William added to his oath the solemn promise that he would treat them as well as the best of the kings whom they had elected in former times.

And it seemed as though he would keep that promise. His first public act after the coronation was to summon his barons, and warn them of the indelible disgrace they would incur if any oppression of theirs should drive the people to rebellion. He issued peremptory orders to the rest of the army, and appointed commissioners for carrying them into effect. He prohibited the frequenting of taverns ; protected by the severest penalties the honour of women ; and affixed heavy and proportionate punishments to every species of insult, rapine, and assault. He attempted no material change in the existing laws, and as yet disturbed no tenures. But he established a vigilant police against the bands of robbers that infested the country ; for the protection of trade, he granted the king's peace [Frith] to every traveller on the highways, and to every merchant and his servants resorting to any port or market ; access to his own presence he refused to none ; and in a memorable charter, still kept in the City archives, he guaranteed by special covenant the privileges of the London citizens. 'William, King, greets William the Bishop, and Godfrey the Port Reeve, and all the Burgesses within London, French and English, friendly. Ye shall be worthy to enjoy all the laws ye were worth in King Edward's days. Every child shall take to his father's inheritance after his father's days. No man shall do you any wrong.'

But these were the acts of a conqueror, in possession, as yet,

of but a fourth part of his conquest ; and with an army subject to the peculiarity of the feudal military tenure, and limited in the duration of its service. Other measures, therefore, must keep pace with these ; and they did not lag behind. Fortresses and strong defences were thrown up wherever a garrison was placed ; and grants of estates, to be held by military service tenure, were made out of the Royal demesnes or of lands forfeited by the thanes who had fallen at Hastings, and as yet out of these only, to the most powerful of the barons who consented to remain with their retainers.

The fortress to be raised at Winchester, the next important city to London in those days, and the favourite residence of the Anglo-Saxon kings, he entrusted to the care of Fitz-Osbern ; one which was rising on the eastern side of London, where the Tower now stands, he took under his own care ; two on the western he confided to Baynard and Gilbert de Monfichet. The extraordinary rapidity with which these structures rose, every part of the yet conquered land bristling as by magic with them, is a proof of the energy and talent of this Norman people, and of their aptitude for the work they had in hand.

I may show briefly what the feudal military tenure was, by example of these London fortifications. While William's banner of the three lions rose supreme upon the donjon of the eastern tower ; on those of the western fortresses, Baynard and Monfichet hoisted their own. But before this was done, both captains had sworn to lower their own flags and raise that of the king, their liege lord, at his first command, whether given in anger or without anger, for crime or no crime, whether supported by great or by little force ; and before, to the sound of trumpets, they had made their first entry into their towers, they had placed their hands in those of William, and acknowledged themselves his men of faith and service, subject to the dispossession that would be passed against them, if, at any future time, they ranged themselves against their liege, or separated their banners from his. Carry these oaths of fidelity and homage through the various ranks of the Norman army, and you see the tenure that kept these men united in one great chain of duty ; orderly and compact, as Thierry with all his passion against them has admitted, while distributed and scattered over the vanquished territory, as when on board the transports in which they crossed the sea, or behind the redoubts at Hastings. There was a well-knit bond of obligation and service,

from the king to the baron, from the baron to the knight, from the captain to the man-at-arms, from the man-at-arms to the esquire, from the esquire to the serjeant, from the serjeant to the bowmen and the valets. The bowman owed faith and service to his serjeant, precisely as Baynard and Monfichet to William the King.

It was now the sixth month since the landing at Pevensey, and the Conquest extended to the confines of Norfolk on the north-east, and in the south-west to those of Dorsetshire. Oxford, lying in a line between, had not yet surrendered: though, as Thierry remarks, this ideal frontier had probably been passed, either to the north or the south. But all seemed quiet; the distant and unsubmitted provinces gave yet no hostile sign; and William deputing his kingly power to his uterine brother Odo, bishop of Bayeux, and to his relation and friend Fitz-Osbern, passed over into Normandy on business connected with his dukedom.

His departure was the signal for Norman oppression, and Saxon resistance. And so suddenly threatening did this last become, that his viceroys sent messengers in the fourth month of his absence to urge his instant return; but he lingered (not unwilling, it may be, to let fully loose the reigning disorders) till December. On a bitter cold night in December, he embarked without previous announcement at Dieppe; and on his arrival began those awful scenes which have consigned to historic infamy the later campaigns of the Conquest.

Let me interpose a remark which seems needed to soften the appalling horror: horror on which I would not dwell for an instant, if it did not seem to me that a great truth was involved in it. If the Saxons had not rebelled; if the Norman sway had fallen with its iron grasp on a wholly enervate and unresisting population; we should not now have to boast that, after a lapse of eight centuries, we retain, in spite of a Foreign Conquest, most of the primitive peculiarities of English national life; may point to the Saxon origin of the most nervous parts of the language that we speak; and can boast of living within the shelter of institutions which we owe to the spirit of our Saxon forefathers.

Violent reaction must go before a healthy and lasting repose. It appears, by the ascertained experience of History, the universal law of fusion between antagonist races, that this should be so. Where one distinct nationality finds itself opposed to another as distinct, there is hope of great and vigorous results. When one

race proves itself so inferior as to be at once overborne and absorbed, the result is simply Extinction, or such a degraded inferiority as can never assert itself again. Greatly the Saxons suffered in this struggle, beyond a doubt. 'I will not undertake,' says a writer who had witnessed it, 'to describe the misery of this 'wretched people: it would be a painful task to me; and the 'account would be disbelieved by posterity.' But what life and strength remained, beneath the apparent stupor that had descended on them before William landed, was also re-asserted in its progress; and the Normans were made to feel, by what they received in return for what they gave, that the country of their conquest was still Saxon England.

Historians lament the fate of the proscribed prelates and priests, displaced by troops of foreign monks and churchmen, 'in 'such wise,' exclaims Holinshed, 'that there was neither bishop 'nor abbot remaining therein of the English nation.' But no one has been found to question the superior learning and accomplishments of the Norman clerks; or that it was not by their means, by the thirst of emulation in learning they provoked, and the wholesome lessons of adversity they administered, the deposed Saxon clergy were at last roused from the personal vices and intellectual torpor into which they had fallen, and, in reigns subsequent to that of the Conqueror, were enabled to rise higher than the level of their foreign brethren. And as it went with them, so it went with the rest of the people.

William's campaigns for the completion of his conquest lasted, in the face of that Saxon resistance, full seven years. I mention them, though these are not the details with which my *History* proposes chiefly to deal, because they forcibly illustrate the remark just made.

His first point of attack, on his return from Normandy, was the populous city of Exeter. The siege lasted eighteen days, and cost the lives of many Normans. From the ruins of forty-eight houses destroyed, he left it to Gilbert de Brionne to construct a castle; and for his rewards, as Viscount of Devonshire, gave him twenty houses in the city and a hundred-and-fifty-nine manors in the county. Yet the citizens had secured by their valour, their lives, their property, and their privileges. And William, when, on these conditions they admitted a garrison and took the oath of allegiance, removed at once the besieging army from the vicinity of the gates, to prevent the opportunity of plunder. After the reduction of

Devonshire and Cornwall, the Conqueror returned to Winchester ; sent an escort to Normandy for his wife Matilda, the daughter of Count Baldwin of Flanders, and saw her crowned in that city at the festival of Whitsuntide.

Little more of the summer passed before William was master of Somersetshire and Gloucestershire, and had taken Oxford and other fortified cities left in his rear when he advanced to the west. But, from these comparatively easy victories, his presence was suddenly called for in the north. The hostile conspiracy was Edwin's, brother-in-law of Harold, and the most extensive yet formed against the invader ; but the rapidity of William's movements took it unawares. Behind the river Humber, which no foreign soldier had yet passed, and with the fortified city of York for its southern bulwark, Edwin and his brother Morcar had fixed their camp ; but William, swiftly advancing on Warwick and Leicester, which fell before him, crossed the Trent, took Derby and Nottingham, marched upon Lincoln, and thence pressing forward with unexampled haste, fell upon the unprepared forces of the Saxon earls. The fight was desperate, but not long sustained. York opened its gates to the Conqueror, and King Malcolm of Scotland, under promise to assist the Saxons, swore by his deputies to do faithful service to the Norman. While his oath was taken, his kingdom was giving shelter to the remnant of the defeated army. 'Thither retired the noble chiefs, Edwin and Morcar,' says Matthew of Westminster, 'with other men of great distinction, 'bishops, clerks, men of all conditions, sorrowful at seeing their 'own cause the weakest, but not resigning themselves to slavery.'

In this expedition William fortified, and granted to his barons, castles at Warwick, York, Leicester, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Nottingham ; the last of which (one example will serve for all), with fifty-five manors in Nottinghamshire, and, in the town itself, the houses of 'forty-eight tradesmen, twelve warriors, and eight English husbandmen,' fell to the share of William Peveril : the Peveril who afterwards fixed his residence in Derbyshire, and suspended his castle on the summit of a peaked rock, like the nest of a bird of prey.

But, from distribution of his feudal grants, William was a second time hastily summoned to the succour of York, whose citizens had risen on the Norman garrison, and slain the governor and his retainers. Again the city fell, the cathedral was profaned and pillaged, a second castle was built, and William returned in triumph to

Winchester. But a triumph dashed for a time by the impatience of some of his barons. Hugh de Grantmesnil, Humphrey de Tilleuil, the one enriched by the earldom of Norfolk, and the other by the wardenship of Hastings, announced their determination to return to Normandy. In vain William remonstrated. They were wearied, they said, of a desultory and apparently hopeless warfare, and wished to rejoin their families. They would put themselves in the service of the ladies, sneered William's Norman chronicler, and watch over their honour as husbands at the expense of their loyalty as vassals. But the example was taken by others, and with their followers they recrossed the Channel.

William confiscated at once the whole of the possessions granted them in England. At the same time he saw his danger; and seeing it was with him to surmount it. He invited from every country in Europe the aid of adventurers, soldiers of fortune; and such were his brilliant offers, that from the banks of the Rhine, the Seine, the Loire, the Garonne, and the Tagus, from the Alps and the Italian peninsula beyond, detached and determined bands flocked daily to his standard. He sent his Queen to Normandy, and was prepared for the worst that might befall.

He was engaged in the sport that occupied every moment of his leisure, when tidings of that 'worst' were brought to him. Hunting in the forest of Dean, it was announced to him that the English, joined by a Danish fleet, and with succour from the Scots, had again retaken York (the flames of whose city and cathedral were then reddening the air), and put three thousand Normans to the sword. In a transport of passion he swore his most terrible oath, by the Splendour of God and the Birth of Christ, that he would not lay down his lance till every Northumbrian was slain. He took the field with his foreign supplies; and—at the head of the finest body of cavalry that had been seen in England, leaving his infantry to follow by forced marches, and his lieutenants to deal with the flame of insurrection now bursting forth in every quarter on his rear—steadily, immovably, undistracted to any new point of attack, advanced on the main body of insurgents.

They separated from before him. The Danes treacherously abandoned the confederacy, took to their ships, and sailed away. The Northumbrian earl led his troops beyond the Tyne; while to Waltheof was left the post of danger, the defence of York, to which William was moving onward. And this post he so bravely kept to the last, slaying with his own hand 'a heap' of Normans as they

rushed through the battered gateway by the side of the Conqueror, that the King marked him out, even in that moment of his desperate rebellion, for future trusts and honours.

Once more master of the city, he repaired its fortresses and garrisons, and sending to Winchester for the golden crown and sceptre, the mantle of fur, and other royal insignia, he kept the season with all kingly pomp, and overawing sovereignty, among his late rebellious citizens. It was Christmas ; but he took no Christian warning from the solemn festival against his other more awful scheme to overawe rebellion. He had sworn—*par la splendeur de Dieu !*

On the last day of Christmas, he led his retainers from the city, dispersed them in small divisions over York, Durham, and Northumberland, and gave them orders (which they did not need) to spare neither man nor beast, but to destroy houses, corn, implements of husbandry, and whatsoever might be necessary to the support of human life. He would place A Wilderness, he said, for barrier between the Normans and their implacable enemies.

And the bidding was done. His ferocious mercenary bands burned the crops in the fields, and destroyed the hamlets and towns ; butchered cattle as pitilessly as men, women, and children ; carried off the corn in the barns ; and wherever massacre might have failed, left famine to complete the work. Fortifying Durham, on the bare stones of whose great church they left thousands of dying Saxons, they pushed forward to the Tyne, and continued the work of devastation. 'From York to Durham,' says William of Malmesbury, writing eighty years after the event, 'not 'an inhabited village remained ! Fire, slaughter, and desolation 'made it a vast wilderness, which it continues to this day.' Thousands flew to the mountains and perished there. The flesh of dead horses was eaten, abandoned by the Normans on the road ; and, by a necessity yet more dire, the flesh of men. Pestilence stalked after famine ; and still the infernal revenge was carried on, from Durham north to Hexham, from the Wear to the Tyne. 'It 'was a frightful spectacle,' says Roger de Hoveden, 'to see on 'the roads, in the public places, and at the doors of the houses, 'human bodies, a prey to the worms ; for there was no one left to 'throw a little earth over them.' Another chronicler, Orderic Vitalis, who writes favourably of William, says he dare not praise him here ; and tells us that in this '*tam feralis occisio*,' more than a hundred thousand souls had perished.

I pause to take breath from these oppressive horrors. Strange that the man who had so many of the gifts by which the Creator marks a leader of men;—sagacity, penetration, immovable resolve, and not seldom a manly generosity, and temper of unswerving justice;—should thus have braved the infamy which history has rightly fastened on his name. Yet such is the mingled evil and good through which the ways of Providence vindicate themselves in this world, that it may be doubted, in that season of elemental revolution and change, if, without the infamy, we could have had the good, the glory, and the honour. There are times, in the moral as in the physical world, when the earthquake and the pestilence *must* come; and William *à la grande vigueur*, was that character compounded of the highest powers and the basest passions, which seems only for special purposes, and on rare occasions, let loose upon the world.

'If any one wish to know,' says that contemporary who has left us his most life-like portrait (an Englishman: the author of the *Saxon Chronicle*), 'what manner of man he was, or what 'worship he had, or of how many lands he were the lord, we will 'describe him as we have known him; *for we looked on him, and* '*some time lived in his herd*. King William was a very wise man, 'and very rich, more worshipful and strong than any of his fore-'gangers. He was mild to good men, who loved God; *and stark* '*beyond all bounds to those who withsaid his will*. On the very 'stede, where God gave him to win England, he reared a noble 'monastery, and set monks therein, and endowed it well. He was 'very worshipful. Thrice he bore his king-helmet every year, 'when he was in England: at Easter he bore it at Winchester, at 'Pentecost at Westminster, and in mid-winter at Gloucester. And 'there were with him all the rich men over all England: arch-'bishops and diocesan bishops, abbots, and earls, and thanes, and 'knights. *Moreover he was a very stark man, and very savage;* '*so that no man durst do anything against his will*. He had earls 'in his bonds, who had done against his will; bishops he set off 'their bishopricks, abbots off their abbotries, and thanes in prisons: 'and at last he did not spare his own brother Odo. Him he set 'in prison. *Yet among other things we must not forget the good frith,*' [frith was the king's peace, which no one *but the king* was allowed to violate] '*which he made in this land: so that a man,* '*that was good for aught, might travel over the kingdom with his* '*bosom full of gold, without molestation: and no man durst slay*

'*another man, though he had suffered never so mickle evil from the* '*other*. He ruled over England, and by his cunning he was so 'thoroughly acquainted with it, that there is not a hide of land, 'of which he did not know, both who had it, and what was its 'worth; and that he set down in his writings.' [Domesday Book.] 'Wales was under his weald, and therein he wrought 'castles: and he wielded the Isle of Man withal: moreover 'he subdued Scotland by his mickle strength: Normandy was 'his by kinn: and over the earldom called Manns he ruled: 'and if he might have lived yet two years, he would have 'won Ireland by the fame of his power, and without any arma-'ment. *Yet truly in his time men had mickle suffering, and very* ' *many hardships*. Castles he caused to be wrought, and poor 'men to be oppressed. *He was so very stark*. He took from his 'subjects many marks of gold, and many hundred pounds of silver: 'and that he took, some by right, and some by mickle might, for very 'little need. He had fallen into avarice, and greediness he loved 'withal ..... He let his lands to hire as dear as he could: then 'came some other and bade more than the first had given, and the 'king let it to him who bade more. Then came a third, and bid 'yet more, and the king let it into the hands of the man who bade 'the most. Nor did he seek how sinfully his reeves got money of 'poor men, or how many unlawful things they did. For the more 'men talked of right law, the more they did against the law ..... 'He also set many deer-friths' [forests in which the deer were under the king's protection, or, as we should now say, *preserved*]: '*and* '*he made laws therewith, that whosoever should slay hart or hind, him* '*man should blind*. As he forbade the slaying of harts, so also did 'he of boars. *So much he loved the high-deer, as if he had been* '*their father*. He also decreed about hares, that they should go 'free. His rich men moaned, and the poor men murmured; *but* '*he was so hard that he heeded not the hatred of them all*. For it 'was need they should follow the king's will withal, if they wished 'to live, or to have lands, or goods, or his favour. Alas, that any 'man should be so moody, and should so puff up himself, and think 'himself above all other men! May Almighty God have mercy 'on his soul, and grant him forgiveness of his sins!'

The immediate result of the devastation of Northumbria was the submission of the English chieftains. The Atheling, who had been engaged, fled to Scotland; Cospatric, the Northumbrian, obtained his pardon and his earldom; Waltheof, singled out by

William at the gate of York, won back his earldoms of Northampton and Huntingdon, and received William's niece in marriage. But the next incident that befell the king involved narrow escape from what would have seemed a not less direct, a not less immediate, penalty to his crimes. Turning back from the Tees, he fell by some mischance into a road never trodden before by an armed force. The snow was deep; swollen rivers, torrents, and ravines, obstructed the march at every point; order and discipline disappeared; and the Conqueror himself, wandering in his impetuous energy from his guard, passed a whole anxious night alone, ignorant where he was, or what direction his army had taken. The severest privations were suffered before they reached York, and most of their horses had perished in the snow.

Notwithstanding this, finding on his arrival in York that dangers, the last which threatened his conquest, were yet rife in the north-west, he spurned at rest or quiet. Snow, sleet, and hail were falling in a heavy storm, when he again led forth his army, worn with fatigue, and struck across those difficult mountains which divide the two coasts of the Island. He was in march for Chester. His foreign mercenaries murmured, mutinied, demanded their discharge. 'Let them go, if they please,' said William carelessly: 'I do not want their services.' He passed from the circle of his barons into the ranks of his Norman soldiers; marched with them on foot; fared as they fared; and with help of the ready alacrity and heroic spirit inspired by this example, he at once reduced the county of Chester, invested Hugh d'Avranches 'The Wolf,' with its earldom, and took Saxon Edric 'The Wild,' into favour. He proceeded thence to Salisbury, where he rewarded and disbanded the army: content with punishing his mutineers by forty days' longer service than their fellows.

The Conquest was now complete. William was master of the country. From the Channel to the borders of Scotland, England was his. His troops enforced authority in every county; his bristling fortresses overawed every city and borough; his barons, his officers, his priests, were exalted to every dignity; his earls, constables, seneschals, and bishops, were dominant in the land.

The check this triumph received in the following year from the Camp of Refuge, formed by the Saxon Hereward, did not affect his supreme sway. That hardy and fearless chief planted a fortified camp in the Isle of Ely, and there maintained himself, protected by the fens and morasses of Cambridgeshire, and sustained by

his own surpassing valour, for nearly three years. William seized the island at last, and gave rank and honour to its daring defender. He had then time to crush his meaner foe, the King of Scotland (who had meanwhile renewed his excitements to northern rebellion), by a rapid march through the Lothians, with as many English as Norman retainers now gladly assembled round his standard. Malcolm submitted, performed homage, and swore fealty as a vassal of the English crown.

What years of government remained to the victorious sovereign, had their chief employment in his apportionment of grants, his settlement of tenures, and his adaptation of the Saxon polity to that strange and mighty revolution, which had, in seven years, established a foreign king, a foreign aristocracy, and a foreign priesthood, supreme over a native population.

I am now to speak of the measures by which this so new and strange administration was effected; and the next chapter of my *History* will be on THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CONQUEROR.

New Books.

REVELATIONS OF SPAIN IN 1845. By an English Resident. In two vols. Colburn.

THIS is a delightful book: the most interesting, because the most various and apparently most truthful account of Spain—of Spain as it is—that we know. It is truly said by the editor, "the country under all its aspects, and the people, in all the phases of their contradictory and bizarre character, pass before our eyes: Spain fighting, and feasting, and pronouncing, and fraternising; Spain in the circus and in the senate-house, torturing bulls and baiting ministers; Spain in its hours of mad folly, and its rare moments of reflection." The author is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the people; has acuteness of observation, and though now and then a little prone to indulge in the filagree of fine writing, nevertheless generally succeeds in putting a picture vividly and boldly before you. His description of the "venta" in the second volume is an admirable evidence of this power. All the crowd have life and motion.

There have been so many revolutions—Spaniards have so frequently "pronounced,"—that we are now by no means astonished at their acquired facility of turning over a government every other week, or oftener, as their blood may stir them.

It requires little to decide the Peninsular reformer to rush to the public square and make a new revolution. At times he is so quick about it that *he forgets to put on his shoes;* a fact surprising to our Northern natures, but familiar to all who have witnessed an alboroto (*émeute*) in Madrid, Barcelona, or Seville. A dozen *vivas*, the beat of a drum, three steps in advance—it is done! But this supposes a previous preparation of the minds of the multitude—and the multitude was now prepared. Espartero's power was completely undermined; his hold on the popular sympathies, lost: right or wrong, he was individually and strongly opposed to the majority in parliament. The people does not fine-draw, the people is no sophist, the people understands not subtle political distinctions. It saw the broad and striking fact, that Espartero sought to govern in opposition to the wishes of their representatives, and it rose against a dictator. It is easy to talk of French gold and of conspiracies in Paris, but you cannot bribe a nation. The conspiracy was a-foot—the gold was sent—the army was corrupted, but the people judged and acted for themselves; the municipalities declared against the Regent on what they deemed sufficient grounds; and, absurdly as his offences were exaggerated by the prism of political passion, it would be still more absurd to suppose that every city and town, every village and hamlet in Spain, pronounced against the idol of three years previous without substantial reasons, or at the beck of France. The Germanada, or Holy League

of Cities, was the only antecedent parallel in history ; and if that League was overcome and Spain reduced, it was by the genius of Charles V.

The falsehood—the deliberate, acted falsehood—by which the Camarilla instructed the girl-queen, Isabella, to destroy Olozaga — to destroy him almost as completely as though a bravo had been hired to use his dagger for the purpose—is treated of at considerable length. It is shown to be impossible that the violence attributed to the minister could have taken place. The Gabinete del Despacho

——is one of the smallest rooms in any palace or noble house in Madrid. The room is *scarcely six yards square*, and outside its two doors were standing officially the Marquesas de Santa Cruz and de Valverde, with the Duke de Baylen, Calvet, or Donoso Cortés, and probably Narvaez himself at no great distance.

The moment a voice was raised, or a shuffling of feet was heard, the room must have been instantly entered. Besides, both doors had keyholes, through which Olózaga must have been seen pulling the Queen about and forcing her to sign. But the doors, to be sure, were locked—violently locked—by Olózaga ; and it was impossible for their Excellencies, the Marquesas de Santa Cruz and de Valverde, to ask her little Catholic Majesty, through the door, whether she was a consenting party to locking herself in with that ogre —the Marquesas de Santa Cruz and de Valverde were so modestly bashful, and so blushfully innocent ! I positively declare that nothing above a whisper could be spoken in the little apartment without being distinctly heard outside. The most farcical part of the transaction was the piece of acting by Queen Isabel, after she had made and signed her declaration, attested by the grand notary of the kingdom, in the presence of all the principal Officers of State. "Come, Señores," she said, "till I show you exactly how it happened." (Her whole lesson had been rehearsed to her by the Marquesa de Santa Cruz in her carriage-drive that day.)

The courtly party, and presidents and vice-presidents of the legislative Chambers, hesitated to compromise the dignity of their Sovereign by taking a step which would imply a doubt of her word, and they stopped short. "Come on !" she cried, with childish animation, and with the excitement which was natural and requisite to sustain her through her piece of personation. "Here Olózaga caught me by the arm—here he went to this door and locked it—here he dragged me to the other door and locked it too—and here he held my hand and forced me to sign !" All the time she frisked and flurried about, and too plainly and sadly overacted her part.

The account of Olozaga's indignant defence—the astonishment with which the Camarilla was seized at his daring to bring his own truthful word against the counterfeit statement of the queen—is narrated with feeling and eloquence. There is no doubt that had Olozaga remained in Madrid, his life would have paid for the audacity with which he championed his honour against the enormous lying of the Camarilla. And if he *had* perished—says the writer—

In that singular indifference to human suffering which still forms a remarkable trait of Spanish character, and which the horrors of the civil war have served to perpetuate, his fate upon a scaffold would have caused but an

inconsiderable sensation in Spain ; and the only observation which it would have probably called forth, is that shrug of the shoulders which is here more habitual than in France, accompanying the familiar phrase, *Son cosas de España* —"These are things peculiar to Spain!" Thus are palliated, or overlooked, the frequent butcheries of the people at Madrid and in the provinces, which are perpetrated by the soldiery on the most frivolous pretences.

A few *Mureas* and *Vivas*, raised perhaps by some government agent or reckless officer in disguise, bring discharges from picquets of infantry, not alone against the crowd which is permitted to be refractory, but down all the adjoining streets and into unoffending cafés. Blood-letting is here such a luxury! The editors of obnoxious journals are tried by courts martial, instead of the ordinary legal tribunals ; and when Espartero had Léon shot, his answer to the remonstrance of a foreign minister was "*Es regular!*"

Bloodshed "*es regular*" in Spain! Espartero spoke a dreadful truth--a frightful laconism. Espartero, by the way, is in no very high favour with our author; who allows him little other reputation than that of a dull, lazy, honest man. The writer states that since his elevation to the regency, "he had been known to spend whole days at cards, to the serious neglect of public affairs, and of the inveterate intrigues of his opponents."

Portrait of Queen Isabel:

The appearance of Queen Isabel Maria to the eye of a stranger is that of a precocious but somewhat careworn and sickly girl—exceedingly pale, and with nothing either expressive or interesting in her countenance. But that her brow is circled with a crown, at a period of unparalleled youth to emerge from legal nonage, there is little there to arrest your attention ; you are neither forbidden nor attracted ; you deem her more advanced than her age, but this precocity, as compared with England, is universal in the Peninsula.

Her education has been of the poorest and most limited character. She has, however, been well instructed in the knowledge of every variety of native sweetmeat:

Queen Isabel has an extraordinary collection of sweets, the most perfect museum of confectionery in Europe. Her royal repository is perpetually vanishing, but not less frequently renewed ; and her conservators stuff something much better than beasts or birds—their Sovereign mistress.

This pastrycook museum, which extends over every apartment of the palace, contains some most interesting specimens—the *tortas*, or tarts of Moron, the most celebrated in Spain—the *panes pintados*, or painted buns of Salamanca—the paschal *ojalores*, or carnival and easter dainties—the hard *turrones* of Alicante, composed of almonds, nut-kernels, filberts, and roasted chesnuts, intermixed with honey and sugar—*dulces* of cocoa-nut frosted with sugar—roasted almonds—avellanas, a peculiarly nice sort of filbert, whole and in powder—cinnamon, pine-apple kernels, jelly, blanc-mange, and custard —gingerbread in its several varieties, and sugared rice in its sundry convolutions—marmalade, jam, and *blando de huévos*, or sweetened yolks of eggs—*capuchinas*, *guindas* (cherry-brandy), barley-sugar, imitation walnuts and sugar-stick, *alfajor*, or spiced bread, and the delicious cheese *jijona*, pomegranate-jelly, *melocotones*, Madroño strawberries, and other curious

specimens. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of the youthful Majesty of Spain, is her relish and constant use of these *bonbons* and sweetmeats. Her papers of comfits strew the palace, her bags of sugar-plums visit the council-chamber, her *dulces* line the throne.

The books of heraldry are not in her case vain, which, as females have nothing to do with shields, inscribe their armorial bearings in a *lozenge*. If she is not "the loveliest," she is indeed "the sweetest" princess. When she is in a good humour, the most remarkable evidence of amiability which she affords is distributing these *bonbons* freely amongst her ministers and palace *grandes*. She does not ask whether these gentlemen have "a sweet tooth," but very naturally infers that what she likes herself must be pleasing to all the world.

The degrees of ministerial favour may be estimated by the number of presents of confectionery, and the Minister of the Interior is *first fiddle* by right of four bags of sugar-plums, till the Minister of Grace and Justice produces five sticks of barley-sugar. When she despatches business with her Ministers (which she does twice a week), she despatches a prodigious quantity of sweets at the same time; and the confection of decrees, and discussion of dainties, proceed *pari passu*. On the night of the alleged violence, she gave a paper of *bonbons* to Olózaga; and the latter having mentioned this fact as a proof of his correct demeanour, the Palace put forth its version, which was, that the sweetmeats dropped on the floor, and Olózaga picked them up and kept them!

The writer attempts, not very successfully, we think, to draw a parallel between Olozaga and Brougham. In one respect they certainly resemble each other: both are out of place. But how can Olozaga's flight from Spanish poniards have its parallel "in Brougham's flight to the north?"

In their very fates there is a resemblance. As Brougham boasted of writing letters "by that night's post" to his Sovereign, so Olózaga, in his familiarity with Queen Isabel, led her leaning on his arm to table, and tapped her at times on the shoulder. As Brougham, too, lost office and sacrificed himself as a politician by proclaiming at a serious crisis that "the Queen had done it all;" so Olózaga effected his political ruin by attempting to carry things with a high hand, though with no shadow of force, on the eventful night of the 28th November, and by subsequently arraigning his Sovereign in the Córtes.

The very flight of Olozaga to Portugal had its parallel in Brougham's flight to the north. The irritability of Brougham made him rush to the newspapers with his indecent charge against Queen Adelaide; the impatience of Olózaga made him somewhat peremptory in his bearing, when he required Queen Isabel to sign the decree of dissolution; and hence the terrible accusation of violence and *lesa majestad*.

But here all resemblance between them ceases. Never, perhaps, were there two individuals in whose personal appearance there is so wide and complete a difference.

Here is a graphic description of a Madrid mob of politicians; the assemblage that gathers every day at the Puerta del Sol:

Here there are no palatial *convenances*, nor social conventionalisms, to

mislead or to suppress ; no parliamentary forms of phraseology and discussion to hamper and cramp the utterance of undisguised opinion. Truth flourishes in the open air—a hardy plant—shoots up in the dew and ripens in the sun, without pruning, training, or covering with glass-houses. The debaters here are frank and plain-spoken, and the audience mingles unrebuked in the discussions. With every cigarrillo a character is puffed away, and with each fresh demand for *fuego* (fire), new light is thrown upon the world of politics.

Here is a fellow in rags who wears his tattered cloak with the dignity of a grandee, for every Castilian deems himself noble ; there is a more youthful *picaro* with a hat more highly peaked than ordinary, and an inordinate supply of tags adorning its velvet round—that is the energetic youth of the assembly — the Gonzalez Bravo of the *pavé*—the Young Spain of lanes and alleys ; there with a loose *faja* or red sash swathed round his waist, with leggings thrown wide open and displaying those muscular calves, with a short and tight-fitting jacket exhibiting to full advantage his amazing breadth of shoulder and depth of chest, is the Mars and Massaniello of the party, prepared to take the lead of a popular army : and around and in the midst of every circle is the due proportion of Madrid Manolas, the viragos of metropolitan low life, discussing more eagerly and far more fluently than the rest, with flashing eyes and dilated nostrils, and each with a formidable knife stuck between her right leg and stocking, beneath the garter ; some, too, smoking their paper cigars with as much *nonchalance* as the men. In this centre of intelligence and focus of popular disturbance, you will hear more in one hour of the scandalous secrets of Madrid, and learn more of its patriotic or treasonable designs, than in the choicest *réunions* of its most exalted diplomacy.

The subjoined account of the perils of travel by a Spanish diligence will, we think, tempt few English travellers to Valentia :

The diligencias in these lawless districts are, for the most part, at the mercy of brigands, it not being the practice here to escort them with detachments of cavalry, as is frequently the case with the mails between Madrid and Bayonne. It is very unwise to carry arms in these vehicles, and it is as well to put Englishmen on their guard in this respect. No diligencia is ever robbed except by overpowering numbers ; and the use of fire-arms by one or two travellers will only procure their assassination.

If one traveller shows a disposition to use fire-arms, the others are pretty sure to prevent him, in the dread that all would then be murdered. It is probable that half a dozen well-armed and resolute men might put to flight a score of robbers ; but when it comes to the hot conflict, the chances are that your allies will drop off, and you will become the solitary victim. Leave, therefore, your foolish pocket-pistols behind you ; for if you produce them they will get you shot, and if you don't produce them they will expose you to derision (perhaps worse), when the robbers, in stripping you, produce them in spite of you. It is an infallible maxim, then, that if you carry pistols in Spain they will probably shoot yourself !

The process of rifling a diligencia never occupies less than two or three hours ; and to preclude the disagreeable chance of interruption, and foil those parties of cavalry which are sometimes sent out as videttes, the vehicle with the mules attached is usually led off the road, through the hedgeless

fields, a distance of at least a quarter of a mile. The postilion, driver, and passengers, have all this time their hands tied behind their backs. When the convoy is brought to a stand, they are minutely questioned, and if any personal recognitions take place which might afterwards lead to detection and prosecution, the party who could prove identity is inevitably shot.

All are laid flat on the ground, with their hands still tied and their faces downwards, while the coach is deliberately rifled, and every trunk and package opened and examined in succession. This process consumes a tedious hour ; and in winter when the ground is damp, and when perhaps torrents of rain had fallen, it exposes to imminent peril the lives of the passengers, so that those whom the carbine spares have the chance of making their exit in an hospital. When the work of plunder is concluded, and the diligence perhaps reduced to ashes, the robbers move off, having first unbound the driver or postilion, who is left to unbind the rest at leisure—so great is their politeness and humanity.

A Spanish café :

I know no more strange, yet exhilarating spectacle than a grand Spanish café at night. The whole world is there ; gaiety and good humour are for the most part universal, and all participate in the clatter of lively conversation, with true southern ardour. Fancy the effect of a thousand men being thus assembled and engaged in one gigantic apartment, luridly lit with the oil of the native olive, and with tallow-candles (for gas, perhaps, will travel hither in half a century), the waiters threading the maze of tables with an incessant succession of liqueurs and coffees or cooling beverages, blowing and gasping with the extreme heat, and looking like the imps attendant on the master demons in some noisy pandemonium.

I am now more especially describing the Café del Turco, at Seville, the largest and most singular establishment of the kind in Spain. It has capacity and seats for full a thousand visitors, and I have often seen that number assembled. Like most of the large houses at Seville, its interior is fitted up in the Moorish style—a quadrangle open to the intensely blue and starry sky, supported by slender arabesque columns, with arcades intervening.

Below the open space, or within the colonnades, the company is indiscriminately seated, each, with scarcely an exception, inveterately smoking ; and the clouds which are thus incessantly evolved, give the huge apartment a very perfect resemblance to the den of the robber of Mount Aventine, the "*semihominis Caci spelunca*," where the aborigines were so frightened to see him vomit forth fire and smoke. Here the brusque majo and the effeminate town élégant, the rough carabinero and the more refined officer of the Estado Mayor, the burly shopkeeper and the supercilious civil empleado, brush skirts, and meet and really associate (for any attempt at English exclusivism would be here laughed down with a universal shout of derision), and as freely exchange, as we do the contents of our snuff-boxes, paper cigarrillos out of leather pocket-cases containing each 200 ! Now all is smiles, the next minute all are fighting. *Pardiez*, the devil, who doesn't sleep, has brought words and blows between the civilians and the military, and all are mixed in the broil. Was that the smash of a bottle that resounded so close to my ear ? No, faith ; it was the crack of a pistol. By my *santiguada*, perhaps, I would be nothing loth—but not to be killed for other people's quarrels.

It appears that the colony of Gibraltar has three thousand cigar-manufacturers; or one for every five of the population, male and female. And how should it be otherwise, when Spain, by her miserable policy, offers such a constant harvest to the smuggler? English steamers—of course "for a consideration"—frequently give a lift to the small smuggling craft from the Rock to the Bay of Cadiz. Here is an instance of such Britannic urbanity:

We left Gibraltar at first gun-fire—a quarter to seven p. m., when at that season it was dusk. Twenty minutes secured two heavy luggers at our stern, and in twenty minutes more we were near Tarifa. We took two passengers on board at the instant of parting, who had more luggage than ever fell to the lot of passengers before. They were small, slight, mean-looking men, of the class of petty commercial travellers, but each had some forty trunks and boxes ranged upon the deck, and during the whole evening and night they were incessant in their fidgety attention to see that none of these went astray.

I went below at eleven o'clock, and was told to keep a sharp look out about four in the morning. I rather overslept myself, but shortly after that hour I heard a noise on deck, and going above I found the planks cleared of every trunk and parcel. I went to the stern: the hawsers were taken in, and the luggers we had been towing were no longer within view. I looked over the gunwale, and witnessed a most singular sight—the trunks, boxes, and packages, which figured as *ci-devant* luggage, were floating all over the bay to the extent of some seventy or eighty. All had been made water-tight, and small smuggling boats were picking them up as fast as they could, and rowing ashore. The slight and mean-looking persons were now as busy as the devil in a gale of wind, superintending the process, and before daylight the whole cargo of trunks and portmanteaus was safely deposited on the sands.

The soldier, the Spanish child of glory, has truly a most vagabond outside:

The appearance of the Spanish troops is to the last degree unsoldierly. The sentry strolls to and fro like a corkscrew on his beat; his shako almost falling off the back of his head, his gun slouched on his shoulder, singing outright (not merely humming) a lively seguidilla with the most *sans-façon* air in the world.

Often have I seen the *soldado raso*, entrusted as sentinel with a most important post, trailing his *fusil* listlessly in the dust, and describing diagrams with the point of the fixed bayonet,—or, probably, if he could write, recording the name of his mistress. In the sultry weather the shako is, perhaps, removed entirely from the head, and the paper cigarrillo is sometimes smoked on duty as indifferently as if there were no regulation against it.

The soldier is not unfrequently destitute of portions of his uniform, or his regimental coat and continuations are in such hopeless rags, that even in the sultry summer the slate-coloured great-coat is worn as a hide-all and slut-cover, like the begrimed blanket of a Mexican lépero. Clumsy gaiters, ill-buttoned and discoloured, descend over shoes which, in one case out of three, are broken in pieces, disclosing to view the naked toes of the men—such in Spain are the glories of the *vida militar!* The rations consist

almost entirely of beans, lard-sprinkled, and boiled in a huge puchero, with bread of the coarsest description. Upon food like this they are "food for powder," no more ; and, so far as military appearance and efficiency are concerned, to walk from end to end of the Neutral Ground of Gibraltar, is like passing to a new planet.

Our author is very eloquent on Andalusian beauty, and moreover is pleasantly communicative of his own experience of the effects of Andalusian jealousy. Donna Jacinta was, certainly, not a person to be trifled with.

But talk to me of an Andalucían fair, possessed by the demon jealousy ! *I have seen, I have known, I have felt the edge of the retributive knife*. Fortunately it did not penetrate in a perilous direction, or these pages would never have seen the light. It was a perfect model, that, of a dangerous *cuchillo*, a blade six inches long, worn in the bosom of a high dress, standing longitudinally like a whalebone, or its steel substitute. In this sultry climate stays are very little worn, and not at all by the common people. Jacinta never wore such a thing, and would have despised the incumbrance.

It was for no coquettish purpose that she wore this steel support, but for needful protection ; and, if required, to strike in revenge. A strong shagreen case was sewn into the bosom of her dress, where the poniard rested as in a sheath ; and at the point, to prevent any accidental puncturing of the skin, was strongly stitched a small plate, likewise of steel. The handle was of ebony, bound round with brass wire to impart firmness to the grasp ; and on the end was a plate of hollowed brass, to give purchase to the ball of the thumb, and assist its muscular energy, in the act familiar to all Spaniards of striking with the little finger towards the antagonist, and striking upwards. The blade was from Toledo, which still retains its "trusty" reputation, neither inlaid nor damasked, but of the purest steel and finest temper ; it was as sharp at both edges as at the point, and transpierced a dollar without bending.

Such was the familiar plaything of Jacinta of San Salvador's—the dangerous toy which dwelt habitually in her bosom, and whose presence there no one would have ever suspected—so uniformly erect was her figure, so firm her *à plomb*, so shapely her contour, and so sustained her movements. The perfect elasticity of the steel which composed the blade made it bend to the slightest pressure when she stooped ; [and did the "strong shagreen case" bend, too ?] and thus, while it would protect her in case of need, it served the graceful uses of a corset. To think that death should repose so near the source of life ! That so rigid and terrible a weapon should be *enshrined on that charming wave*—those throbbing pulses of delight !

We now confidently refer the reader to the book itself. It abounds with information of the most valuable character; whilst the amusement to be found in its pages must delight the merest novel-reader.

Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington. Colburn.

This was a good thought of Mr. George Henry Francis, to collect into one large handsome octavo volume, the principal "Maxims and Opinions" of the Duke of Wellington, scattered through the Despatches and the Parliamentary orations of his Grace. The large price at which the *Despatches* were published placed them beyond the reach of any save affluent readers. Colonel Gurwood—in addition to the large sum which, of course, he received from the bookseller for the work—has moreover been rewarded with a pension—a pension!—as a literary man, of 300*l.* a year! Whether government would not have acted more gracefully towards the Duke, and more justly by the public, had it caused the said *Despatches* to be printed at the most moderate price—we will not here pause to inquire. We will rather proceed to thank Mr. Colburn for the publication of the present book, in which the mass of readers may obtain information denied to them by the costliness of Col. Gurwood's volumes.

Mr. Francis appears to have acquitted himself of his task with zeal and ability. *All* the opinions of the Duke are, of course, not to be found in the book before us. For instance, we have not discovered that memorable opinion of his Grace, in which he stated it to be his belief—for he had seen many countries—that in England every man could earn a competence if he were not idle or dissolute!

Mr. Francis has furnished a brief "Introductory Memoir" of his Grace, from which, among other things, we learn that—

> If he [the Duke] gets excited (and he will sometimes get into a terrible passion at any infringement of constitutional integrity or breach of discipline) there is no mistaking it for mere prepared climax to a speech; he is completely possessed *by the demon*. The only action he ever uses is on such occasions, and then it is almost convulsive. His arms and legs seem no longer to be under control; they quiver, and shake, and tremble: and the clenched fist, violently and frequently struck upon the table, denotes that *some* very potent feeling of indignation is, for the time, mastering the usual calmness of this self-possessed man.

In brief, the Duke does not—as does Sir Robert Peel, according to Mr. Disraeli—feign a passion. He is the real *Sir Anthony Absolute*, while the fit is on him.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

"GUILTY—DEATH!"

What familiar syllables were these in the good old times—the time of our history! In those happier days, how many goods and chattels, live stock and dead, were protected, watched by Death! Death was made by law the guardian of all things. Prime agent, great conservator of social security—grim keeper of the world's moveables. Death, a shepherd, avenged the wrongs of stolen mutton; Death stood behind every counter, protector of chapman's stock; Death was the day and night guard of the highway traveller against the highway thief: Death watched ox and ass; the goose on the common, the hen on the roost. Even at the altar, Death took his cautious stand, that Hymen might not be scoffed, defrauded by wicked bigamist. *De minimis curabat Mors.* Turn where he would, the rogues' path was dug with graves. Nevertheless, the world grew no better; made no visible return to that happy state, ere hemp was made a sovereign remedy for wrong. And so by degrees Death lost somewhat of his reputation with the members of the world; and by degrees many things were taken out of his charge. It was found that—sheep were stolen—tradesmen's goods lifted—pockets picked—hen-roosts forced—and maids wickedly married by men already bound—it was seen that these abominations continued and increased, aye, in the very

* Continued from page 311.

face of the great ghastly bugbear Death, and so his watch and ward were made a lighter task; he was gradually relieved of many of his social duties; the world, to the astonishment of some folks, still spinning on its axis, though the life of immortal man was not, as in the good old times, offered to stolen colt, to the king's gracious face unlawfully stamped in counterfeit metal, to a hundred other sins all made mortal by the wisdom of untaught humanity. Truly, justice, turning back the leaves of the jail calendar, might sit awhile in sackcloth and ashes, penitent for past trangressions — past wrongs committed in her moral blindness! The sword of justice! An awful weapon truly: a weapon, working out the will of highest Providence: a solemn instrument which man solemnly acknowledges. This has been, and may be. Yet, thinking of the world's mistakes; of the cruel blunders worked by law on man, the sword of justice—of so-called Christian justice robed and ermined—may sometimes seem to the eye of grieved humanity as terrible as the blood-dripping tomahawk of the wild, revengeful savage. The sword of justice! May not the time come—it *will* come, as surely as the sun of far-off years—when justice shall lay down her sword?—when, with better wisdom, she shall vindicate her awful mission to mankind, yet shed no drop of blood?

Let us return to St. Giles; to the boy in his fifteenth year, spawned upon the world and reared by daily wrong and ignorance, a morsel for the hangman. Now, a condemned thief, palsied and aghast with terror, upon the very threshold of the world; to be flung therefrom, an offering to the majesty of offended law. Grim majesty—ghastly Moloch! Stately wickedness, with robes dyed in the blood of sinning ignorance! A majesty, that the principle of all evil may too often smile upon as its working genius here on earth. A majesty as cold and pulseless as the idol whose wooden nostrils know not the sacrifices its darkened worshippers prepare it. But St. Giles will now know there is a government —a knot of the wise and good, whose harmonious souls combined make up the music of the state: the moral melody that softens and refines the rugged, dull-eared mass. He will now know this; the hangman will teach it him. A sharp, short lesson; the first and last prepared him by a paternal State.

"Guilty—death!" Such was the verdict. Tom Blast breathed heavily, and a faint smile flickered at his lips as he felt assured of his escape. Still he durst not turn his eye towards his

boy-victim in the dock. Conscience was at the felon's heart; and seared, withered as it was, it felt the sudden horror of remorse. His features grew pale, then dark; were for a moment convulsed; then instantly—daring no look at St. Giles—he disappeared from the dock. The boy stared about him with a foolish gaze; and then began to sob. There was no terror—no anguish in his face. It was the grief of a boy doomed to a whipping, not the gibbet: and it was such sorrow—such seeming childish ignorance of the impending horror—that to those who looked upon him made his condition more terrible. And then again it seemed impossible that the sentence, so sonorously uttered, should be carried out. Could it be that such an array of judges—such wisdom, such learning, such grave and reverend experience—should be opposed to a miserable child, of no more self-accountability than a dog? Appalling odds! Could it be thought that the scene was a frightful reality of daily, breathing life? Was it not a grim farce—a hideous, foolish mockery? Could the wise hearts of men—fathers of well-taught, well-tended, happy children—doom that child to death? That miserable item of human ignorance—that awful reproach to those who made laws to protect property, but left the outcast poor a heedless prey to their own unbridled instincts? Nevertheless, the law would hang St. Giles; and grave, respectable, church-going men, in the very cosiness of their ignorance, would clasp their hands, and raise their eyes, and pity and wonder at the wickedness of the new generation!

A turnkey in the dock took St. Giles by the hand, and in a moment the boy had disappeared. "Good God!" cried a voice, convulsed with grief. "Silence in the court!" exclaimed the crier; and immediately another wretch took his place at the bar, and the terrible course of law continued. It was Capstick, whose exclamation had called down the official rebuke; it was really Capstick, although even the wife of his bosom might have paused, ere she acknowledged him; so suddenly and frightfully had the brief business of the trial wrought a change in him. His flesh seemed jaundiced, and his black eyes, violently dilated, rolled restlessly about. His face appeared of a sudden sharpened like the face of a sick man; and his arm shook, palsied, as with his nails he grasped the arm of Bright Jem. "Let us go," said Jem, chokingly,—"we can do no good here;" and Capstick, staring stupidly about him, suffered himself to be led from the court. In a few moments they stood in the Old Bailey. It was a lovely

spring night. The breath of May, even in the Old Bailey, came sweet and odorous—carrying freshness to the heart and brain. The moon shone with brightest, purest lustre; all the stars of heaven seemed visible; all looking down in their bright tenderness, as though they looked upon a kindred sphere of purity and light, and loved it. Capstick gazed at the magnificence, and the tears thick and fast fell from him. Then in a subdued, a comforting voice, he said—"No, Jem, no; it 's a wickedness to think it; there 's a God in heaven, and they can't do it."

"Hadn't we better see Tangle, the lawyer?" asked Jem. "He hasn't done much, to be sure; still he may yet do something. I didn't see him nowhere in the court—saw nobody but his clerk."

"Yes, we 'll see him—we 'll see him," said Capstick. "He 's a scoundrel; but then he 's fitter for the world. For the truth is, Jem, we 're all scoundrels." Jem made no answer to this charitable creed. "All scoundrels; and I 'm about the poorest, meanest, shabbiest villain of the lot. And yet you 'll see how I shall carry it off. They 'll hang this wretched boy—oh, never doubt it, Jem! they 're bad enough for anything—they 'll hang him. And I shall still go on sleek and smooth in the world; making muffins and laying by the pennies; paying rent and taxes; owing no man a shilling, and so easily and pleasantly earning a good name, and being mightily trumped up for doing it. I shall go on being called a respectable man; and I shall grin and smile at the lie, and show a satin cheek to the world, as if the lie was true as gospel truth. And then I shall die and be buried with feathers; and Mrs. Capstick will put a stone over me—I know her pride, Jem; I know she 'll do it—a stone with a bouncing flam upon it; all lies—lies to the last. Oh, Jem," cried Capstick, groaningly, "if the devil ever takes churchyard walks, how he must chuckle and rub his brimstone hands, when he reads some of the tombstones! Eh? How he must hold his sides at the 'loving husbands,' 'affectionate fathers,' 'faithful friends,' and 'pious Christians,' that he sees advertised there! For *he* knows better, Jem; eh? *He* knows better," cried the muffin-maker with increasing bitterness.

"Well," said Jem, "I can't say; who can? But I should hope the devil knew nothing at all about the matter. But howsomever, be that as it may, he has nothing to do with the business that 's brought us out to-night."

"I wish he hadn't, Jem, I wish he hadn't," cried Capstick with stifled emotion. "But here, walking as we are, down this blessed Fleet-street—oh lord! doesn't it seem strange after what we 've just left, to see the sight about us?—walking here, do you think the devil is n't pointing his finger at me, and saying with a grin to one of his imps, 'There goes the respectable muffin-maker that 's sold a boy's blood for ten pounds.' "

"How can you talk in that way?" said Jem, "the devil 's the father of lies, and only keeps up his character if he says it."

"Not a bit; it 's the devil that speaks truth of our lies; that turns us inside out, and shames sanctified faces with the black hearts that have been under 'em. I say I have sold the boy—put the rope about his neck. And for what? for ten pounds. What a fine fellow I thought myself when I stirred in the matter! What a lump of virtue—what a wonderful bit of public spirit I thought I was, when, day after day, I neglected my muffins and the partner of my hearthstone, to go thief-catching. And I believed I was doing a fine thing—and so, you know I did, I crowed and cackled about the ends of justice. All a sham—all a brave flashy cloak to hide a rascal dirtiness. It was the thoughts of the ten guineas, Jem, the ten guineas, that called all the poison out of my heart and has made me hang a wretched, untaught beggar-boy. Yes, I 'm a pretty respectable scoundrel—a fine public-spirited miscreant, I am."

Bright Jem, used to the muffin-maker's humour, made no further answer to this self-reproach; but again urged the necessity of consulting Tangle. "It can't be done to-night—but we 'll at him the first thing to-morrow," said Capstick.

"To-morrow 's Sunday," said Jem.

"What of that?" asked Capstick. "People come into the world on Sundays, so it can't be unlawful to help to save 'em from going—look there, Jem," and Capstick pointed to a carriage rolling rapidly past.

"That 's the Marquess's—come from the trial. There 's young St. James in it; well, he 's going to better comfort than a stone cell. Howsomever, he 's a fine fellow—a kind good heart is in that little chap, I 'm sure of it. How nicely he give his evidence, didn't he? And how kindly he seemed to look at St. Giles in the dock; as much as to say, 'Poor fellow, I wish I could get you out o' that!' He 'll make a true man, that boy will," said Jem; and then he mournfully added, "and so would poor St. Giles. Ha! if

when Susan brought him home out o' the snow, if he and young St. James had been made to change berths, eh? There 'd have been a different account of both of 'em, I should think. And yet you see how the poor 's treated; just as if they came into the world with wickedness upon 'em; a kind of human natur vermin —things born to do all sorts of mischief, aud then to be hung up for doing it."

"We 'll go to Tangle to-morrow—early to-morrow," said Capstick; who, buried in his compunctious grief, had given no ear to the reflections of Jem. "Good night; early to-morrow." And the muffin-maker suddenly broke from his companion, and strided home—a miserable home to him, whose acute sensibility reproached him as unworthy of the household comforts about him. He looked upon the part he had taken with intense remorse. The would-be misanthrope loathed himself for what he deemed his selfishness of heart—his cruelty towards wretchedness and ignorance. Within a few steps of his door, he paused to call up —with all the power he had—a look of serenity, of decent composure. Somehow, he felt uneasy at the thoughts of meeting his wife. At length he prepared himself, and, with a tolerably successful face of tranquillity, crossed his threshold. He exchanged but one look with his wife; it was enough: it was plain she knew the fate of St. Giles. How should it be otherwise? A score of neighbours, customers, had thronged the shop with the mortal intelligence; and some ventured to hope that Mr. Capstick wouldn't sleep the worse for his day's work—others begged to ask if the muffin-maker thought the hanging of a poor child would bring a blessing on him—and some hinted an opinion that those who were so sharp after evil-doers had commonly not the cleanest consciences themselves. These interrogatives and innuendos had to be severally answered and warded by the muffin-maker's wife, who, to give her due credit, was not slow at any kind of reply, and was truly a very respectable mistress "of fence." Nevertheless, the exercise would heat a temper never prone to coldness, and in the present instance raised to boiling heat, by what she deemed the malice of her neighbours. And yet, it would have made Capstick's conjugal heart glad again, had he heard how eloquently, how magnificently his acts were defended by his wife: for Mrs. Capstick most volubly and vehemently begged to assure her neighbours, "that there was not a man in the parish fit to wipe her husband's shoes"—"that he was only wrong in being

too honest"—"that a better soul, or kinder-hearted creature, never walked"—and that, in short, in the depth of her charity, she "only wished that those who spoke a word against him had half such a husband: the neighbourhood would be all the quieter for it, that 's what she knew, if they had." All this did honour to Mr. Capstick, and would doubtless have solaced the wounded bosom of her lord, could he only have known it; but Mrs. Capstick had too much humility to vaunt her own virtues, therefore she breathed no word of the matter to her well-defended husband. Not that, the shop being closed, and the wedded couple seated at the fireside, Mrs. Capstick was silent; certainly not; for, whilst the muffin-maker tried to solace himself with a pipe, his wife thus declared herself:—

"Well, Mr. Capstick, now I hope you 're satisfied? I hope you 've made a nice day's work of it! A pretty name you 've got in the parish! There 'll be no living here—*I* 'll not live here, I can tell you. All the world will point at you, and say, 'There goes the man that hanged that wretched little child!'"

Capstick suddenly took the pipe from his mouth, and stared at his wife. It was strange: he had himself said something of the kind to Bright Jem. He then renewed his smoking, speaking no syllable in answer to his spouse; and yet eloquently replying to her philippics by pooh-pooh-poohing the smoke from him, now in short, hasty, irascible puffs, and now in a heavy volume of vapour. There was a majesty in his manner that seemed to quietly defy the assaults of his better moiety. There seemed, too, to be no getting at him for the clouds in which he industriously involved himself.

"And I should like to know what your satisfaction will be for what you 've done! Why, you 'll never have another happy moment; you can't have! That poor child will always be before your eyes. And then what a beautiful business you 'll lose; for nobody will deal with you. Ha! nice airs the Gibbses will give themselves, now." (The Gibbses, be it known, were new-come muffin-makers, struggling in hopeless rivalry with the muffins of Capstick.) "Everybody will go to them: I 'm sure I don't think 'twill be any use our opening the shop on Monday. And all about ten guineas! Ha, they 'll be a dear ten guineas to you—better have lost 'em ten times over. And so young a child—only fourteen! To hang him! Don't you think, Mr. Capstick, his ghost will follow you?"

Capstick made no answer ; but his eye, turned ominously upon his wife, began to glow like a coal, and he puffed at the smoke like a man labouring with himself. Beautiful philosophy ! Full soon the muffin-maker's eye shone with its old tranquil light, and again he smoked calmly—desperately calmly. Still Mrs. Capstick continued the punishment of her tongue ; but Capstick had conquered himself, and still replied not. At length in the very heat and fullest pitch of her complaint, Capstick rose, and softly laying down his pipe, said—"Mary Anne, I'm going to bed.' Poor Capstick ! He came home with his heart bleeding ; and a little tenderness, a little conjugal sympathy, would have been a value to him ; but—as people say of greater matters—it was not to be.

Capstick rose early ; and, speedily joined by Bright Jem, both took their way to Mr. Tangle's private mansion, Red Lion Square. It was scarcely nine o'clock, when the muffin-maker knocked at the lawyer's door. It was quite impossible that Mr. Tangle should be seen. "But the business," cried Capstick to the man-servant—a hybrid between a groom and a footman—"the business is upon life and death."

"Bless you," said the man, "that makes no difference whatever. We deal so much in life and death, that we think nothing of it. It's like plums to a grocer, you know. Mr. Tangle never can be seen of a Sunday before half-past ten ; a quarter to eleven he goes, of course, to church. The Sabbath, he always says, should be a day of rest." And Tangle—it was his only self-indulgence — illustrated this principle by lying late in bed every Sunday morning to read his papers. Nevertheless, with smoothly shaven face, and with an all-unworldly look, he was, ere the church-bell ceased, enshrined in the family pew. There was he with his wife, decorously garnished with half-a-dozen children, sons and daughters, patterns of Sabbath piety ; of seventh-day Christianity. "After six days' hard work, what a comfort it was," he would say, "to enjoy church of a Sunday !" And Tangle, after his fashion, did enjoy it : he enjoyed the respectability which church-going threw about him ; he enjoyed his worldly ease and superiority, as manifested in his own cosily furnished pew. Looking upon the pauper worshippers on the benches, and then contemplating the comforts of his own nook, he felt very proud of his Christianity. And in this way did Mr. Tangle attend church. It was a decent form due to society, and

especially to himself. He went to church as he went to his office, —as a matter of business ; though he would have been mightily shocked had such a motive been attributed to him.

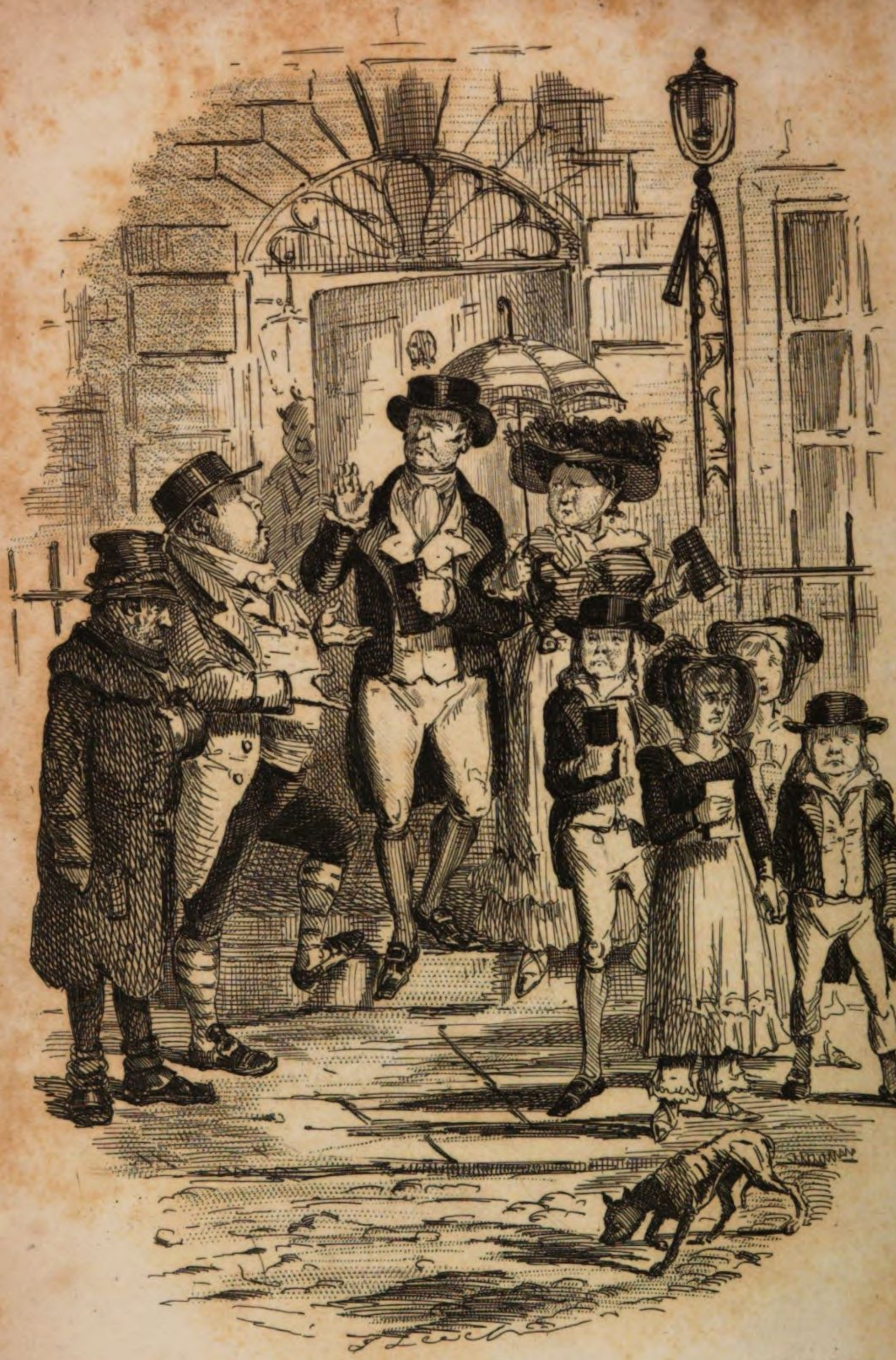
"I'll come at half-past ten," said Capstick, "for I must see him." The servant looked stolidly at the muffin-maker, and, without a word, closed the door. "He can then tell us," said Capstick to Jem, "when he can see us in the afternoon. And now Jem, we can only stroll about till the time comes." And so they walked on silently ; for both felt oppressed with the belief that their errand to the lawyer would be fruitless ; yet both were determined to try every means, however hopeless. They walked, and sauntered, and the church-bells rang out, summoning Christian congregations to common worship. "There's something beautiful in the church-bells, don't you think so, Jem ?" asked Capstick, in a subdued tone. "Beautiful and hopeful !—they talk to high and low, rich and poor in the same voice ; there's a sound in 'em that should scare pride, and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man ; that should make him look upon the world with kind, forgiving eyes ; that should make the earth itself seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes, Jem : there's a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we have only the ears to rightly understand it. There's a preacher in every belfry, Jem, that cries 'Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things ! take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies ; your week-day craft, your heart-burnings ! And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted ; believe the iron tongue that tells ye, that for all your gilding, all your colours, ye are of the same Adam's earth with the beggar at your gates. Come away, come, cries the church-bell, and learn to be humble ; learning that, however daubed and stained, and stuck about with jewels, you are but grave clay ! Come, Dives, come ; and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of heaven, as the sores of uncomplaining Lazarus ! And ye poor creatures, livid and faint—stinted and crushed by the pride and hardness of the world,—come, come, cries the bell, with the voice of an angel,—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart and walk among the wickednesses, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.'" Here Capstick, flushed and excited, wrought beyond himself, suddenly paused. Jem stared, astonished, but said no word. And then, Capstick, with calmer manner, said—

"Jem, is there a finer sight than a stream of human creatures passing from a Christian church ?"

"Why," said Jem, "that's as a man may consider with himself. It may be, as you say, a very fine sight—and it may be, what I call a very sad and melancholy show, indeed."

"Sad and melancholy !" cried Capstick ; "you'll have a hard task to prove that."

"Perhaps so,—only let me do it after my own fashion." Capstick nodded assent. "Bless you ! I've thought of it many a time when I've seen a church emptying itself into the street. Look here, now. I'll suppose there's a crowd of people—a whole mob of 'em going down the church steps. And at the church-door, there is I don't know how many roods of Christian carriages,—with griffins painted on the panels, and swords, and daggers, and battle-axes, that, as well as I can remember, Jesus doesn't recommend nowhere : and there's the coachmen, half-asleep and trying to look religious—and there's footmen following some and carrying the Holy Bible after their misusses, just as to-morrow they'll carry a spanel,—and that's what they call *their* humility. Well, that's a pleasant sight, isn't it ? And then for them who 're not ashamed to carry their own big prayer-books, with the gold leaves twinkling in the sun, as if they took pains to tell the world they'd been to church,—well, how many of them have been there in earnest ? How many of them go there with no thought whatsoever, only that it's Sunday,—church-going day ? And so they put on what they think religion that day, just as I put on a clean shirt. Bless you ! sometimes I've stood and watched the crowd, and I've said to myself,—'Well, I should like to know how many of you will remember you're Christians till next week ? How many of you will go to-morrow morning to your offices, and counting-houses, and stand behind your counters, and, all in the way of business,—all to scramble up the coin—forget you're miserable sinners, while every other thing you do may make you more miserable, only you never feel it, so long as it makes you more rich ? And so there's a Sunday conscience like a Sunday coat ; and folks, who'd get on in the world, put the coat and the conscience carefully by, and only wear 'em once a week. Well, to think how many such folks go to worship,—I must say it, Master Capstick, to stand inside a church and watch a congregation coming out, I can't help thinking it, however you may stare, may be, thinking after my fashion, a melancholy sight indeed. Lord love you, when we see



Capstick's unsuccessful appeal to Mr. Tangle.

what some people do all the week,—people who 're staunch at church, remember—I can't help thinking, there's a good many poor souls who 're only Christians at morning and arternoon service."

Capstick looked earnestly at Jem and said, "My dear fellow, it's all very well between you and me to say this; but don't say it to the world; don't Jem, if you wouldn't be hunted, harried, stoned to death, like a mad dog. Folks won't be turned inside out after this fashion, without revenging the treatment with all sorts of bad names: Very pure folks won't be held up to the light and shown to be very dirty bottles, without paying back hard abuse for the impertinence. Jem, whatever coat a man may wear, never see a hole in it. Though it may be full of holes as a net, never see 'em; but take your hat off to the coat, as if it was the best bit of broad-cloth in the world, without a flaw or a thread dropt, and with the finest bits of gold lace upon it. In this world, Jem, woe to the man with an eye for holes! He's a beast, a wretch, an evil-speaker, an uncharitable thinker, a pest to be put down. And Jem, when the respectable hypocrites make common cause with one another, the Lord help the poor devil they give chase to!"

"I always speak my mind," said Jem.

"It 's an extravagance that has ruined many a man," said the muffin-maker. "But enough of this, Jem; it 's just the time to catch Tangle before he goes out." A few moments brought them to the lawyer's door. Ere, however, the muffin-maker could touch the knocker, the door opened, and Mr. Tangle, his wife, his two sons and two daughters presented themselves, all, the females especially, being dressed for church. Yes; dressed for church; carefully, elaborately arrayed and ornamented, to sustain the severest criticism that, during the hours of devotion, might be passed upon them by sister sinners.

"Mr. Tangle," said Capstick, "I won't keep you a minute: but when can I call on——"

"Nothing secular to-day, sir," said Tangle, and he waved both his hands.

"But, Mr. Tangle, there 's life and death, sir"—cried Capstick, but Tangle interrupted him:

"What 's life and death, sir? What are they, sir, that we should do anything secular to-day?"

"But, Mr. Tangle, it 's the fate of that poor wretched boy; and there isn't a minute to lose," urged the muffin-maker.

"I shall be very glad to see you in the way of business, to-

morrow," replied Tangle, labouring to appear very placid ; "but I beg of you, my good man, not to disturb the current of my thoughts—of my Sabbath feelings—with anything secular to-day. To me the world is dead on Sundays."

"But won't you do good on Sundays ?" cried Capstick.—"Your religion doesn't forbid that, I suppose ?"

"My good man, let me have none of your free-thinking ribaldry here. This is my door-step, and don't defile my threshold with your profanity. I have given you my answer. Nothing secular to-day." Saying this with increased vehemence, Mr. Tangle was bustling from the door after his family—who, looking wondering looks at Capstick and Jem, had walked statelily on,—when a carriage rapidly turned the square, and in a moment stopt at Tangle's door. Instantly, Mr. Tangle brought himself up ; and cast, certainly, a look of secular curiosity towards the carriage-windows. In an instant, young Lord St. James alighted, and was followed by his tutor—worn and broken since we last met him—Mr. Folder. Mr. Tangle immediately recognised the young nobleman, and although it was Sunday, advanced towards him with pains-taking respect. "Your wife told us you were here, Mr. Capstick," said his lordship to the muffin-maker.

"Pray, sir, can we consult you upon a business that is somewhat urgent ?" said Folder to the attorney.

"Certainly, sir ; anything for his lordship. Excuse me one moment ;" and Tangle, with unwonted agility, skipped after his wife and family. They must go to church without him. A lord, a young lord, had called upon him—that sweet young gentleman in the sky-blue coat and lace-collar—and, the business was imminent. He, the husband and father, would join them as soon as he could. With many backward, admiring looks at the lovely little nobleman, did Mr. Tangle's family proceed on their way to church, whilst Tangle—the groaning victim to secular affairs—ushered young St. James and Mr. Folder into his mansion. "We can do nothing without you," said St. James to Capstick and Bright Jem ; who thereupon gladly followed, the attorney marvelling at the familiarity of the boy nobleman.

"What can I have the honour to do for his lordship ?" asked Mr. Tangle, with a smile dirt cheap at six and eight-pence.

"We should not have troubled you to-day," said St. James, "only you see ——"

"Don't name it, my dear young lord !" exclaimed Tangle.

"Only," chimed in Mr. Folder, "they talk about hanging on Wednesday."

"Very true," said Tangle; "I believe the affair comes off on Wednesday. A great pity, sir! Quite a child, sir; and with good parts—very good parts. Nevertheless, sir, the crime of horse-stealing increases hourly; and without some example is made, some strong example is made"——

"Why, they hanged four for horse-stealing last sessions," said Capstick.

Tangle looked round with astonishment at the interruption, and then observed—"That only proves they don't hang enough."

"My opinion, Mr. Tangle; quite my opinion. We want stronger laws, sir; much stronger. If we were to hang for everything, there'd be an end of crime altogether. It's because we only punish by halves—now hanging one, and now another—that we have such a continual growth of vice. We ought to pull crime up by the roots; now our present merciful system makes it flourish the stronger. However, his young lordship doesn't think so. He has all the generosity of youth, and insists that St. Giles should not be hanged."

"God bless him!" cried Capstick.

"Amen!" said Bright Jem.

"I must request that we have no interruption," said Tangle, looking loftily at the two offenders. "Perhaps, sir," and the lawyer turned to Folder, "perhaps, you will state your case."

"Just a word in private," said Folder; and Tangle immediately led him into a small adjoining room, and closed the door. "You see, Mr. Tangle," said Folder, "I consider this to be a very foolish, weak business; but the young gentleman is a spoilt child, and spoilt children will have their way. In one word, his lordship must be humoured, and therefore St. Giles—though it would be much better for him to be put at once quietly out of further mischief—must not be hanged. The Marquess has his own notions on the matter; proper notions, too, they are, Mr. Tangle; notions that do honour to him as a legislator, and would, I verily believe, let the law take its course. But, poor man! what can he do?"

"Do what he likes, can't he?" asked Tangle.

"By no means. You see, it is with the boy as it was with the boy Themistocles," said Mr. Folder.

"Really?" observed Tangle.

"One of Plutarch's own parallels. The boy rules the Marchioness, and the Marchioness rules——"

"I understand," said Tangle: "rules the Marquess. It will happen so."

"And therefore, the sum and end of it all is, the horse-stealer must be saved. Bless you! his young lordship has threatened to fall sick and die, if St. Giles is hanged; and has so frightened his poor mother, who again has made the Marquess so anxious, that—the fact is, we 've come to you."

"It 's a great pity that I didn't know all this before. The case, my dear sir, was a nothing—a very trumpery case, indeed; but then, to a man with my extensive practice, it was really not worth attending to. Otherwise, and to have obliged the noble family, I could have made sure of an *alibi*. It 's a great pity that so noble a family should be so troubled, and by such riff-raff!" said Tangle.

"It is, sir; it is," said Folder—"you can feel for us. Now, there 's no doubt that, in so trifling a matter, the Marquess has more than sufficient interest to save a thief or two; nevertheless, I have suggested that a petition should be got up by the boy's friends—if the wicked creature has any friends—and that so the Marquess—you understand?"

"Perfectly," replied Tangle: what would he not understand in such a case? "There is nothing more easy than a petition. How many signatures would you like to it? Any number—though fifty will be good as five hundred."

"Do you think the jury would sign?" asked Mr. Folder. "Not that it 's of any consequence; only for the look of the thing."

"The foreman, I know, would not," said Tangle. "He lost a colt himself three years ago, and isn't yet settled to the injury. Nevertheless, we can get up a very tidy sort of petition; and with the Marquess's interest—well! that young St. Giles is a lucky little scoundrel! he 'll make his fortune at Botany Bay."

"And now, Mr. Tangle, that we understand one another, we 'll join, if you please, his lordship.—Well, my lord," said Folder, returning, "I have talked the matter over with Mr. Tangle, and, though he gives very little hope——"

"There 's all the hope in the world," said Capstick, "for his lordship says he 'll take the petition himself to the Minister, who 's his father's friend, and, if I may advise the Marchioness, his mother——"

"My good man," observed Mr. Folder, "we in no way need your advice in the matter. Hold your tongue."

"Shouldn't mind at all obliging you, sir, in any other way," said the unruffled Capstick; "but, as his young lordship here, as he tells me, has been to my shop and all to see me about the matter, I think my tongue 's quite at his service."

"To be sure it is, Capstick," said young St. James, "go on. Mr. Folder says they 'd better hang St. Giles; and papa says so too; but they shan't do it for all that. Why, I should never have the heart to mount a horse again."

"A noble little chap!" whispered Bright Jem to Capstick.

"And so, as I told you, Capstick, I went to your house, as you know all about the boy, and the boy's friend, to see about a petition; for that 's the way, they tell me——"

"Give yourself no further trouble," said Tangle, "the petition shall be prepared, my lord. I 'll do it myself, this very day, though the affair is secular. Nevertheless, to oblige your lordship——"

"You 're a good fellow," said young St. James, patronising the lawyer; and, after a few preliminaries were settled, the conference concluded.

CHAPTER X.

And young St. Giles lay in Newgate, sinking, withering, under sentence of death. After a time, he never cried, or clamoured; he shed no tear, breathed no syllable of despair: but, stunned, stupefied, seemed as if idiotcy was growing on him. The ordinary—a good, zealous man—endeavoured, by soothing, hopeful words, to lead the prisoner, as the jail phrase has it, to a sense of his condition. Never had St. Giles received such teaching! Condemned to die, he for the first time heard of the abounding love of Christianity—of the goodness and affection due from man to man. The story seemed odd to him; strange, very strange; yet he supposed it was all true. Nevertheless—he could not dismiss the thought, it puzzled him. Why had he never been taught all this before? And why should he be punished, hanged for doing wrong; when the good, rich, fine people, who all of them loved their neighbours like themselves, had never taught him what

was right? Was it possible that Christianity was such a beautiful thing—and being so, was it possible that good, earnest, kind-hearted Christians would kill him?

St. Giles had scarcely eight-and-forty hours to live. It was almost Monday noon, when the ordinary—having attended the other prisoners—entered the cell of the boy thief. He had been separated, by the desire of the minister, from his miserable companions, that their evil example of hardihood — their reckless bravado—might not wholly destroy the hope of growing truth within him. A turnkey attended St. Giles, reading to him. And now the boy would raise his sullen eyes upon the man, as he read of promises of grace and happiness eternal: and now his heart would heave as though he was struggling with an inward agony that seemed to suffocate him—and now a scornful, unbelieving smile would play about his mouth—and he would laugh with defying bitterness. And then he would leer in the face of the reader, as though he read to him some fairy tale, some pretty story, to amuse and gull him. Poor wretch! Let the men who guide the world—the large-brained politicians, who tinker the social scheme, making themselves the masters and guardians of their fellow-men—let them look into this Newgate dungeon; let them contemplate this blighted human bud; this child felon, never taught the path of right, and now to be hanged for his most sinful ignorance. What a wretched, sullen outcast! What a darkened, loathsome thing! And now comes the clergyman—the State divine, be it remembered—to tell him that he is treasured with an immortal soul; that—with mercy shed upon him—he will in a few hours be a creature of glory before the throne of God! Oh, politicians! Oh, rulers of the world! Oh, law-making masters and taskers of the common million, may not this cast-off wretch, this human nuisance, be your accuser at the bar of heaven? Egregious folly! Impossible! What—stars and garters impeached by rags and tatters! St. James denounced by St. Giles! Impudent and ridiculous! Yet here, we say, comes the reverend priest—the Christian preacher, with healing, honied words, whose Book—*your* Book—with angelic utterance, says no less. Let us hear the clergyman and his forlorn pupil.

"Well, my poor boy," said the ordinary, with an affectionate voice and moistening eyes: "well, my child, and how is it with you? Come, you are better; you look better; you have been listening to what your good friend Robert here has been reading

to you. And we are all your friends, here. At least, we all want to be. Don't you think so?"

St. Giles slowly lifted his eyes towards the speaker. He then slowly, sullenly answered,—"No, I don't."

"But you ought to try to think so, my boy; it's wicked not to try," said the ordinary, very tenderly.

"If you're all my friends, why do you keep me here?" said St. Giles. "Friends! I never had no friends."

"You must not say that; indeed, you must not. All our care is to make you quiet and happy in this world, that you may be happier in the world you're going to. You understand me, St. Giles? My poor dear boy, you understand me? The world you're going to?" The speaker, inured as he was to scenes of blasphemy, of brute indifference, and remorseful agony, was deeply touched by the forlorn condition of the boy; who could not, would not, understand a tenderness, the end of which was to surrender him softened to the hangman. "You have thought, my dear—I say, you have thought of the world"—and the minister paused—"the world you are going to?"

"What's the use of thinking about it?" asked St. Giles. "I knows nothing of it."

"That, my boy, is because you are obstinate, and I am sorry to say it, wicked,—and so won't try to know about it. Otherwise, if you would give all your heart and soul to prayer,"——

"I tell you, sir, I never was learnt to pray," cried St. Giles, moodily; "and what's the use of praying?"

"You would find it open your heart, St. Giles; and though you see nothing now, if you were only to pray long and truly, you would find the darkness go away from your eyes, and you'd see such bright and beautiful things about you, and you'd feel as light and happy as if you had wings at your back,—you would, indeed. Then you'd feel that all we are doing for you is for the best; then, my poor boy," said the ordinary with growing fervour, "then you'd feel what Christian love is."

"Robert's been reading to me about that," said St. Giles, "but I can't make it out no-how. He says that Christian love means that we shouldn't do to nobody what we wouldn't like nobody to do to ourselves."

"A good boy," said the ordinary, "that is the meaning, though not the words. I'm glad you've so improved."

"And for all that, you tell me that I must think o' dying—

think of another world and all that—think of going to Tyburn, and, and"—here the boy fell hoarse ; his face turned ash-colour, and reeling, he was about to fall, when the ordinary caught him in his arms, and again placed him on a seat. "It's nothin'—nothin' at all," cried St. Giles, struggling with himself—"I'm all right ; I'm game."

"Don't say that, child ; I can't hear you say that : I would rather see you in tears and pain than trying to be game, as you call it. That, my boy, is only adding crime to wickedness. Come, we were talking of Christian love," said the ordinary.

"I knows nothin' about it," said St. Giles ; "all I know is this, —it is n't true ; it can't be true."

"Tell me ; why not ! Come, let me hear all you'd say," urged the clergyman tenderly.

"'Cause if it means that nobody should do to nobody what nobody would like to have done to themselves, why does anybody keep me locked up here ? Why did the judge say I was to be—you know, Mister ?"

"That was for doing wrong, my boy : that was for your first want of Christian love. You were no Christian when you stole the horse," said the ordinary. "Had the horse been yours, you would have felt wronged and injured had it been stolen from you ? You see that, eh, my boy ?"

"Didn't think o' that," said St. Giles gloomily—"But I didn't steal it : 'twas all along o' Tom Blast ; and now he's got off ; and I'm here in the Jug. You don't call that justice, no how, do you ? But I don't care ; they may do what they like with me ; I'll be game."

"No, my dear boy, you must know better : you must, indeed—you must give all your thoughts to prayer, and"——

"It's o' no use, Mister ; I tell you I never was learnt to pray, and I don't know how to go about it. More than that, I feel somehow ashamed to it. And besides, for all your talk, Mister, and you talk very kind to me, I must say, I can't feel like a Christian, as you call it,—for I can't see why Christians should want to kill me if Christians are such good people as you talk about."

"But then, my poor boy," said the ordinary, "though young, you must remember, you 're an old sinner. You've done much wickedness."

"I never done nothing but what I was taught ; and if you say —and Bob there's been reading it to me—that the true Christian

forgives every body—well then, in course, the judge and all the nobs are no Christians, else wouldn't they forgive me? Wouldn't they like it so, to teach me better, and not to kill me? But I don't mind; I'll be game; see if I don't be game—precious!"

The ordinary, with a perplexed look, sighed deeply. The sad condition of the boy, the horrid death awaiting him, the natural shrewdness with which he combated the arguments employed for his conversion, affected the worthy clergyman beyond all past experience. "Miserable little wretch!" he thought, "it will be worst of murders, if he dies thus." And then, again, he essayed to soften the child felon, who seemed determined to stand at issue with his spiritual counsellor; to recede no step, but to the gallows foot to defy him. It would be his ambition, his glory—if he must die—to die game. He had heard the praises bestowed upon such a death—had known the contemptuous jeering flung upon the repentant craven—and *he* would be the theme of eulogy in Hog Lane—*he* would not be laughed, sneered at, for "dying dunghill." And this temper so grew and strengthened in St. Giles, that, at length, the ordinary, wearied and hopeless, left his forlorn charge, promising soon to return, and hoping, in his own words, to find the prisoner "a kinder, better, and more Christian boy."

"It's no use your reading that stuff to me," said St. Giles, as the turnkey was about to resume his book; "I don't understand nothin' of it; and it's too late to learn. But I say, can't you tell us somethin' of Turpin and Jack Sheppard, eh? Something prime, to give us pluck?"

"Come, come," answered the man, "it's no use going on in this way. You must be quiet and listen to me; it's all for your good, I tell you: all for your good."

"My good! Well, that's pretty gammon, that is. I should like to know what can be for my good if I'm to be hanged? Ha! ha! See if I don't kick my shoes off, that's all." And St. Giles would *not* listen; but sat on the stool, swinging his legs backwards and forwards, and singing one of the melodies known in Hog Lane—poor wretch! it had been a cradle melody to him,—whilst the turnkey vainly endeavoured to soothe and interest him. At length the man discontinued his hopeless task; and, in sheer listlessness, leaning his back against the wall, fell asleep. And now St. Giles was left alone. And now, relieved of importunity, did he forego the bravado that had supported him, and solemnly think

of his approaching end? Did he, with none other but the eye of God in that stone cell, upon him—did he shrink and wither beneath the look; and, on bended knees, with opened heart, and flowing, repentant tears, did he pray for Heaven's compassion—God's sweet mercy? No. Yet thoughts deep, anxious thoughts were brooding in his heart. His face grew older with the meditation that shadowed it. All his being seemed compressed, intensified in one idea. Gloomily, yet with whetted eyes, he looked around his cell: and still darker and darker grew his face. Could he break prison? Such was the question—the foolish, idle, yet flattering question that his soul put to itself. All his recollections of the glory of Turpin and Sheppard crowded upon him—and what greater glory would it be for him if he could escape! He, a boy to do this? He to be sung in ballads—to be talked of, huzzaed, and held up for high example, long after he should be dead—passed for ever from the world? The proud thought glowed within him—made his heart heave—and his eyes sparkle. And then he looked about his cell, and the utter hopelessness of the thought fell upon him, withering his heart. Yet again and again—although to be crushed with new despair—he gazed about him, dreaming of liberty without that wall of flint. And thus his waking hours passed; and thus, in the visions of the night, his spirit busied itself in hopeful vanity.

The Tuesday morning came, and again the clergyman visited the prisoner. The boy looked paler, thinner—no more. There was no softness in his eyes, no appealing glance of hope: but a fixed and stubborn look of inquiry. "He didn't know nothing of what the parson had to say, and he didn't want to be bothered. It was all gammon!" These were the words of the boy felon, then—such was the humanity of the law; poor law! what a long nonage of discretion has it passed!—then within a day's span of the grave.

As the hour of death approached, the clergyman became more assiduous, fervent, nay passionate in his appeals to the prisoner; who still strengthened himself in opposition to his pastor. "My dear boy,—my poor child—miserable, helpless creature!—the grave is open before you—the sky is opening above you! Die without repentance, and you will pass into the grave, and never—never know immortal blessings! Your soul will perish—perish as I have told you—in fire, in fire eternal!"

St. Giles swayed his head to and fro, and with a sneer asked,

"What's the good o' all this? Have n't you told me so, Mister, agin and agin?"

The ordinary groaned almost in despair, yet still renewed his task. "The heavens, I tell you, are opening for you; repent, my child; repent, poor boy, and you will be an immortal spirit, welcomed by millions of angels."

St. Giles looked with bitter incredulity at his spiritual teacher. "Well, if all that 's true," he said, "it isn't so hard to be hanged, arter all. But I don't think the nobs like me so well, as to send me to sich a place as that."

"Nay, my poor boy," said the ordinary, "you will not, cannot understand me, until you pray. Now, kneel—my dear child, kneel and let us pray together." Saying this, the ordinary fell upon his knees; but St. Giles, folding his arms, so planted himself as to take firmer root of the ground; and so he stood with moody, determined looks, whilst the clergyman—touched more than was his wont—poured forth a passionate prayer that the heart of the young sinner might be softened; that it might be turned from stone into flesh, and become a grateful sacrifice to the throne of God. And whilst this prayer, in deep and solemn tones, rose from the prison-cell, he for whom the prayer was formed, seemed to grow harder, more obdurate, with every syllable. Still, he refused to bend his knee at the supplication of the clergyman, but stood eyeing him with a mingled look of incredulity, defiance, and contempt. "God help you—poor lost lamb!" cried the ordinary, as he rose.

"Now, I hope we shall have no more o' that," was the only answer of St. Giles.

The ordinary was about to quit the cell, when the door was opened, and the governor of the jail, attended by the head turnkey, entered. "My dear sir, I am glad to find you here"—said the governor to the ordinary. "I have a pleasing duty to perform: a duty that I know it will delight you to witness." The ordinary glanced at a paper held by the governor; his eyes brightened; and clasping his hands, he fervently uttered—"Thank God!"

The governor then turned to St. Giles, who suddenly looked anxious and restless. "Prisoner," he said, "it is my happiness to inform you, that his gracious Majesty has been mercifully pleased to spare your life. You will not suffer with the unfortunate men to-morrow. You understand me, boy"—for St. Giles looked

suddenly stupefied—"you understand me, that the good King, whom you should ever pray for, has, in the hope that you will turn from the wickedness of your ways, determined to spare your life? You will be sent out of the country; and time given you that, if you properly use, will make you a good and honest man."

St. Giles made no answer, but trembled violently from head to foot. Then his face flushed red as flame, and covering it with his hands, he fell upon his knees; and the tears ran streaming through his fingers. "Pray with me; pray for me!" he cried, in broken voice, to the ordinary.

And the ordinary knelt, and rendered up "humble and hearty thanks" for the mercy of the King!

We will not linger in the prison—St. Giles was destined for Botany Bay. Mr. Capstick was delighted, in his own way, that the ends of justice would be satisfied; and whilst he rejoiced with the triumph of justice, he did not forget the evil-door; for St. Giles received a packet from the muffin-maker, containing sundry little comforts for his voyage.

"We shall never see him again, Jem," said Mrs. Aniseed, as she left Newgate weeping; having taken her farewell of the young transport. "He 's gone for ever from us."

"Not he," said Bright Jem; "we shall see him again another feller quite—a true man, yet; I 'm sure of it."

Whether Bright Jem was a true prophet will in due season be discovered by the patient reader of the next chapters.

HOW WILL IT LOOK?

THIS certainly appears a sufficiently harmless question; and therefore, when we say that the bare thought of it throws us into a fury, and well nigh deprives us of that philosophy which we need to employ in its treatment, the reader may reasonably be surprised —whence our indignation?

The same question may proceed from different motives, and express different feelings. According to the varieties of tone and emphasis with which it may be asked, are its diversities of meaning.

N. or M., as the case may be, goes to purchase, as may also be the case, a hat or a bonnet. There are two hats or bonnets for choice. In price and quality they are similar; in cut and colour they differ. And with reference to each, comparatively, N. or M. inquires, "How will it look?"

That is, "which will look the best? because I may as well choose the better-looking." We swear not by George Fox: we regard not taste as sin and folly; and to the question, "How will it look?" thus interpreted, we have no manner of objection: but on the contrary, approve of it. We would put it to our tailor, our haberdasher, our bootmaker, ourselves.

But O. and P. are choosing the hat or bonnet. The hats or bonnets are equally durable; but one is a little better-looking, and much dearer, than the other. The difference of price is more than O. or P. can afford. Why not, then, put up with the second-best hat or bonnet? "Oh!" murmurs O. or P., moodily, discontentedly, complaining, "but how will it look?"

Which is as much as to say, "Had I not better exceed my means, than curb my vanity?"

This aspect of the question, "How will it look?" it is that excites our bile. Nobody, to be sure, but a clown would disregard, none but a conceited cynic would wilfully neglect, appearances; but to immolate to these even the shadow of a principle, to us seems inexpressibly vile. To outrun the constable, to plunge into debt, that is, to live on other people's money, just in order that the world at large may admire our insignificant exterior, how sordidly, pitifully dishonest! Much less shame than for such conduct should we take to ourselves, if, being hungry, we were to stretch forth our hand and steal. We consider a man a fool, to say no worse, who puts himself out of the way, who mulcts himself, or his own, of any considerable comfort or enjoyment for show. But, for a thing so small, to infringe at once convenience and conscience, is too much for our patience to think upon. We feel tempted, not to remonstrance, but to rail; not to argue, but call names. We could wish that our ink were very gall; that so, in suitable characters, we might write down O. and P., and all their tribe, asses, oafs, dolts, loggerheads, numbskulls, ninnies, to the end of the chapter.

It is enough to put anybody, a Socrates, a Plato, an Isaac Newton, into a rage, to contemplate a world of simpletons possessed of the means of enjoying to the full all manner of really

solid and substantial comforts, conveniences, recreations, oblectations, and luxuries, who nevertheless render themselves miserable, by thus constantly harping and brooding on, boggling and stumbling at, the difficulty, "How will it look?"

This consideration, indeed, paradoxical as the assertion may seem, must irritate a philosopher more than anybody else. For that species of human being especially well knows, or ought to know, among other things, what is good for himself; and by a law of nature must seek it. We never knew one, or the likeness of one, who did not prefer a good to a bad dinner; albeit he could tolerate the latter on necessity. To desire all attainable good, is as wise as it is to put up with all inevitable evil. Diogenes in his tub was but a brute; physically a badger, morally an ass. A philosopher differs from a blockhead not in having no desires,—not in not seeking gratification,—but in desiring and pursuing real advantages, to the exclusion of those which are imaginary. By real advantages, we mean those whose value our reason cannot disprove. A haunch of venison is a good thing, especially with currant jelly. So are the products of the vintage, ay, and of stout John Barleycorn; in moderation, of course. No argument will refute their appeals to the senses—to the gustatory nerve, the palate, and digestive organs. No metaphysics will close the ear and the soul against sweet song, or dim the eye and deaden the mind to the glories of art and nature. We look upon the handiwork of the sculptor, the artist, and feel that it is great; we behold the lilies of the valley, and see that they are beautiful. An actual, *bonâ fide*, pleasurable sensation, an honest affection of a natural faculty, is, so far, a blessing. Imaginary advantages are such as are sought through misconception, such as, on reflection, we discover to be null. There are some objects which naturally please when gained; others that only gratify a mind ignorant or perverted. Enlighten darkness, dispel prejudice, and the latter lose their charms. The feelings which thus originate are those that may be confuted. Reason, in fact, cannot destroy true, but it can destroy false sensations—you cannot convince my lord that his riband is not blue, that his star does not glitter. You cannot contradict his eye-sight; but you may convince him that true honour pertains to intrinsic worth, and that his badge of dignity is a trumpery bauble. Philosophy as much esteems solid pudding as it despises empty praise.

A stupid old saw says that wealth does not confer happiness—

by happiness being meant, not perfect abstract beatitude, which of course is unattainable in this world by any means; but that comparative state of tranquillity and well-being which we commonly understand by the word. Now there is scarcely any happiness beyond that of a good conscience to be had without some money, more or less:—home and its comforts, science, literature, art, travel, all cost something; and a good deal, each of them. That wealth does not *necessitate* happiness, is true enough. It would, though, with a little knowledge and common sense: and here is the philosopher's grievance;—enhanced, we may whisper, by the circumstance, that whilst he possesses these, he is generally deficient in the other thing, vulgarly but expressively termed The Needful. He hates to see money, that might be wisely spent, foolishly thrown away.

Often have we repaired on a leisure afternoon, during the London season, to Rotten-Row, to look at the superior classes, with Achates; and, when we have beheld the rich and noble pranked out in the flower-hues of their finery, and, butterfly-like, sunning themselves in their grand equipages, have we exclaimed, with many a tailor's journeyman (doubtless), clerk, medical student, or mechanic—"What happy mortals must those gentlefolks be! There they go, not only certain of their three meals, or more if they want it, a day, but able to gratify, to the full, every instinct of a rational nature. Take, for instance, the affections: the poor man's heart is chained up; he does not follow its impulses, or requite those of another. Head over ears in love, perhaps, with his Mary Anne, he has not the wherewithal to buy a ring. But there are they, rolling in wealth as in a phaëton—very porpoises in the sea of affluence. What is there to baulk their inclinations; what to forbid their banns? Their life might be one scene of domestic bliss, varied with amusement. Or, take the head instead of the heart: what would many a sculptor, poet, painter give, for their leisure and their means of working on to immortality? We will say nothing of the poor epicure, or shot, or brother of the angle."

And then has Achates answered, "You little think of their cares and heartburnings in seeking to outshine and outvie one another. You little think of the embarrassment, even, in which they are consequently entangled. Why, probably, nine-tenths of them are up to their chins in debt."

And thus it is: so many horses must be kept, so many ser-

vants, such an equipage; such must be the style of residence and living; so and so in dress and furniture, and other matters, is it necessary to follow the fashions. To do all this is expensive, uneasy, ruinous; but otherwise, "How would it look?"

But to others than the denizens of Mayfair we address this fraction of a shilling's-worth. It no less concerns those of humbler degree. Among themselves, we would ask, how much peace and comfort are sacrificed, what discord, what misery, are owing, to this pernicious principle, or rather no-principle, which governs "How will it look?" We speak especially to the married, and persons about to marry.

Miss Peacock was going out for a rural walk, and her beloved Truman was to attend her; they were to return after the excursion to a good dinner, with a quiet evening party to follow. It was a fine April morning. "I think, mama," said Miss Peacock, "I shall wear my green velvet bonnet."

"You had better wear your chip, my dear," said the parent.

"La, mama!" exclaimed the daughter.

"My dear," pursued Mrs. Peacock, "the weather is very uncertain. You will spoil your velvet."

"You had better," interposed Mr. Truman, "take your mama's advice, Jane. It is very likely to rain. Let us see the chip.—Oh, I am sure it looks very well." And if, he thought, she looks well in my eyes, what need she care how she looks in those of others?

"It 's an old fright," replied the young lady, pouting.

"But, my dear girl, the wet won't hurt it," reasoned the lover.

"How will it look?" murmured the damsel piteously: and her advisers were silenced.

So they walked forth. The sun shone joyously, and they were very happy for some time. Gradually, however, the sky darkened; and with it Miss Peacock's brow. They had gone two miles from home when it began to drizzle.

"How very provoking!" she exclaimed in great vexation.

"You had much better have worn your chip, my dear," observed Truman.

She answered not; she was angry with herself, and in a pet with him.

They hastened homeward; and now it came down in good earnest. There was a rent in their umbrella, and the wet got to the bonnet. Mutual expressions of annoyance and disappointment

formed their sole conversation all the way. By the time of their arrival the bonnet was soaked through. "I told you," said Mrs. Peacock, "how it would be;" and the young lady rushed upstairs sulking.

In vain did Truman try to please her during dinner. She was absent, and out of spirits. Her mind was running on her bonnet. Thus she continued all the evening, till poor Truman, who feared either that he had offended her, or that she was ill, pressing to know what was the matter with her, she broke out into tears, and sought her room. The walk, the dinner, the evening had all been failures. Truman, with a sore heart, went away without seeing her; and at least a month's coolness was the issue of the transaction.

Life is made up of little events, which, with those who quarrel about them, form a succession of discords.

"Uncle," said pretty Fanny Faddleton, to bluff, hearty Mr. Bulworth, "I want you to take me out; I am going to buy a few things."

"Well girl, well," said the good-natured old bachelor; "go along then, and get your things on. I hate waiting. Never wait for anybody. Run along."

She reappeared in a fashionable walking-dress.

"Hey—what! why the deuce!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "You don't mean to go out in those flimsy things! Hey?" And he poked her feet with his walking-stick.

"Dear me, uncle! what *do* you mean?"

"Mean? Why does the girl mean to dance the Polka along the streets? One would think you were shod for a waltz. Don't you see how damp the pavement is? Go and put on a good thick pair of stockings, and sensible stout boots, directly."

Now Fanny Faddleton had an extremely neat foot and ankle, which she wished to exhibit to the world in general. To display them to advantage, she would always wear an elegant French shoe.

"Oh!" groaned Miss Faddleton.

"*Oh!*" repeated Mr. Bulworth, mimicking her. "What do you mean by 'Oh?' Boots—boots! Who'd think of walking in the mud in any thing but boots—thick, substantial, clump-soled?"

"They are so very ugly," she complained.

"So very comfortable," said Uncle Bulworth.

"But how will they look?" was the unanswerable answer.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mr. Bulworth; "have your own way. Catch cold if you like it; but if you do, don't blame me."

They went forth, and Miss Faddleton, hanging on her uncle's arm, tripped, picking her way over the wet pavement. At every step the moisture penetrated the thin kid, and Mr. Bulworth kept telling her that *he* would not be in *her* shoes. They walked all about Bond-street, Regent-street, Oxford-street, stopping at different shops for half-an-hour at a time, during which the damsel sat, literally, in a slipper-bath. Her uncle's prediction was verified. She did catch cold; was nearly dying; and recovered, with a loss of her complexion. The bloom of her cheek was transferred to the end of her nose, and its former situation occupied with pimples.

How did she look, indeed!

The heart and hand of Clara Dashwell were successfully sought by Tom Spoonbill. They became man and wife. Spoonbill's profession yielded him about five hundred a-year. Miss Dashwell brought him a moderate portion. This was to be devoted to furnishing a house. The house was first to be chosen. Two offered; one was a little beyond their probable means, in a fashionable situation near the Regent's Park; the other, of a moderate rent, at a respectable one in Chelsea.

"Chelsea will do well enough for us, dearest?" said Spoonbill; "eh?"

"How will it look?" answered the lady.

"The other house, love," urged Spoonbill, "is as much dearer."

"But it looks so much better," replied his wife. They took the dearer house.

Among the furniture to be purchased were some chairs and tables, of which the money to be so applied would just procure one decent plain set. But there was another to be had at a rather higher rate, being, however, more elegant. "How will they look?" asked Mrs. Spoonbill, speaking of the former, and the latter were chosen. In like manner was the question settled between a grand and cabinet piano. Thus also were Brussels preferred to Kidderminster carpets. So, too, were some plain honest red curtains rejected for rose-coloured muslin. Then they wanted some spoons and forks. Spoonbill faintly sang "Rule Britannia;" but his wife would not listen to the tune. "Britannia!" she exclaimed. "Horrid! How dreadful it would look!"

Nothing would serve her but silver. Glasses, decanters, plates, tea-things, fenders, and fire-irons, were all purchased by the same rule. The uppermost idea on Mrs. Spoonbill's mind was, how everything would look. The consequence was, that in a great measure they furnished their house on credit. They might have adopted a more economical plan: but then, as Mrs. Spoonbill observed,—How would it have looked?

Thus they went on. Thus, too, was Mrs. Spoonbill guided in the selection of her attire; bonnets, shawls, capes, dresses, everything—satin was dearer than mousseline de laine; but how would mousseline de laine look? Plain capes were more economical than cardinals; but how would they look? Cotton stockings were cheaper than silk; but cotton—oh, clumsy, common, mean cotton! how would they look?

Spoonbill often timidly remonstrated, and tried to show what these extras in detail would by-and-by amount to in the gross: but Mrs. Spoonbill, like a few other ladies, was incapable of viewing anything, even household management, as a system. If she yielded, it was with an ill-grace. It was all very well, she said, to convince her that a thing was too dear; she knew that: but could not help, nevertheless, repining at the want of it. And unless she had her own way, she was sure to be sad and melancholy, and to prove a wet blanket to the spirits of poor Spoonbill.

She made him, too, poor fellow, dress according to her own notions. Once he wanted a pair of boots. He would have been content with high-lows. He pleaded hard for high-lows. No: Wellingtons was his only wear. "High-lows!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoonbill. "Frightful. How would high-lows look?"

Under these circumstances, is it wonderful that Spoonbill, in process of time, went through the Insolvent Court, and that his wife, for a long period, was obliged to "go home to her friends," who taught her to wear brown holland aprons, and stuff gowns! In the end, her husband's affairs were re-arranged; and they again lived together: but, with an increasing family, under the privation of real comforts for the rest of their lives.

"Don't care," may come to a bad end, comes to the workhouse, indeed; but "How will it look?"

There is a peculiar meanness in this question—"How will it look?" There is a base subserviency to other, and those vulgar, minds, that we hold in especial contempt. Of what consequence is the opinion of others, unless it corroborates our self-estimation?

Who but a crawling, abject creature, will growl, and cringe, and crave for the mere approbation of his fellows? And who, but a poor fool, would sacrifice his real good, or interest, to such an object? But above all, who but an untrue, ignoble being, whether man or woman, would, for that low consideration, put in peril a wife's or husband's happiness? There is nothing more ridiculous as well as odious, than unfruitful selfishness. One word in conclusion. The love of praise is a natural feeling, and there is no objection to its reasonable indulgence. View every action with reference to honesty and goodness, and then, as often as you like, ask, "How will it look?"

P. L.

THE SURPLICE.

To the Right Rev. Father in God Henry Lord Bishop of Exeter.

BARONIAL Apostolic Sir!
If our poor limping church must stir,
I who am zealous for your order,
From the cope-point to bottom-border,
And lower my eyes before the surplice,
But bear most reverence where the purple is,
Ready my very soul to pawn
Where I have pinn'd my faith, on lawn:
I supplicate you to advise
Your children, changing their disguise,
They put on one that does not show
So very much of dirt below.
A reverent and pious son,
I can not bear that folks make fun
Of surplices, and running down
To cover, or throw off, the gown:
And I would strangle such as think it 's
Unwise to leave her half her trinkets:
For proud am I to see her change her
Condition from the Bethlehem manger,
Throw shepherds' crooks away for swords,
Jilt the wise men, and flirt with lords.

W. S. L.

THE NOVEL BLOWERS;

OR,

HOT-PRESSED HEROES.

LONG, irregular, unlicked juvenal! shall we not laugh to meet you on the street; marching along with those majestic strides; listening so pleasedly to the manly tread of your thin, loose limbs; and, ever and anon, squaring the symmetrical shoulders, as you fancy to yourself the whispers of the ladies about that haughty curl of lip, that audacious devil's eye, that interesting bull-neck, those whipcord sinews, that iron constitution, all bone and muscle, suffering no particle of fat, and capable of watching, fasting, all-endurance? In decorous handkerchief shall we not smother our side-stitching extasies, seeing you at church laden—though, to be sure, bearing up beneath the burden bravely and modestly enough—laden with the eyes of that fair damsel, a few pews from you, who chances to be intently envying a better bonnet than her own beyond you? At theatre too, how are our diaphragms convulsed, watching the modest fortitude wherewith you do possess yourself, while lovely ladies in a side-box never take their eyes from you; while beautiful girls in the pit, seated in the seat before you, turn ever and anon to look at you; while even the fairy dancing-women, in their curt chemises, smile to you from behind the footlights, and with one pretty finger beckon you to the side scenes! But oh! to get you on shipboard—or rather on the deck of some river-plying steamboat! Is it not laughter for the very gods—sport for great Jove himself—to see you there, pacing heroically along and across, in full expectance of some huge adventure? But let us "begin with the beginning!"—

The quay is all alive with bustle, and not less the steamer there, snarling through its pavonic throat. With bursting cheeks, the boy at the stern twangs his brass trumpet. By the gangway, from quay to paddlebox, stand the red-faced captain, with his unspotted boots, and the short, round steward in his pumps and trim blue jacket. Coals are wheeling in; luggage throwing down; friends shaking hands with friends; porters wiping their oily

brows, standing with deferential hat before their purse-unbuttoning employers. Excited new arrivals bustle, shifting their little traps now here, now there, chatting vivaciously: people and articles of all sorts weave with each other an inextricable web of movement; and, above all, the hot summer sun shines through the city smoke. Groups of well-dressed persons throng the after-deck; well-paunched, many-sealed citizens, with their wives and families; dandified eldest sons, already choosing from the big cigar-case; misses, just escaped from boarding-school, adjusting into efficient focus veils, shawls, and pocket-handkerchiefs; little girls holding on by mama or papa; little boys with straw hats and nankin pelisses, stooping to little lap-dogs; larger boys twisting at the steering-wheel.

The bell has sounded thrice; and the eager voyagers are even sick at heart with impatience for the start, which seems as if it would never come. At length, a late arrival hurrying on board, all perspiration, flushed face, and beating heart,—the gangway is pushed off, lifting the load from every breast. Boom—bounce! goes the engine. Thereat, raising their heavy lids, and only half awake, the sulky paddles plash—plash lazily. The vessel swims. Sailors running with ropes, passing them from hand to hand round rigging, now coil them dripping from the river. The stone quay, with its line of faces—of hand-waving friends, of grudging idlers, of rope-ribanded and ticket-starred porters—glides from before you. On tramps the steamer. Away, away! past factories and dockyards—past mangy banks with children shouting on them—past boys in skiffs, pulling out eager to the waves—past slip-docks (there are men working on a hull; you see the hammer fall—soundless—but with an echo). On, on the steamer scours, between stone embankments, here and there undermined, and irregularly washed into the stream. Before her course the waters leave dry their banks to glide beneath the graceful undulation that, falling sidelong from the bows, leaps ever joyously ashore, sparkling and splashing among the stones, like delirious dogs bounding and barking before a carriage. The tawny billows, boiling up from behind the paddle-strokes, in double row, divided by the swirling furrow of the keel, roll far behind in gradual subsidence. The spray sparkles. The sun shines warmly on gay parasols and gayer dresses. Already are the articulations firmer, the cheeks fresher, the expanding chest robuster, in the bracing air.

Away, away! past green meadows with grazing steers, and

tree-skirted, many-windowed, gliding palaces! Past slow, sailing vessels—the steamer-waves clashing against their heavy ribs, and leaving them to glitter in the sun! Past ferry-boats, with passengers in the stern-sheets,—the ferryman lying back upon his oars, far, far, behind you in the troubled waters! Past a motionless fisherman! Past a solitary voyager, floating from before you like a dream—leaving you, indeed, to dream, wondering who he is—what he is—where was he going?—What were his thoughts?—But, rubby-dub-dub-dub! a townward steamer flashes on you; a host of faces gleam on you for an instant, and—are lost for ever. Now grows the river double. Islands of sand and waters on the bank speak of the tides: perches of wood and dikes of stone point out the steamer-track. On the left, rests a rich air on velvet lawns, and trees of royal tuft with ducal towers among. On the right, gently to the shelving mountain-ridge, rides the green upland, with hedge-divided fields—and hamlets sleeping in the sun—and the long stacks of factories shooting up—and solitary cottages—and church-spires through the trees. The banks widen into shores with far-wasted seaports: the river grows a sea dotted with fleets. But how?—the steamer suddenly seems to have stood stock-still! Is it that she may gaze upon the opening glory? That mighty castellated rock, cloven a-top, with soldiers' windows in the cleft,—standing out there, huge, solid, like a lump of lead —a solitary frown upon the liquid smooth—where the sea-gulls, with motion only of the lifting deep, brood on its shadow—seems impassable: we make no way. Far off, swoop graceful bays lined with white cottages. That island-promontory, coming down diversively, with its soft Italian hills, and lawny meads green to the very verge,—dips not in the deep but, gliding on it, floats luxurious. Further on, those massy hills, brown, enormous bulks of one aspect, came to the water's edge, and brood, sulky, like sleepy lions; while the silver water-ways, gleaming in their foldings, far between, seem paths to happiness. The air hath a new relish in the nostrils. The paddles churn the spell-drawn, clear green waves to hissing snow. Still shines the sun. Ever at the prow, the golden-hoofed steed, his dazzling feet lifts sideways on the waters. Against the sky of deepest blue, in snowy flocks, half-hiding it, loose clouds are floating—but, our bold Juvenal, have we then forgot him? Nay; not so. But ye, our brother bubble-blowers—we mean, volume-blowers—blowers of three volumes

ye can speak of the temptation to describe; ye can declare the economy and gain thereof?

Well, our bold Juvenal!—Ha! already has he not formed an eye-acquaintance with that sweet, young maiden? Most beautiful she is! She does not walk—she floats. There is an *aura* round her. The smile of seraph and the hue mellow her cheek. Amorous Juvenal! how the heart wells up! What impulse is there not, lifting one soft arm round her neck, with beaming eyes and liquid voice, to whisper wooingly, Maiden! Canst thou love? But no: he feels that overmuch; yet see the battery of charms he opens on her! Those airs of hero-hood—that walk upon the deck, toes with due divergence outwards, and outer edge of heel set down accurately and firmly first—thou bright eyes flashing on her ever as he passes—surely, all is irresistible! He mounts the paddle-box. True, brave youth, your figure shows in strong relief, and gallantly you front the blast: but, on that high spot, blows not the breeze somewhat familiarly against your pantaloons? Ah! now he descends. He loiters round the funnel, evidently making preparations for a renewed assault. His courage is wound up; he turns; he mounts the quarter-deck; once more he stalks before the fair one, having dexterously opened out his upper benjamin, and folded down the collar gracefully, so that the trimmer form within now shines from the divided hull victoriously upon her. With a natural love to elevated places, he ascends by the man at the wheel, and standing there, with folded arms, looks out upon the waste of waters: so stood Napoleon eager for the port of Frejus; so stood Columbus anxious for the land of prophecy. Now, brave Juvenal! now is it time to seat yourself, and, leaning o'er the bulwark, meditate, like a rapt poet lost in rich reverie,

> When a maiden with a dulcimer
> In a vision once he saw.

What! start you up again? Ah! that picturesque pig-sty on the other side has caught your pictorial vision. Heavens! what critical acumen, what æsthetic rapture, does not that attitude embody? Can she resist? Impossible! But listlessly back on the seat, against the gunwale, you sink again, captivatingly drooping, from one resting elbow, the taper wrist, and delicate, small, white hand. One manly thigh, crossing the other, lifts into favourable light one exquisite, neat foot—Confusion! that juvenile laced-shoe has spoiled it all. Has she observed it? Ah,

yes!—she must. Is there not a wicked smile upon her lip! Heavens! what shame—chagrin! You sit stupified, fallen double, shrunk together—"as if gradually being scorched to tinder!" That gentleman pacing the deck so unconcernedly—with such a free, spontaneous, voluntary movement—with such an air of unconscious consciousness that all is well with him—you quail and shrink beneath him. The trimly booted foot elastic from the deck—the cut-away coat—the fancy vest—the trousers without a crease—the double-pinned cravat—the gloves—the whole gentlemanlike turn-out—the whiskers—the confirmed symmetry—the thoroughly knit frame—the whole manly figure of tall elegance: you are overpowered, crushed, smothered; you cannot breathe beneath him! Poor boy! beside him, how can you rank in her eye—in any eye—in your own? You are a weed—a blot. All but you are well—and in their place—and happy. You alone do bear a stamp—a curse that separates you from your fellows. Cainlike, you are brand-marked—branded on the front—

> A fixed figure for the hand of Time
> To point his slow, unmoving finger at.

Who will look on *you* with eyes of admiration? Who will love you? *She?* Will not she rather find her mistake out? Will not she too come to see you as you are? Could she love you beside that man? Why think of her at all? Shall you not bring but shame, mockery, and laughter on her? O, is there no hiding-place? Cannot you flee away—away, and change it all? The mortification! The rage! The misery! All has grown yellow—fuliginous. Sulphurous clouds, steaming on you, block the sweet air. Fiends with sneering glee point the finger at you. The bright world has become a lurid hell. Down, down the bottomless gulf of burning agony, of measureless despair, you sink precipitate, a rushing universe howling and yelling after you. But patience! sweet Juvenal! patience! for

> As high as we have mounted in delight,
> In our dejection do we sink as low.

(And *vice versâ*).

Your exaltation will yet arrive. Nay, even now, is it not arriving? The lady fair has disappeared below; and the man—the complete man—the gentleman—has gone forward to regale upon a weed: you are left, for the present, free from

tormentors. You begin to breathe again. The stun and stound are passing rapidly. Tips of horns already protrude from the protecting shell. Your natural self-delight reassumes its throne. The cramped midriff, reef after reef, resolves itself into unconsciousness. The troubled waters of your spirit sink into clearness. By and by, thoughts of the maiden fair recur again. Even as you think, wax you not valiant, bold—bolder and bolder? What if you, too, should go below? Lightly you leap up. Having buttoned your coat, and screwed yourself to the enterprise, you descend the slippery steps; you enter the cabin. Mirrors and mahogany, and peopled sofas, suddenly advance upon you, like an armed man. Blushing, confused, stumbling over and among the innumerable beams of all those eyes that burn upon you, precipitately you make your way to the shelter of a sofa. You seize a book; you hide your panic in its pages. Founded upon the rock of your sofa, masked by the curtain of your book, how rapidly the empty chalice of your assurance refills again! The liquid even swells arrogant above the brim; and must needs run over. With what an air you read, or seem to read! What astonishment your brows betoken! What determined resolution sharpens your eyes to penetrate—pierce through and through the very boards and paper of the book! What can match the energy of that withering sneer—the deep damnation of that cool contempt? Ah! at length, fortunate author! lucky scribe! the imperial lip, condescending graciously, relaxes into a most fascinating smile; and the book, approvingly, is laid aside.

Elegantly reclining on the sofa now, you fold your arms; and there, with hat drawn down upon your brows, picturesquely covering up one flashing eye, you sit as on a throne, watching all comers—seeing them through and through—picking out the very heart of their mysteries—pronouncing unappealably upon them. A child may perceive all this. How plain then must it not be to the young lady, who certainly does look somewhat frequently upon you? (Poor thing! how can she help it?) Ah victory! victory! Conquest fans his wings above your head. The sweet young maid is yours—irredeemably yours—the captive of your bow and spear! But what has happened? The steamer stops. Has she arrived? She has—the voyage is accomplished. All rise and bustle to their traps. You contrive to close upon your captive—you almost touch her—your breath is on her neck, fluttering the golden hairs. Her head upturning, the glorious eyes swim up on yours—when

a vulgar, little woman—a mere bundle of two bunches, corded unequally in the midst, with a head sessile (but for an abortive peduncle of a neck) on the upper one—whom, all this time, you had quite forgot to look upon as your maternal parent—entering with a fussy, red face, accosts you loudly and unceremoniously by the name of Peter, and, urging you to haste, thrusts into your hand a vile parcel in a cotton handkerchief, with a most villanous resemblance to a weaver's web. O Mercury! O Apollo! Ye, whatever powers that reign o'er fiction! And has it come to this? Although with sorrow, what can we but laugh?

Poor youth! but yesternight—no further gone—you read, entranced you read our latest fiction,—beginning with our favourite sentence of stereotyped precedency: It was on one of those —— days in the close of ——, that a lady and two gentlemen might be observed pacing the deck of a steamer, *en route*, &c.; "wherein, by the colour of your hair, the shape of your leg, the manner of your gait, the expression of your eye, forehead, and complexion, you did find yourself most feelingly personated:" you read; and lo! a golden vision burst upon you, that paled not with the dawn. Inspired, exalted, with proud heart of expectation, and loins girt for the assured, glorious enterprise, you embarked; you stood upon the deck. Alas! poor youth! Has, then, the vulgar touch of hands profane thus thawed the magic wax—unbound the Daëdal wings—and brought you like a clod to earth, gasping and gaping? Is then the gauze and glamour of our sovereign phantasies thus torn and dissipated; the intoxication of our last new novel thus rudely shaken out of you? For was it not we who made you reel those tipsy steps upon the deck? Was it not we who charged the air till even Anny Macsnuffy, the tobacconist's daughter, loomed a heroine—a queen—an empress in disguise? For, indeed, is not our might magical—our power enchanting? Consider!

Who makes your lank hair flow in Hyacinthine locks—Antinoüs-like ringlets? Who gives you short heels, arched feet, brawny limbs, and well-turned ankles? Who gives you deep chests, square shoulders, and bushy eyebrows? Who gives you long eyelashes, blue-veined lids, mighty jaws, most awful apples of Adam? Who gives you fleshy thumbs, and muscular little fingers, indicating utter health and vast development of muscle? Who bestows on you that stately mien, majestic carriage, high port, haughty gait, and noble bearing? Who enables your tailor, when you have just

left him, after a measuring, to tell such nice, little stories about your well-knit frame, and whole symmetrical proportions? Who makes drunk Danemen say, as erst they said of Coleridge, "Vat a noble breed! Vat a milk-vite forehead! Vat a God you are"! Who (vide Byron,) makes Pachas praise your small ears and small hands, warrants of hero-hood, rendering all documents of blood, certificates of birth, useless, unnecessary? Who sends Bulwers to wanton in all similar particulars, describing your proud, haughty, repulsive, most mysterious, dark man, with sable curls, and folded arms, leaning on pillars, back from the crowd in ball-rooms? Who sends Carlyles even to speak of the good laugh that is in you, of your clear, penetrating eyes, imperial-swooping nose of gross projection, Mahomet-like, spontaneous, black-swelling veins upon the forehead? (O foppery of Novelism! what velvet cushions, wilt thou not leave thy slime upon!)

Yea, even as we wave the enchanting rod, the wonders thicken. Who makes foundlings of you—ultimate inheritors of rank? Who steals you from your own disconsolate, high-born parents? Who changes you at nurse? Who transforms for you that plain, common-place, pimply-faced individual, generally known as Peter Smith and your father; who, though manifestly practising there the crafts of penmanship and figuring to a sugar merchant, and plainly and sensibly enough living on bread and beer, meat and potatoes, and other the like every-day edibles—is yet, in very truth, a very mysterious personage, possessed, no doubt, of many valuable and singular gold ornaments, with some of the finest baby-linen in the world—all of which, together with the three notable moles on your left hip, are yet happily to restore you to your natural dukedom? Who secures your charms of invisibility, whereby you can enter theatres at will, and pay no doit of entrance-money? Who gives you prizes in lotteries—fortunes at gaming-tables—treasure-trove—the basis and foundation-stone of such glories and happiness; white-walled palaces with gleaming windows, hung on walls, with velvet lawns as land and tufted trees above—blood-horses—yachts to exercise about the Mediterranean in—a wine-cellar with probably five hundred dozen of Sherry, as many of Madeira, two hundred of Port, a sprinkling of Claret and Champagne, not without Burgundy and old Rhenish, fifty gallons the best Glenlivat, twenty-five of Cognac, a little good gin (Hollands), some Rum, several dozens of Prestonpans Ale, and hogsheads of London triple X? Who floats you in a gondola at Venice, and

music, and moonlight, with glowing dames to flirt with? Who enables you to make jealous the husbands of all Spain? Who trains you up, like Byron (who, by the bye, seems to be the grand *beau idéal* of such as you), the skilfullest in all the earth at small-sword, broad-sword, cudgel-play, the best shot, and even the knowingest of boxers? Then again (still stimulated by us) have you not written the best tragedy, the best comedy, the best farce, the best melo-drama, the best song, epic poem, didactic poem, the best tale, novel, and romance, the finest essay, sermon, criticism, treatise, history, and leading article? Are you not the best painter, sculptor, naval admiral, horse-and-foot general?

Well: and who enables you to go through all these admirable businesses? Who gives you every thing you can ask for—lubber-lands and Castles of Indolence of all descriptions? Who pampers and feeds fast all passions, prides, and vanities that live within you—in most of you, to the utter death of all else nobler—which, even in the highest, mightiest of the earth, are well nigh strangling and suffocating aught diviner growth—intellect, inspiration, mysterious heavings (as to the moon, a wave), mysterious heavings towards God?

Ah, yes! Society reels tipsily beneath our influence; youth steeps in an enervating, disintegrating bath of novelism; and petty vanity, fostered in our guano-compost, driven by our artificial, hot-house heat, has every puniest larva quickened to a caterpillar, till the very air is darkened by a pestilential cloud of butterflies, and heaven is hid.

CATHEDRAL PENNIES.

THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND! Those solemn sanctuaries, wherein are embalmed the thoughts and beliefs and aspirations of great and good men mouldered into dust ages ago—those land-marks of history, sacred and profane—those silent witnesses of the deep veneration and the supreme artistic skill of those who founded them—those books of the middle ages wherein we may read strange things—those symbols of the past amid the present—grand and hoary things—to make men think solemnly, and speak

lowly, and mark reverently beneath their vaulted roofs, and amid the evening light of their grey cloisters—what works of the men of the olden time—what ancient castles, or pillars, or tombs—shall compare to these—the Cathedrals of England!

And what are they connected with? What have their guardians made of them? Traps to catch stray pence—raree-shows at twopence a peep—hallowed ground only to be trodden for copper or silver money; their pillars and groined arches—the beauty of the fane—the holiness of the place, to be exhibited like a sea serpent or a dog with three heads—in a yellow caravan at Bartlemy Fair!

It may be irreverent, but we cannot hear the swell of the organ without thinking of the cracked trumpet of the showman—we cannot see the sombre drapery of the vergers without clothing them in fancy with the parti-coloured vestments of the myrmidons of the caravan.

For all—to the God of all—did the founders of these great Temples intend them and dedicate them. The Priest-Architect who built up their vast piles—and the reverend men who, with pomp and music-swell, and the glory of the old church, hallowed the stones fresh from Saxon and Norman chisels, dreamt not that the time would come when a toll for small moneys would be established in every deep portal—when the thoughts and aspirations, and upward yearnings, which these shadowy places so naturally summon up around us, would be sold, huckstered to customers—dealt out by retail to those only who came with their coppers in their pockets! They did not deem that they were only building shops for future priests to traffic in—that admiration for the grandeur of their architectural conceptions—that veneration for the piety of their holy designs, would come to be distributed by pennyworths!

We, as our readers well know, are not of those who entertain for antiquity, or antiquity's doings, a blind veneration. With us the dust of ages is not necessarily gold dust—nor are old things necessarily holy things. But our Cathedrals we do venerate—we do love. We entwine with them wholesome remembrances and thrilling associations. We know that they, and buildings similar in purpose, were the sanctuaries whither—when right was weak and might strong—the powerless and the persecuted fled. The churchman's cloisters defied the baron's keep—moral held its own against physical force by the spell which bent the knight's morion

before the priest's cowl. In such structures, too, the spark of learning was kept alive—the still glowing embers of the lore of dead tongues, were there preserved to be afterwards kindled into the blaze of living literature. Around their solemn towers rose towns and cities—within their walls shone the grand ecclesiastical pomp of the old faith. Those massive pillars—those echoing roofs—what sights they have seen! The gorgeous ritual of the old faith breathing forth its tranquillising powers over the mailed and robed warriors and dames, whose sounding titles, and deeds of bravery or of cruelty, make history a romance. These time-honoured minsters tell all this. They are the glorious memorials of a past time—a past race with their past habits of thought and of action—yet appealing to thoughts that die not—demonstrators of a truth which is eternal!

And even considered merely as works of art, our cathedrals should be sacred. What grand ideas are carved in their sculptured towers—what daring minds planned their vast dimensions—what patient perseverance wrought out the great conception! The architect designed—the painter drew—the sculptor carved—art in all her phases came to pile the perfect whole. The enthusiastic devotion of men, nothing if not religious, hallowed it. Barbarous nobles and their adherents spared it—the lowly of the land trusted in it. And in these our times, cathedrals remain—most speaking evidence of a great and a remarkable stage of our mental and physical progress—vast, solemn, and sublime!

And these are the places to obtain access to which a paltry sum is demanded. These great national temples are the petty marts in which little-minded churchmen—oh how different from the vast souls which gave these structures being!—use their small powers to exact small fees. Our religion is not a money-getting religion—but its ministers are a money-getting priesthood. They show naves and choirs, aisles and chancels, as a housekeeper shows the great hall and the blue parlour, the library and the old kitchen—only the housekeeper generally trusts for recompense to your spontaneous liberality—the more wary churchman exhibits his "fretted vaults," and makes play his "dim religious light" at a fixed rate per head.

The pious man wishes to meditate solemn things in a solemn place. Let him sound a prelude by chinking copper;—the lover of old art wishes to examine the harmony of pillar, the grace of buttress—he must pay for his peeping; the thinking man wishes

to pass an hour amid things telling of old times, sanctified by old story—and, the verger's fee satisfied, he may. So well is the thing frequently combined, that every particular object of interest has its particular price. You could not buy everything in the shop for the price of one thing. You cannot see the nave at aisle price ; you cannot mount the turret—having only paid the ground floor rent ; so much more to see—to think of—to revere—so much more to pay ! 'Tis the old cry, in more decorous language, upon a graver occasion. But the philosophy is the same of the churchman in his palace and the juggler in the street—"One penny more and up goes the donkey !"

And in one of our cathedral-abbeys lie buried a mighty host of illustrious dead—the poets and painters—the great writers who have made our literature the glorious thing it is—the heroes we have produced—the statesmen who have made Britain famous ; to the "haunted holy ground" where these lie buried, a gratis admittance has been grudgingly accorded. But other tombs are not so cheaply seen. The graves of the Tudors and Plantagenets —of Mary and of Elizabeth, the last resting-place of a long line of English monarchs, is exhibited—like over-fatted oxen or vulgar curiosities—at so much per head. Edward the Confessor ! Elizabeth ! would not your bones rattle in your coffins did you know that the tombs wherein you sleep your death-sleep, are made counters over which to chaffer for the price of a glimpse of your resting-place ?

Not far hence, too, flourished, until very lately, a wax-work show. Why not have made the thing complete ? Why not have erected swings and merry-go-rounds, and got a caravan of dwarfs and a brass band ? The speculation would have paid, perhaps. Think of a fair in an abbey ! Richardson's in the Poet's Corner. Mrs. Farley and the wax-work—in addition to the original clock—in Henry VIIth's Chapel. Perhaps people would have cried out. Sacrilege—profanation, would have been exclaimed. Pshaw, cathedral authorities ! ye are not thin-skinned about such trifles. We know you. Beneath the surplice lies the breeches-pocket, and it at least ye reverence.

To the abbey and the cathedrals of this land the people of the land have a right of access. Abroad, such structures are open to all. Poverty there does not prevent the devotee from kneeling in the fane. As religion was meant for all, cathedrals were made for all. Among the other monopolies we are saddled with, is

there to be a monopoly of devotion? Is the right of entering into sacred precincts—the hope of being influenced by that softening spirit of veneration and awe which dwells in such solemn old temples—the very genius of the place—to be permitted only to those who can pay for the luxuries as well as the necessaries of life? We have all our contemplative seasons. L'Allegro may sadden into Il Penseroso. We would sometimes change bright sunshine for that which comes sombred through "storied windows richly dight." We would sometimes change the merry clang of every-day music for the "full mouthed organ's" pealing; but at the cathedral gate lie ensconced the myrmidons of deans and chapters, like Custom-house officers, to take care that nothing shall pass there until the claims of the church tariff have been duly cared for.

Most miserable in all senses is the pittance thus wrung forth. The amount it produces must be as paltry as the policy which imposes it. Strangers from foreign lands sneer at it, and at us for permitting it. Cathedral pennies are instanced as a specimen of our powers of turning anything, sacred or profane, into money,—of that mercenary propensity we are so often charged with. We earnestly trust that the time is fast coming when this foul abuse will be done away with.—When Religion will be purged from this petty meanness.—When the fanes to the Deity shall be no longer mere show-places to make money of, and to take money in.

As in days of yore, the money-changers have established themselves in the temple—as in days of yore they should be driven out. Let not the purse be the passport to the church. To sell entrance there is to sell what all should have without buying—it is degrading religion, and its ministers, and its most holy places. If anywhere, let man be equal in the house of the Creator of man. Ill-gotten is the gain made of cathedral tolls—most filthy of all filthy lucre.

Were change demanded for certain thirty pieces of silver, we cannot help thinking—it might be appropriately furnished out of "Cathedral Pennies."

A. R. B.

IMPRESSIONS OF A LATE TRIAL FOR MURDER.

It happened that on Friday, the 12th of last month, I had an appointment with a gentleman holding a high civic office, and not finding him at his residence I was directed to follow him to the Old Bailey. Having transacted my business, he politely asked me if I should like to see the prisoner then on his trial. After a moment's hesitation I assented, and was promptly shown into a seat from which I could see every part of, and nearly every person in the court.

I mention this to show that it was from no deliberate wish that I was present at a trial for murder. I was there purely by accident; and I could not help reflecting while taking my seat that, five minutes before, I had no more idea of witnessing this tragedy of real life than I had of committing a crime myself. Full of such thoughts I looked round the court, and the impression it made upon me was far less painful than I could possibly have anticipated.

My attention was naturally first directed to the chief actor in the scene—the accused. To my knowledge I had never before beheld a man strongly tainted with a suspicion of murder. On looking at this man, my half-formed preconceptions of a being so suspected were completely overset. With crimes of violence one is apt to associate manifestations of ability to perpetrate it; thews, sinews, and bodily prowess. This person, on the contrary, had a slight frame; well knit, it is true, but betokening little physical strength. Again, it is usual to look in the countenance for outward and visible signs of violent passions frequently in operation. When a murderer is mentioned, the face your imagination pictures is coarse and strongly marked; but this young man's countenance expressed mildness and gentleness, not in an ordinary, but in an unusual degree. His complexion was fair and slightly pockmarked, his eyes somewhat inexpressive, his hair black, and worn thickly, though it was carefully arranged. The shape of his head completely contradicts the theory of phrenologists. The destructive passions they say reside in the back of the head; but Hocker's skull (for it was that celebrated criminal who was on his trial) was particularly narrow in that part, the distance between

the back of each ear being small. His countenance expressed no emotion whatever ; neither did it show firmness ; it was indifference !—of all others, the expression least to be expected from a man in his situation. In short, he looked as much unlike a murderer, or a human being awaiting the issue of his own life or death, as the most listless auditor in court.

When my attention was from time to time withdrawn from the prisoner to contemplate the rest of the scene, my previous notions of its extreme solemnity were equally modified. Within the dock there is a seat with a small desk before it, for, I suppose, one of the officials of the court. During a portion of the trial an individual comfortably established himself there, not to be near the prisoner for the satisfaction of watching the demeanour of a person in his awful situation, as many other spectators would have done, but—to read the newspaper ! There he sat dallying over the ordinary records of every-day life, to pass away the time till it was decided whether his next neighbour should be hanged or not! This formed, in my mind, one of the most extraordinary contrasts in the whole proceedings. It was not, however, without its parallel : the news-reader was kept fully in countenance. He was most likely an Old Bailey official : trials for murder were no novelties to him ; he had, perhaps, seen and conversed with scores of murderers in his time ; and familiarity with them had bred indifference. Even a trial in which the very essence of human interest was concentrated, was to him rather a bore than otherwise ; and it would be ridiculous to expect from him a show of much sensibility to what was going on. But on looking round, at the mere spectators who had come—as amateurs visit a theatre —evidently for amusement, I could not make similar excuses. Next to me sat a young man who, fearing the interest of the trial should flag during the day, had brought a book to entertain himself. I had the curiosity to peep at its title, and found it to be a volume of Balzac's "*Scènes de la Vie privée.*" We shudder, when we read in histories of the French Reign of Terror, that the gossips of Paris were in the habit of taking their knitting to the foot of the guillotine, and plying their needles between each decapitation. I did not shudder in the present instance, it is true, because I could see it was not demoralisation but thoughtlessness which had prompted my neighbour to bring a not very moral French story-book for perusal in the Old Bailey. Other people around us had been, however, more thoughtful. They had pre-

pared for a "day out," exactly as they would to go to Greenwich fair ;—they had furnished their pockets with sandwiches and other edibles. About lunch time one man sucked something comfortable out of a leather bottle, to wash down his mid-day relish. It was these people who I thought bore a less remote resemblance to the blood-thirsty old knitters of Paris than my young novel-reader. From the care they bestowed on their own creature-comforts, they had manifestly come to *enjoy* themselves. Doubtless it is with precisely the same object that the same sort of people attend public executions.

There was also an aristocracy of spectators who had come to see whether Hocker was to be hanged or not. Every inch of the bench, not occupied by the judges and the civic authorities, was crowded with noblemen and gentlemen — whose names the reader will find accurately recorded in the newspapers of the day after. Amongst them were several foreigners, who were most likely present for the really legitimate object of learning the forms of English criminal justice. As to the others, I hope I am not uncharitable in classing them with the lunch-eaters and the student of Balzac; and supposing that, having become *blasés* to the charms and excitements of the opera, they came to the Old Bailey as the more exciting amusement. Amongst them was one young cavalry officer.

It was, then, a review of the mere auditory of the court, and the curious *nonchalance* of the prisoner, which caused so different an impression than I could have thought a trial for murder would have made on my mind. Had they alone been present, I might have mistaken it for some such pleasant issue as is sometimes tried at the Court of Queen's Bench. A glance at the judges would, however, have speedily dissipated this mistake ; a look of solemn anxiety sat on their faces which quite accorded with the nature of the proceedings. The serious countenances of the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs, had a sober effect despite their grotesque costumes. Even a large plan of the place where the murder was committed, which lay on the counsel's table, added an impressiveness to the proceedings.

When I got into court, the counsel for the prosecution was detailing the facts of the case. They are well known :—About ten minutes after seven o'clock on Friday evening, February 21st, a baker had just delivered some bread at a house in Haverstock-terrace, Hampstead, when he thought he heard cries of murder at

some distance. He was in a cart, which he immediately drove in the direction of the cries. Presently he met a policeman, whom he told what he had heard, indicating as near as he could whence the alarm proceeded, and drove on. The policeman searched for some time, and having met with his sergeant, they, after a time, found a dead body at the corner of a field near a "dead" wall. There was much blood on the ground. The sergeant went to the nearest station-house for a stretcher, leaving the constable in charge of the body. While in this very disagreeable situation, the constable was joined by a young man, who, having inquired what had happened, stooped down, felt the deceased's lifeless pulse, remarked that it was "a nasty job," and offered to treat the policeman to some brandy, for which purpose he gave him a shilling. The stranger waited beside the body till the stretcher came. He evinced not the slightest emotion, and while accompanying the corpse towards the station, freely entered into conversation with some of the party; which now amounted to about twenty persons. When near the station, he walked deliberately away. This liberal and communicative individual turned out to be the accused!

While the counsel was tracing these circumstantial details, I watched the prisoner most attentively. His conduct in the dock was perfectly consistent with his proceedings in connexion with the crime. His easy, almost *dégagé* deportment, was not interrupted by the smallest appearance of agitation, even at points of the narrative which strongly excited the auditory. He conducted himself precisely like a person who *would* have looked upon a murdered man, and touched him, and lingered near the corpse as long as it was safe; and who would have finally walked lightly away, to keep a courting assignation. It appears that he had recently commenced a courtship with a girl who slept in Portland-place: he was not to be put off from pursuing his suit by a mere murder. Accordingly, on departing from the stretcher and its bearers, he went to Portland-place, where he arrived about nine o'clock, and had the desired interview. In the midst of his "soft nothings," some blood and dirt were observed on his dress. This he accounted for, in passing, by saying he had been "larking with his governor in the city, who had made his nose bleed." He afterwards made a display of a watch and diamond ring.

The time and scene now change to the next evening (Saturday, Feb. 22), and to the house of Hocker's father in Portland-town. That morning he had presented his parents with a sovereign each,

and paid his brother ten shillings he had previously borrowed. Upon the strength of these unexpected payments, they had a friend to take tea with them. The conversation naturally turned upon the murder which had been perpetrated so close at hand; Thomas Henry Hocker remarked, somewhat emphatically, that it was "a dreary subject," and, to change it, he was willing to oblige the company with a song! The name of the ditty did not transpire; but that he sang, not only that, but a duet with his brother, there can be no doubt. In this way the evening passed off pleasantly, the guest remarking "he was glad to see the whole family so happy and comfortable together." It happened, however, that this agreeable evening laid the foundation for the prisoner's arrest. The guest of the Hockers, who was their landlord, learned that Thomas Henry had been an intimate friend of Delarue, the murdered man. He noticed that the wristband of his shirt was torn off, that his clothes had been rent, that, in short, "he had been in some rough work." Other circumstances engendered suspicion, which he communicated to the police; and they, once put on the right scent, never lost it till they were justified in arresting the accused. The watch and ring which had belonged to Delarue, bloody clothes, and other damnatory evidence, were discovered, either at the prisoner's own lodging or at his father's. Above all, an extraordinary love-letter, found in the victim's pocket, was proved to have been written by Hocker. On Wednesday morning, Feb. 25, he was taken into custody.

This narrative, clearly and temperately stated by Mr. Bodkin, formed the outlines of the case for the prosecution, of which witnesses in support and proof were, as usual, called. Occasionally some strange characters find their way into the witness-box, and I suppose the amateurs of criminal trials class this part of the proceedings with the glimpses of comedy, which are introduced into tragic dramas, to give relief and to form contrasts. If so, on this occasion the comparison was now and then borne out. The first witness was the baker, who heard the cries of murder. He caused much amusement by his anxiety to tell his story in his own way. He was not to be put out by the questions of the counsel, and seemed particularly anxious to let us know the exact quantities of bread and meal with which he served his customer in Haverstock-terrace, at the time of hearing the cries, and that he "got the money" for the articles.

The next witness was the policeman, to whom the baker gave

information. Nothing could be more frigid and business-like than the manner in which the usual oath was administered and received; and this was an additional drawback to that solemnity, with which I had erroneously supposed trials, involving human life, are conducted. I can conceive no obligation more awful than that incurred by taking an oath, yet the manner in which it is administered differs not in the least from the most ordinary legal business. The crier of the court delivers the form in tones so completely cold and official, that, if he have anything to add unconnected with the solemn formulary, his tones do not change. Thus, in swearing witnesses not accustomed to the witness-box, the form of adjuration seems to run thus: "You shall well and truly swear, as you shall answer, &c. &c., so help you God: speak up, if you please." This sort of carelessness must destroy that effect upon the minds of the witnesses, which the law intends the taking of an oath should have upon them. In Scotland, on the contrary, an oath is delivered in a manner which cannot fail to reach the feelings of the most hardened falsifier, and to put him in such a frame of mind, as will make him think twice before he dares to tell a lie.* In the present case, the witness being also an official, took the oath as if he were merely going through a routine duty, and thus imparted a double indifference to the ceremony. I am far from implying blame to either of the parties here mentioned; the fault is not theirs; it lies in the system which allows an oath to be given and received in so slovenly a manner.

The policeman minutely detailed the prisoner's conduct beside the corpse. My attention was now directed to Hocker, to see what effect these reminiscences of the murder-field would take upon him. Except a slight lifting up of the eyebrow, he continued his look of indifference during the most distressing details of the evidence. Even when the surgeon was examined, to point out the exact nature of the injuries of which the deceased died, not the slightest evidence of perturbation passed over the prisoner's countenance. The facts and recollections connected with the actual deed, seemed not to affect him in the least. For living wit-

* The witness is bid to hold up his right hand; a judge then rises from the bench, and holding up *his* right hand, delivers the impressive form of oath (which slightly differs from ours) in slow and earnest tones. This important duty is not delegated to a mere crier. The Testament, however, is not kissed, neither is the Bible used at all in the ceremony.

nesses, he had no dread; but when a policeman got into the box, with a bundle under his arm, containing silent and damning evidences, a tremour, a slight tremour agitated him. The watch of the murdered man, when produced in court, appeared also to affect him; that irrepressible convulsion of the muscles around the mouth, which the most hardened dissembler is unable, in moments of inward struggle, to check, was now plainly visible. These were the severest mental contests which he appeared to be contending with, down to the end of the trial. Though I watched attentively, I saw no more strong emotion during the rest of the day.

It would be tedious to follow the points of evidence, and the varied impressions which the witnesses made upon me, throughout the trial. The most remarkable, inexplicable circumstance continued to be the indifference of the accused. The appearance of the young girl, (whom he went straight from the crime to visit) when she got into the witness-box, took no effect upon him: though she sobbed hysterically and spoke with difficulty, he was unmoved. His brother was called to give evidence against him, and the picture presented by these young men was far more painful than affecting. The witness answered the questions put to him in a cold, measured, almost theatrical tone. He laboured under no desire to keep back anything likely to criminate his brother; perhaps from conscientious motives: but I longed to see some show of human affection, some evidence of blood-relationship, brought out; though I longed in vain. The witness's heroism —if it were heroism — was of the Spartan kind, with which we have long ceased to sympathise. The father, who came next, was not made of such stern stuff. During the pauses of the questions, he tried once or twice to summon enough courage to look round at the prisoner; but before his head was half way turned he drew it quickly back. When he did see him, a few quickly shed tears rolled down his face. The son was not much moved at this.

One part of the proceedings had an almost appalling effect upon the spectators. This was the production of the torn and bloody wristband, the trousers, drawers, and stockings, which the prisoner was proved to have worn on the night of the murder. They were saturated with gore. These, together with the money and watch that had belonged to the victim, and were found in possession of the accused, did more to lead to a conviction than all that

was *spoken* in evidence. At the production of one of these articles a deeper silence reigned in the Court than I could have thought possible to have been preserved amongst so many persons. No one appeared even to breathe, so great was the stretch of attention. The only sound was to me quite novel; it was that produced by the rushing of the reporters' pens over the paper. Whatever happens, *they* dare not pause for an instant.

When the evidence for the prosecution was closed, my first impression was this, that whatever anomalies may exist in English criminal law, and however carelessly some of its forms may be gone through, it is quite impossible for an innocent man to be punished for murder: a clearer, more exquisite sequence of evidence—so skilfully arranged and plainly brought forward that the dullest juryman would understand it at once—cannot be conceived; except a short while (from the hour of the murder down to the arrest of the prisoner) every moment of his time was as distinctly accounted for as if you had been his companion throughout the whole of that four days.* During the night of the murder he was traced in the evidence from place to place by the minute, but as the time got remote from the fatal epoch, of course his adventures were only noticed by the hour.

It struck me also, that a witness could successfully prevaricate or even make a mistake only by a miracle. Before appearing at the Old Bailey, he has (in most instances) been examined three different times: 1st, before a magistrate; 2nd, before the coroner; 3rd, before the grand jury. Every word he has spoken has been taken down, carefully copied, and lies for reference in court. While being examined and cross-examined here, should he utter a word at variance with what is recorded on the face of his three previous depositions, that discrepancy is promptly pointed out, and must be explained. Hence, these three former testimonies act as three witnesses against him, should he prevaricate or blunder.

Of the particular chain of evidence I had just heard an impression was, that it presented not so much as the shadow of a basis on which a counsel could rest a defence. Nothing seemed more

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* The murder was committed at about ten minutes past seven on Friday evening, 21st of February. The arrest was made at 10 o'clock on Tuesday morning following. The gap which occurs in tracing Hocker's actions was between half-past 10 on the night of the deed, when he left his sweetheart, and two o'clock on the following morning, till which hour he did not arrive home at his brother's lodging to sleep.

conclusive, and I felt some curiosity in looking forward to the great amount of ingenuity which the defending counsel would have to display, to make even a decent effort for exculpation. This curiosity was not satisfied, for the counsel for the defence announced that the prisoner had determined to read two statements of his own by way of defence. This was an exciting moment. A mystery, in reference to the love-letter found in the deceased's pocket had not been cleared up by the evidence, and it was expected that the prisoner would make some startling disclosures. He was allowed five minutes to prepare himself, and retired from the dock.

"On his reappearance," (I copy this paragraph from the correct and well-expressed report of the *Times*) "he maintained the same unconcerned and flighty manner that had marked his conduct up to this point throughout the whole of the trial. He advanced to the centre of the dock, holding in his hands three or four sheets of manuscript. He then folded his arms and stood for nearly a minute perfectly cool and impassive, as if waiting for silence to be restored. He leant over the dock and consulted for a moment with some person in the court, and again drew himself up with the greatest possible calmness and composure. Another interval of about a minute of painful suspense ensued whilst he stood turning over his papers. He appeared as perfectly collected as any one of the witnesses who had appeared against him; and it was observable, from the steadiness with which he held the papers, that not a nerve trembled. In a clear, though a somewhat mincing, and evidently in a very laboured tone, he then addressed the jury."

After getting through one sentence, he made a sort of "trip" at the second; hesitated, gave a toss of his head, as if impatient at his own stupidity, and "tried back," reading the rest glibly enough; indeed, too glibly to produce the effect he had evidently intended. For example, he delivered the words "I am too much the Englishman to fear death," with as much unconcern as every other part of his production. From the second paper, he read a story about a girl he had loved; but with whom he had been supplanted by Delarue (whose name he affectedly pronounced *de, laa, rew*); that the latter had seduced her; that her brother and he were both extremely indignant, and determined on revenge: that he *had* written the mysterious love-letter to entice Delarue to an interview, and that, while on their way to the rendezvous,

he and the brother separated. Presently, cries of murder were heard, and he hastened to the fatal spot. On leaving the body and its attendant crowd, he rushed to the house of the girl's brother, and heroically declared he would take the murder on himself, to which end he went to a Hampstead slaughter-house, and smeared blood about his clothes. In the same even tone, he added, "O God! I could pass through the impending ordeal in unison with my wishes;" and concluded by saying, he was "*almost* bewildered."

We are told that Hocker spent most of his time, previous to the trial, in preparing these extraordinary statements. They were well worded upon the whole. The sentences were carefully balanced, and consecutively knit together; but the style of composition suggested to me recollections of certain by-gone novels. I could not help the impressions I received; but to be honest without, I trust being uncharitable, they brought me to this conclusion,—that the writer had aimed more at temporary applause for his literary abilities, than at success in escaping the gibbet. As to there being one tittle of truth in what he read, was quite out of the question; nearly every syllable having been previously contradicted by the evidence. The fact seemed to be, that, having taken great pains with his lucubrations, Hocker was determined not to let them be lost to the world, whatever facts might be brought forward on the trial to nullify any appearance of truth they may have contained. And this helped me to a conclusion I had been gradually arriving at during the trial, which formed the only theory to account for this young man's extraordinary demeanour; namely, that he was the victim of an overwhelming degree, but very small, contemptible sort of personal vanity; a vanity so intense, that even the prospect of an ignominious death could not master it.

The summing up of Mr. Justice Coleridge seemed to me a masterpiece of acute and substantive reasoning. His comments on the evidence showed an acquaintance with the general motives which sway mankind in their smallest as well as their greatest transactions. When he came to the slightest shade of fact which was calculated to make in favour of the accused, he laboured at it with the most humane assiduity. He seemed to linger over it till he had exhausted every point in which it could be viewed for the prisoner's benefit. Though he did not venture one word of opinion about the issue, yet so clear, consistent, and convincing

were the facts of the case presented when he had finished, that no one in court could have had a doubt about the unhappy prisoner's guilt. The jury retired, and the prisoner left the dock till they returned.

During this interval, I was incapable of receiving any correct impressions of what was passing around, for as this was my maiden appearance at the legal forfeiture of a fellow-creature's life, I felt discomposed by a very painful sort of curiosity.

In about ten minutes the presence of the jurors was announced. While they were taking their seats and having their names called over, the sensation in court was most painful. The prisoner had reappeared, and was watching their motions. It seemed an age before the clerk asked them, "How find you, guilty or not guilty?" The foreman rose and said, in that firm manly voice, which always issues from clear consciences, "We find the prisoner guilty!"

I could not observe the prisoner at this instant, but I saw him a moment after, and he was as calm as ever. The papers say, "He smiled and bowed to the jury!" I thought he looked a little paler, but this might have been the effect of the lamps, which were by this time lighted.

The next step was the awful solemnity of pronouncing sentence of death. Before this is done the crier of the court makes a proclamation in the name of the queen, commanding all persons on pain of imprisonment to be silent. The judges then placed on their wigs what appeared to be flat pieces of black velvet, but which the reporters usually call "the black cap." Mr. Justice Coleridge began this terrible duty. All my previous impressions derived from cold official forms, or from the levity of spectators, now vanished. A more awful moment it would be impossible to picture. The judge was deadly pale, his hands shook, his lips quivered, and around them the circulation of the blood had partially stopped, for they were, I thought, of a blackish hue. His voice was hollow—strikingly so. I recognised in it the *original* of those tones which actors assume when imitating deep emotion; and, though this may seem an allusion somewhat out of place, yet, as it was that which actually intruded itself into my thoughts at the time, I record it. As he proceeded he seemed to gather strength. He did not say much. At the end of the actual sentence of death there is always added "And may God Almighty have mercy on your soul!" The Chaplain of Newgate happened to be in

court, and carried away, I believe, by the impressiveness of the occasion, he added involuntarily, "Amen."

Hocker bowed again, turned, and tripped lightly out of the dock, less moved, I really believe, than most of the spectators.

Thus ended this extraordinary trial for murder. The main impression it left upon me was one I have mentioned before—that, if this be a sample of other criminal trials, no one who is innocent can by any possibility be hanged for murder. The extraordinary care with which the evidence is prepared before coming into court —the temperate manner in which the prosecution is conducted—the constant stretch of ingenuity evinced by the counsel, in drawing the necessary facts both for and against—the assiduous attention of the judges, who take down in writing every syllable of evidence that is uttered—the promptitude with which one judge corrects the smallest error into which his brother judge may unintentionally fall—the unflagging zeal with which the calm reasoning powers of the judge are applied to correct the false and prejudicial opinions, which people engaged in the ordinary transactions of life, such as jurymen, are apt to fall,—all these things combined, leave no doubt that an unfair trial for the capital offence is an event next to impossible.

From the impressions derived from observing the auditory in the Central Criminal Court, I draw an inference, in support of an opinion which is happily fast gaining ground, namely, that public executions have a demoralising effect. I have been very careful in my statements regarding the conduct of my fellow spectators of this trial, and I am sure that at least four-fifths of them were there for amusement. I will venture to add, that not ten per cent. of the remainder visited the Central Criminal Court to receive moral impressions. Now, what is the plea set up by the advocates of public executions? Why, that they have a moral effect upon the community. Let us see whether such will be the case. Before these sheets will have been printed, Hocker will, in all human probability, have been hanged. On that morning, it is by no means impossible that my sandwich-eater will risé early, and once more fill his flask—my lover of Balzac will take in this instance another volume to pass away the tedious time—the nobles on the bench will hire a room in the Old Bailey—many, in short, will hasten to see the end of a tragedy, one act of which they witnessed in court. Thousands and thousands of the humbler orders, who would have given a week's wages to have heard the trial,

but had not sufficient interest, will also assemble around the gallows. "To receive moral impressions? To be deterred from crime?" Certainly not. Should, peradventure, the execution take place on Whit Monday, those who can afford it will spend the rest of that holiday at Greenwich fair.*

* We have been highly gratified with the first two numbers of the *Magazine of Popular Information on Capital and Secondary Punishments*, published at Glasgow; a work, the spirit and treatment of which, appear to be fully equal to the due consideration of the serious, nay awful, subjects it is devoted to.

MAY.

MAY, the sweet breath'd Month, is here;
May, the lady of the year!
See! where'er her step hath been
Flowers are up and grass is green!
And whene'er her voice is heard
  Breathing its Æolian note,
Music grows, and every bird
  Sends it gushing from its throat.

May is here! let 's welcome her;
May is Nature's almoner!
Boughs with bloom are now o'erwrought,
Bees fly homeward honey-fraught;
Seeds that slept for lack of sun,
  Now their hidden blades send forth;
Streams with living creatures run,
  Every moment hath its birth.

May is here! the gentle May,
When the year keeps holiday!
DIVES, forth and seek the poor!
Leave some blessing at the door!
Breathe in suff'ring VIRTUE's ear
  Promise of a brighter day;
Tell to WANT that plenty 's near,
  And make LAZARUS feel 'tis May.

L.

A PROPOSAL FOR A NATIONAL SYSTEM OF SCIENTIFIC DUELLING.

It has long been accepted as a current fact, that the custom of *duelling* is indispensable to the preservation of a refined and correct tone in the upper classes of society. If gentlemen—educated, high-minded, high-born gentlemen—were not restrained by the fear of the bullet, it is said, there would be great danger of their degenerating into so many specimens of the mere rough, uncultivated *man*, now everywhere to be seen in the lower ranks, who think little of giving, and taking, the lie,—kicking, and being kicked,—swearing at, and being sworn at,—behaving as blackguards, and being treated as such. The atmosphere of aristocratic regions is preternaturally rarefied; and nothing, it is maintained, clears it like occasional gentle explosions of gunpowder.

A large, and an increasing, class of persons has asserted, and does assert, in opposition, that the duel, instead of fostering an elevated tone, tends rather to retard the progress of moral and intellectual improvement, and that the effect of it is to make those who practise it seem worse than they generally are in reality; that by teaching revenge to be a virtue, it stifles altogether both the impulses of good feeling, and the convictions of good sense; and that its utmost office is to invest ferocity and stupidity with a dull halo of brutal courage. Duelling, say these innovators, was suited to the dark past, and should, in these days of enlightenment, be laughed and scourged out of society.

Now there is one fact which seems very much to confirm the opinion of the anti-duellists, that the custom will ultimately become extinct; which fact is, that in all civilised countries duelling has grown to be more or less *illegal*. It is cherished by the law of honour, but proscribed by the law of the land; and a duellist not only runs the chance of being shot, or, less commonly, of being pinked, but of being ingloriously *hanged* if he escape the dangers of the combat. Tolerant public feeling, indeed, obscures greatly the prospect of the legal penalty, and the indignity of *the gallows* is the last thing which a true professor of the law of

honour contemplates ; still, strictly speaking, by killing his man he puts himself within the province of Jack Ketch ; and if, in such case, he do not receive the attentions of that functionary, he may bless his good fortune, and the clemency of his fellow-citizens.

It appears to me that this method of esteeming a proceeding as illegal, and yet of abstaining from visiting it with legal consequences, is very unsatisfactory. Either duelling is beneficial, or it is not. If beneficial, it should be made legal, and duly encouraged ; but if *un*beneficial, it should not only be *called* illegal, but vigorously prosecuted like any other sort of murder.

For the present, I shall not enter into this discussion ; but assuming the usual opinion on the subject to be sound—namely, that duelling is beneficial—I have a proposal to make which I think, if adopted, would render duelling in consonance with the spirit of the age.

The present day is chiefly remarkable for the application of science to all social purposes, and for the carrying out, in various degrees, of the principle of *combination*, by which crude, petty, individual efforts are superseded. Thus, our coaches are drawn by steam, instead of by horses, and drawn infinitely better ; and the coaches, instead of travelling each by itself as the property of a particular owner, are now fastened together in a train, which is the property of a company. So it is with other operations : all have been tested, and reformed according to modern views.

I propose that *duelling* should pass through the same process. Gunpowder—notwithstanding the prejudice in its favour—I would abolish, and substitute *steam ;* the portable pistol I would replace by a stationary steel tube communicating with a steam-engine ; the spot appropriated to the duel should not be an open field, but an enclosed and roofed court—similar to that in which tennis is now played—which should be kept well warmed in winter, and brilliantly lighted by gas in the evening ; and, finally, I would take the arrangements on the ground altogether out of the hands of private persons, and put them under the supervision of officers appointed by government—as was done long ago in respect to the transmission of letters.

The scientific reader will recognise in my *steam-duelling-pistol* the very same invention which was exhibited in London, some years ago, under the name of Perkins' Steam Gun ; which I propose should be adapted to the purposes of duelling in the following manner.

On one side of the court would be placed the steam-pistol, managed by a skilful attendant. The parties having tossed for the *first stand*, the one who *loses* is to place himself on a carpet, or other similar article, at the distance of twelve paces from the pistol, and directly in front of it; whilst the other places himself directly *behind* it, and close to it. The tube is to have given it by the machinery a never-ceasing, moderately-quick, eccentric motion; and at any moment when the duellist who stands behind it may deem its mouth pointed at his adversary, it is to be discharged by the attendant. If the bullet take no effect, the person who has stood steam is then to quit his position, which the other duellist is to occupy, to undergo in his turn the steam of his opponent. Two shots each should be the extent of the allowance, and no more should be suffered on any pretence whatsoever.

I am not without fear, I confess, that this eccentrically-moving pistol would be found *too harmless*; and that,—men of eminent honour and spirit leading an opposition,—the general public would at last insist upon having it rigidly fixed. If such came to be the case, and the spot where the duellist stood to receive the shot continued still to be marked out by a carpet or other matter, as I have proposed, the *first shot* would settle the business—for it would invariably be fatal: all then would depend on the *tossing-up*.

It may be urged, indeed, that the very purpose for which the institution of duelling is upheld would thus be better answered; for if a pistol loaded with ball be now esteemed more socially efficacious than a sturdy fist, a pistol that never misses its aim must certainly be more efficacious than one uncertain in that respect. And, really, if duelling be desirable at all, I do not see how such reasoning can be refuted.

One or more of these *duel-courts* should exist in every large town, and should be open to use on consideration of a moderate sum, the amount of which must be settled by parliament. There might be three classes of accommodation, such as exist on railroads, which undertakings have already been cited as illustrating my proposition. The pistol might have three varieties of ornament on its exterior—gold, silver, and copper—which should be fitted on according to the payment of the customers. The duellist who exposed himself to the shot might be provided also with a brilliantly-coloured, soft carpet, a common rug, or a rush mat to stand upon, as he chose to disburse a first-class, second-class, or third-class price; and in the event of his being hit, the first of

these would be found so much more comfortable and elegant to fall upon, that I confidently expect it would be in much demand, notwithstanding its being rated the most highly. The court might be fitted up with galleries, in which the friends of the principals could witness the duel; and—if such a course were considered agreeable—the public at large might be admitted for a reasonable amount. To ensure, on this latter understanding, a full attendance, and consequently to increase the national revenue, any duel between well-known persons should be advertised a day or more before the period of its coming off; and the principals in the affair, if lovers of their country, as men of honour should be, would enable the authorities to do this by giving timely notice of their intention.

Many of the annoying little discomforts of duelling, as pursued at present, would have no being in my proposed system. In consequence of the existing illegality, duels are usually fought very early in the morning by men on an empty stomach; and the ill effects of unusually early rising, and the cold morning air to those fasting, are well established with physicians. In my duel-courts, on the contrary, as the whole matter would be superintended by government, a party might hire the pistol at any time during the day or evening when it was disengaged, and might take refreshments before they arrived, or order them on the premises, as they preferred. The steam for the pistol should be got up at six every morning, and continue at a satisfactory pressure till ten in the evening; and a bill of fare should hang up in an ante-room leading to the court, containing a list of those refreshments in usual demand which can be immediately supplied.

It will be perceived by the judicious reader that my duel-court would also obviate all those difficulties about *placing your man*, arising from sun and wind, which are now so puzzling to seconds. Skill, too, would be nearly equalised. No *crack shot* could calculate on success, as he may now calculate; for I earnestly recommend that *practice* in the court be altogether prohibited: the pistol must be let out only for actual *duels*.

I anticipate one plausible objection to a chief part of my scheme, which I shall here beg to meet. It will be urged that as every important project in Great Britain—to the subjects of which my proposal is principally addressed—is undertaken by *companies*, these duel-courts should be undertaken in the same manner; that each town should have its own company, whilst in

large towns and the metropolis, where more than one company would be required, they should still be kept perfectly distinct; that just as gas and water are now supplied to the inhabitants of various districts, their honour should be attended to. But I must strongly protest against such a mercantile and degrading manner of viewing the subject. This delicate and aristocratic sense of *honour* is a thing *per se*, and must be confounded with no other thing. If it be wished by the rulers of a nation that the feeling should be fostered, the whole system of duelling must be made *national*, and must be placed under the direct control of government: otherwise if it were abandoned to commercial enterprise, and allowed to be a matter of speculation, the true intent of the institution would be lost in a base passion for making money; one duel-court would compete with another; quarrels would be fomented with an eye to business; rival touters at the entrances of the courts would invite gentlemen passing to come in and have a cheap shot; and every neighbourhood would be set in an uproar by shareholders who would think only of their dividends. By throwing the affair entirely into the hands of government, these corruptions would be prevented. Any anxiety to promote duelling, on account of the money which the duel would cost the individuals engaged in it, must flow entirely from an abstract care for the public revenue—and we all know enough of British human nature in the nineteenth century to be aware, that considerations of *that* sort would be very unimportant in strength.

But it will further be objected to my whole design that the idea of *legalising* duelling, and discussing, in open parliament, national arrangements proper to it, is in its very nature preposterous; and that though the custom is, indeed, winked at, it is hopeless to expect that it would ever be plainly recommended to the people at large for adoption. Moreover, that such a publicly-recognised, common-place system—supposing it practicable—would take away the greater part of the excitement which, as matters stand, invests the subject with a charm; and that, besides, by throwing open the duelling-courts to all who could afford to pay for their use, duelling would be completely vulgarised, and, ceasing to be a distinctive mark of social superiority, would rapidly fall into disfavour with those elevated classes who now chiefly practise it.

To the latter, and least important, part of these objections I must reply, that whatever is good for one class must be good for all classes; and that, in the present day, it is vain to expect that

any custom can much longer be preserved as a privilege : if duelling be proper for noblemen, it is proper for coalheavers. With respect to those formidable objections which directly oppose my whole project by asserting that duelling never can be legalised, I can only say that they may be right for anything I know. My proposal is based entirely on the position assumed by the advocates of duelling, that *the practice is beneficial;* but if they shrink from an open investigation of the question, *their position*, I maintain, as well as *my proposal*, falls to the ground. Whatever is *beneficial* ought, in a rational society, to be *legal;* and if the representatives of the British people, in Parliament assembled, dare not legalise duelling, or are unwilling to do so, let duelling be considered *unbeneficial* and no longer be tolerated, or the British people cease to call themselves rational.

A. W.

TEMPTATIONS OF THE POOR.

THE temptations of the poor compared with the temptations of the rich, what are they ? Only feathers in the scale, while the opposite side is heaped with gold.

Wealth, power, and fame, these, in the bright sunshine of life, tempt man to their abuse. The poor have no temptations !

Such is the opinion of thousands of their fellow-creatures. Such is the mockery that falls daily from the lips of men who revel in the luxuries of life, while others exist only in their sufferings.

The poor have no temptations : let us analyse this seeming truth, this charitable consideration for the temptation of the rich, this scornful rejection of palliation for the crimes of the poor. Crime undeniably stands forth the same in its glaring form in every order of society ; and man cannot safely presume to judge how far circumstances may plead in its extenuation : but the existence of these is often unheeded, the cry of want unheard, the actual presence of destitution unseen and unknown. Men wonder at the crimes of the poor, and forget their temptations.

First and foremost amongst the trials of which we write stands sickness. With the comforts of life scattered in plenty around,

with all that medical aid can suggest, and friends and attendants hasten to effect, disease, in the character it too often assumes, is an appalling affliction. But when it attacks the poor and destitute, when the sufferer is stretched on his wretched mattress, his uncovered limbs shrinking from the chilling atmosphere, when the selfishness of his own sorrow is struggling in his heart with the fear of contagion for those around him, when he knows that if the spirit of life flies from its forlorn tenement, he leaves behind him desolation and misery, spread among the few he loves ; and if he bears up against the disease, it may be months before he recovers his strength and is enabled to return again to his labour. Is not this temptation? or rather, is not the heart of the man who, from his bed of sickness, can contemplate this, possessed of greater strength, in faith, in hope, than belongs to much of human nature?

The facts we purpose giving to the reader are, for the most part, gleaned from our own experience.

The father of a young and numerous family, who (with the exception of the eldest son) were dependent on him for support, was seized with an infectious fever. The family, occupying two small and ill-ventilated rooms, could scarcely hope to escape contagion, and were thrown for support upon the exertions of the eldest son, who had hitherto been employed as a labourer. Information of the contagious nature of his father's disease had, it appeared, been given to his employers, who, apprehensive that its poisonous breath might already have tainted the son, dismissed him from their service, and sent him forth a beggar. The boy—for he was scarcely sixteen years of age—in the recklessness of despair committed a theft, for which he was afterwards tried and transported.

We will give another instance which occured in a manufacturing district, where the sufferings of those who could obtain no labour were beyond all parallel. A weaver, whose wife had recently died, had striven hard to procure the necessary comforts for his child, a girl of twelve years of age, who was sinking fast under the ravages of consumption. Her situation had proved to the utmost the truth of the observation, "that but for the poor, the poor might perish :" their neighbours, in equal want to themselves, did the little that lay in their power to assist them ; but, at last, even such aid was exhausted, and the father, who had watched over his child for hours, felt that if nourishment were not quickly procured, not a vestige of hope remained. He hurried

out into the crowded streets of a populous manufacturing town. *The means of support were obtained:* the inscrutable eyes of Providence alone saw that it was not by honest means. He returned with a heavy heart to his wretched dwelling-place. His child was dead.

Next in the scale of human sufferings stands hunger; and although the rich may often be the victims of disease in its mitigated form, this pang, that scares the most enduring fortitude from the human breast, can never assail them. Not so with the poor. Long, very long, will a man strive for his family against hunger. Long will he ward off the coming evil, and labour early and late to shield them from it. But it approaches gradually—so very gradually, that when he looks on his scanty board, and watches the altered looks of his children, he yet tries to persuade himself that real want stands afar off, and that the strong arm of industry will protect him from it.

It is painful to all but those whose hearts have become hardened, in their contact with the world, to observe the sufferings of mankind: most painful of all to witness the privations to which the children of the poor are subject. Often does the hunger of the parent remain unsatisfied, that the children may not feel its cravings; often is every article that can be spared from their own clothing disposed of, that bread may be provided for them: but yet it comes—want, in its darkest garb, and crushes and breaks the spirit that would resist it.

There is an instinct about children most inexplicable. They watch with eager eyes the progress of desolation, not flinching from it until the sharp pang of hunger comes, suffering their privations uncomplainingly, clinging to the last, in their very helplessness, to the hearts that cherish them; and when the heavy day comes, and the little that sufficed to sustain them is no longer to be procured, and the hopeless sob upon the mother's bosom, the cry of anguish that bursts from her lips, speak of the destitution that hovers around; then comes the temptation, creeping like a thing of sin and death around the heart:—the fainting mother, the famished children, the utter misery of their condition, the bitter self-upbraiding thoughts of the morrow, added to the day when the beings that man has made dependent on him are perishing—God! is not this temptation?

Let it not be thought that this picture is over-drawn for the purpose of palliating the crimes of the poor. It is coloured by

the hand of truth. It presents not one-third of the frightful, heart-rending misery, to which they are subject: it spares the reader scenes of destitution, which the eye that observes closely, and grows accustomed to each gradation of poverty, alone can contemplate. The simple but forcible narrative of the weaver Thom, which has already been made public, will illustrate its truth. He wandered with his family, in the snow, from parish to parish, obtaining little or no relief: and when at last, from the charity of a farmer, they found a roof to shelter them, the eldest child, who had pined daily, and sunk to the extreme of weakness —died; for the succour had come too late.

"If the lower orders be distressed," is the frequent observation, "let them go to the workhouses. Each man contributes according to his means to the support of the poor." It is even so. They fall into the abyss of pauperism, their names are erased from the book of men; by accepting the enforced charity of their fellow creatures they are bound hand and foot to their degraded condition, and the few remaining links of sympathy existing between the comparatively rich and the poor are destroyed by one blow. Very few are the cases on record in which men (setting aside families) have ever left the workhouses and returned to the labour of their hands. The cause cannot exist in a love of idleness, or a repugnance to labour, for the tasks allotted to each man in the union or workhouse are frequently greater than if he were striving for his bread, and sometimes totally beyond his strength; but it is caused by his degradation, even among those who are almost as deeply stricken by poverty as himself; to use his own expressive words, "he never holds his head up in the world again." Who then with the feelings of humanity can urge to the poor this last and crushing resource? The means of ameliorating their condition is the object that the wealthier portions of the community should have at heart; and these are not to be procured by increasing the number of pauper asylums, and erecting fresh barriers in society.

Thus much we can state from our own experience. Let the poor be distressed to the very utmost, the last fragment of bread that they possess they will share with their neighbours in affliction. They have mercy on each other. The hidden destitution whose demoralising effects are showing themselves daily and hourly, exists in the manufacturing towns, in the metropolis, and in its environs. For here the temptations are greater; the means of

providing subsistence, when none is to be earned by industry, are so near, so frightfully near; the gulf between poverty and crime so wide, and yet so quickly passed, that their trials are not only increased threefold, but they are contaminated by the very opportunities of crime. If then man falls, and is judged guilty by his fellow men, and the impoverished order to which he belongs is condemned for having held him within it, may his offence be considered with the charity that is of Heaven, and not of earth; for of the temptations of the poor it may be said with truth "their name is Legion."

THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Letter XIII.—To Mrs. Hedgehog, of New York.

Dear Grandmother,—You ought to be in England just now, we're in such a pleasant pucker. The Church is in danger again! I have myself known her twenty times in peril,—but now, she really is at the very edge of destruction. You know there's a place called Maynooth College, where they bring up Roman Catholic priests for the use of Ireland. Well, there's a lot of folks, who will have it that this College is no bit better than certain tanks I've read of in India, where they breed young crocodiles to be worshipped by people who know no better. Sir Robert Peel intends to give 26,000*l*. a year to this place—it used to have an annual grant of 9,000*l*.—that the scholars may be increased in number, and that they may be better taught and more comfortably boarded and lodged. Well, the members of the Church of England—although here and there they have grumbled at the matter, and have called the Pope names that pass in small change at Billingsgate—have been mute as fish compared to the Dissenters. It is they who have fought the fight; it is they who have raised the price of parchment by darkening the House of Commons with clouds of petitions. It is they who have risen to a man, and have patted the British Lion, and twisted his tail, and goaded him—as you'd set a bull-dog on a cat—to tear Popery to pieces.

But dear Grandmother, don't be afraid. Before you get my

next letter, with all this noise and bouncing, we shall have settled down as quiet as stale soda-water. And then for the Church being in danger,—bless you! the very folks who are now holding up their hands, thinking it will drop to pieces—(from its very richness, I suppose, like some of your plum-puddings)—why, they 'll sleep quietly in their beds, and take their glass of wine and chicken with their usual appetite, until the Church shall be once more in trouble, once more to give 'em a pleasant, healthful shaking,—and then once more to let 'em easily down again. I've known some girls who 've thought they best showed how tender they were by always going into fits: well, I do think, that just like 'em, some people believe they best show their religion, when they scream and foam at the mouth about it.

It 's a settled belief with a good many pious people, who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holiday occasions for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear—it 's a belief with them that a Papist is a sort of human toad—an abomination in the form of man. Doctor Croly has surely a notion of this sort. A few days ago, he appeared on Covent-Garden stage (I think his first appearance there since his comedy of *Pride shall have a Fall*) and called upon the Lord, with thunder and lightning and the sword, to kill his enemies—meaning Roman Catholics! And then the Doctor showed how Providence had punished all naughty kings who had cast an eye of favour on the Pope. Capping this, the Doctor more than hinted that George the Fourth—the first gentleman in Europe, for he had a greater number of coats than all the rest of the kings put together—was somewhat suddenly called from his loving people, because he had passed the Bill that 'mancipated the Catholics. Well, when we think how many Catholics there are in the world—when we remember the millions of 'em scattered about the earth—it does appear to me a little bold in a worm of a man (whether the said worm wears clergyman's black or not) praying to the Lord to destroy, crush, burn, whole nations of men and women, because he wasn't born to think as they do. But so it is with some folks, very proud indeed of their Christianity. Hear them talk and pray, and you would think that Satan himself —the father of wickedness—had been the creator of ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and that it was the pure, elect, and lucky hundredth that religiously begged for the destruction of the ninety-nine. But all the noise is about the largeness of the sum —the 26,000*l.* The 9,000*l.* was every year quietly voted—for

I call the gaggling of two or three Parliament geese as nothing—and still the church stands unshaken on her foundations. By this it would seem, that with some folks it is the money that a wrong costs, and not the wrong itself, that is objectionable. Thinking after this fashion, drunkenness is not to be thought a vice if it be drunkenness gratis ; it however increases in enormity with the increase of its price ; thus gin-drunkenness is merely wrong, but burgundy-drunkenness is infamous to the last degree. Havn't I read somewhere of an old Greek philosopher—if some of those chaps had lived in these times, they 'd now and then have found themselves at the police office—who felt mightily disposed to do what was immoral, and only held back at the purchase-money ! I think he said, he wouldn't "buy repentance at so dear a price." Now, if he could have had the sin at a cheap pennyworth, the sin itself had been light indeed. It 's the weight of money, that makes the weight of crime.

But, I suppose, Doctor Croly, Mr. M'Neile, and such folks—who seem to read their Bibles by the blue light of brimstone—believe that the extra money given to the Roman Catholic priests of Ireland will only be so much powder and shot with which they may bring down Protestants. Well, if money is to make converts, what has the Irish Protestant Church been about, that has always had a full money-bag at her girdle, and more than that, plenty of leisure to reclaim the fallen? She has always had a golden crook whereby to bring stray lambs into the fold,—and yet has added nothing to her flock.

Now, according to my opinion, the folks who abuse Maynooth ought rather to feel glad that more money is to be given to her priests, seeing what an abundance of money, and good things purchased by money, have done for the Irish Protestant Church. It has become slow as it has become fat. Stuff even a pulpit cushion with bank-notes, and it is strange to see how religion will sleep upon it. And therefore, people ought to rejoice that the Catholic priest is to be made a little comfortable in worldly matters ! Excellent, worthy churchmen, who can command the sports of the field, and all the pleasures of the table, are not the busy, troublesome folks to go about converting their benighted neighbours ! And though the Maynooth pupils may not—like their beneficed rivals—keep fox-hounds, and enjoy the dearest turtle, pine-apples, and all that—they will not, I think, be in after-life more dangerous to the Protestant Church, because—when at College—they slept not more than two in a bed.

But there 's a sort of people in the world that can't bear making any progress. I wonder they ever walk, unless they walk backwards ! I wonder they don't refuse to go out when there 's a new moon,—and all out of love and respect, for that " ancient institution," the old one. But there always were such people, grandmother—always will be. When lucifers first came in, how many old women, staunch old souls—many of 'em worthy to be members of parliament—stood by their matches and tinder-boxes, and cried out " No surrender ! " And how many of these old women —disguised in male attire—every day go about at public meetings, professing to be ready to die for any tinder-box question that may come up ! Yes, ready—quite ready to die for it ; all the readier, perhaps, because dying for anything of the sort 's now gone out of fashion.

Even Sir James Graham says the time is gone by for ill-using Ireland. " The time is gone by ! " And yet how many men before Sir James, have stood up, and declared *their* time—the time " gone by "—was the best time possible for Ireland ; that what was doing for her could not be improved ; and, having thundered this, have sat down secure in a majority that has voted for the evil to continue ! What a long while it is before men in power will learn to call things by their proper names ! What a time it takes to teach ministers to call evil, evil—and lies, lies !

Sir Robert Peel has behaved in the handsomest manner in the matter. He says it is by no means his wish to rob the Whigs of the gratitude of Ireland for the Maynooth measure. Certainly not : they no doubt could have carried it had he joined them : this, however, he would not do : he has, however, no objection that they should join *him*. And so, they may have the gratitude, and he the patronage and power. They have helped him to open the oyster ; he swallows the fish,—and they are quite welcome to the shells.

It is quite a delight to read Sir Robert's parliament speeches. Did you ever talk to a man who seemed never to hear what you said ; but only thought what he should say to pass for an answer ? who seemed as though none of your words entered his ears, but all slid down his cheek ? I 've met with such people, and Sir Robert Peel—when I read his Maynooth speeches—does remind me of 'em. What a way he has of talking *down the side* of a speech, and never answering it direct ! I hardly wonder that the playhouses don't flourish, when there 's such capital actors of all sorts in the Houses of Parliament.

I had just been reading an account of two or three more Maynooth meetings, where some of the speakers talked about the true and the false religion, as though themselves had a sole and certain knowledge of what was true—what false: I had just been reading all this, when my eye fell upon a paragraph headed, "Lord Rosse's Telescope." Lord Rosse, you must know, is one of those noblemen who do not pull off knockers—knock down cabmen—and always take a front seat at the Old Bailey, on a trial for murder. No: he has been making an enormous telescope; and the paragraph I write of, says—"Marvellous rumours are afloat respecting the astronomical discoveries made by Lord Rosse's monster telescope. It is said that Regulus, instead of being a sphere, is ascertained to be a disc; and, stranger still, that the nebula in the belt of Orion is a universal system—a sun, with planets moving round it, as the earth and her fellow-orbs move round our glorious luminary."

Now, at one time, a man might have been burnt alive for taking it upon himself to say that Regulus was not a sphere, but a disc; and that Orion (I know nothing about him, save and except that a marvellously fine poem, price one farthing, was lately published with his name,) did not wear in his belt any nebula, but a universal system! La, grandmother! when I read of these things, I feel a mixture of pain and pity for men that, instead of having their hearts and spirits tuned by the harmony that God is always playing to them—(and they won't hear it, the leathern-eared sinners!)—think of nothing but swearing that one thing 's a disc, and the other a nebula,—when they only look through small glasses, wanting the great telescope to show 'em the real truth!

And so no more, from your affectionate grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

P. S.—I blush for myself, that I had almost forgotten to tell you that Doctor Wolff has come back, safe and sound, from the innermost part of India; where he went to try to save the lives of two Englishmen, Stoddart and Conolly. It was like going into a tiger's den to take flesh from the wild beast. And yet the stout-hearted man went! Such an act makes us forget the meanness and folly of a whole generation! Captain Grover—a heart of gold, that!—has published a book on the matter called *The Bokhara Victims*. As no doubt the New York publishers—in their anxiety to diffuse knowledge—have already published it for some five cents, do not fail to read it. As for Doctor Wolff,

I wonder what Englishmen will do for him? If he'd come back from India after cutting twenty thousand throats, why, he might have had a round of dinners, diamond-hilted swords, wine-coolers, as big as buckets, and so on;—as it is, I fear nothing *can* be done for him. However, we shall see.

THE SOCIAL FLOWER.

THERE grows a strong and noble flower
In Britain's genial soil;
Its root—the source of life and power—
We trace in those who toil.

In commerce we distinctly see
The stem of fair renown,
Its Leaves—the Aristocracy,
The Flower is "the Crown."

All time, all labour 's vainly spent,
Unless the whole be free;
To give the Stem its nourishment
The Root wants Liberty.

If then in strength you 'd have it grow,
Put forth its buds and shoot,
Heed neither Leaves nor Flower, but know
The secret 's in the Root.

Cramp not the Root—give scope and room—
Not niggardly, by stealth—
The Flower will then in beauty bloom,
The Leaves show signs of health.

Confine the Root, attempt to coop
Its powers in any way,
The Leaves must fade, the Flower will droop,
The Stem itself decay.

Oh, ye in pow'r! give ear to grief,
Assist the labouring poor;
'Tis they who knock and claim relief
At Legislation's door.

Their waning vigour oh! recruit,
Learn to be timely wise;
The toiling thousands form the Root
Where your existence lies.

R. V. H.

A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.*

"The judgments of God are for ever unchangeable: neither is He wearied by the long process of Time, and won to give His blessing in one age to that which He hath cursed in another." Walter Raleigh.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

GOVERNMENT OF THE CONQUEROR.

1073-1087. There is an interesting passage in the Latin Chronicle of Orderic Vitalis, describing the unsuccessful attempt of William the King to obtain a knowledge of the language of the people he had conquered. It tells us that he had made the attempt too late. He had grown too old to learn; and after repeated but unavailing efforts, the project was laid aside.

It was in a similar temper, but with better success, he addressed himself to the task of Civil Government. Once thoroughly informed of Anglo-Saxon institutions and usage, he felt the policy of maintaining them with infusion of new vigour. For of many, the form alone was left; the spirit had yielded to those influences of property and luxury, under which the rude and primitive strength of the Saxon character had sunk to degeneracy and contempt.

Before he started on his great expedition, William well knew what condition of classes and power it was that would oppose itself to his iron array. A great landed *Proprietary*, with no root of strength or duties in the soil; effeminate, factious, and unworthy; on whom, as he now looked round from the throne of his conquest, death, revolt, and exile had done their work, placing their lands at his disposal. A richly endowed *Hierarchy*, ignorant as well as corrupt; whom, now that the power was his, he resolved to depose, and to fill their places with men from Normandy, to whom piety, moral restraints, and good literature, were things not wholly unknown. And finally, a *People* enslaved and depressed; in whose enervate ranks, even while he had thinned and wasted

* Continued from page 371.

them, he saw that he had, at the same time, rekindled life and action. He now pushed his inquiries further.

The first important act of his government was a commission appointing twelve Saxons in each county to make investigation, and certify what were the laws of Edward the Confessor. When this return was made, he saw what pervaded all, and formed the basis of the Saxon constitution. Briefly it may be described as a balance between courts of the People and a prerogative jurisdiction of the King, mutually correcting and sustaining each other. Through the witan-agemot, and the rights of eorls, eorldormen, thegns, gerefas, and shire-gerefas; through the constitutions of gilds and borhs, shire-gemotes, and folk-motes, hundreds, tythings, and wapentakes; in the county courts, the elective franchises, the customs, services, and tolls; in the obligation of the land to military expeditions and effective services for the national defence; —he saw this principle pervading all, and must be taken to have deliberately adopted it as the basis of his own government.

It was wont to be a favourite discussion between liberal and high tory antiquaries, whether a very ancient and rightful title to all kinds of prerogative in the king, might not fairly be derived from the fact that *Gulielmus Conquestor* placed his iron heel on the neck of Saxon England, and submitted the people to his absolute will. This the whig antiquarian stoutly resisted; argued that the conquest was over Harold, not over the kingdom; nay, argued that there was no conquest in the case; that conquest was but a word after all, signifying acquest, or new acquired feudal rights; and seemed to forget that if even all had been as his tory opponent stated it, no precedent could establish a prescription against the irresistible claims of civilisation, or against the unalienable rights of humanity.

But it is essential that all things should be justly described; and nothing is more certain than that in the form of his coronation William put off the character of invader, and in the spirit of the oath he had taken proceeded, at his earliest season, to adopt all necessary measures to quiet the kingdom in the enjoyment of its own laws, and in a fair administration of justice. The Saxon jurisprudence was confirmed; and through the reigns of William's Norman successors, continued to be the basis of the common law. Every subsequent alteration operated upon it; and though the action of time and circumstance made these alterations considerable, there was little direct change by positive enactment. The

most material matters that claim consideration here, as needful to the right understanding of subsequent chapters of this *History*, are connected with the changes of the feudal constitution.

The notion which long prevailed, that the feudal system was first introduced into England at the Conquest, has been disproved by modern inquiry. There is not a doubt that the Anglo-Saxons, in common with every other branch of the stock of the Germanic nations, had brought with them all the rudiments and germs of the feudal services. It was a natural consequence of the dispersion of the tribes after the fall of the Roman empire, that they should have carried to new scenes of conquest and settlement the principle of union observed in their own country as early as the age of Tacitus, when every chieftain had his band of retainers, who did him honour in time of peace and followed him to the field in time of war. Whether it had grown in their own forests, or had been derived in any degree from what they saw of the system of the Empire, is, upon the whole, an immaterial question. Without some such artificial connexion as should reciprocally bind the lord to his vassal, and the vassal to his lord, these wandering barbarian hordes could never have held themselves together when they sallied forth in quest of adventure. That connexion they established; and in it, as Dr. Lingard has remarked, lay the whole system of feudality, with 'its long train of obligations, 'of homage, suit, service, purveyance, reliefs, wardship, and 'scutage.'

Such incidents were but the natural development of the system; and there are sufficient grounds to enable us to declare that it had made considerable advance under the Saxons, though by no means to the exclusion of other modes of tenure, before the subtle and elaborate Norman devices were grafted on it. As well in its liberal as in its despotic character, this was the case. For instance, the obligation in a feud was acknowledged by Oath, in the days of Alfred, to be reciprocal and binding on both parties; and even the right of Wardship was claimed (occasionally) by the Saxon king, though without those Norman aggravations of the claim to be described hereafter.

It was not an unimportant advance when the existence of mutual rights and duties was sanctioned by an oath. I have said that a kind of natural necessity originated the feudal tenure. Here was a vassal in attendance on his chieftain, doing him service and entitled to reward. Here, on the other hand, was the

chieftain, as deeply interested not to sever his vassals' connexion as not to render him independent. Could the reward for his past, be also made the bond for his future, service, it would be well; and hence the expedient of making the feud or fief of land presented to him for his use, not an absolute and independent ownership. The feud was, in the first instance, a loan, resumable at pleasure; the profits were left as entirely as by ownership to the feudatory, but he was kept dependent by the precarious and revocable tenure; the property (*dominium directum*, as it was called,) remained with the lord. With the obligation of an oath, however, something of the uncertainty of tenure was on both sides abated; and while it secured the lord's interests, it made the position of the vassal more honourable and advantageous. The oath taken in the Saxon time has been preserved. 'By the lord,' it ran, and the inferior, as he was sworn, placed his hands between those of his chief, 'I promise to be faithful and true; to love all that 'thou lovest, and shun all that thou shunnest, conformably to the 'laws of God and man; and never in will or weald (power), in 'word or work, to do that which thou loathest, *provided thou hold 'me as I mean to serve, and fulfil the conditions to which we agreed 'when I subjected myself to thee, and chose thy will.*'

This was a compact, implying on both sides fixed rights and settled duties; and making Protection as sacred an obligation as Service. It gradually led to the feud becoming a life-estate; from which, as an almost natural consequence, the principle of hereditary succession arose; every new occupant making still his acknowledgment of vassalage, and binding himself as fully as the first grantee. Nor did it require much forethought to discern, that the perfect development of this system would end in a relative arrangement of legally binding obligations and legally maintainable rights, in the course and action of which the very life of the relation of vassalage would expire. This will be amply seen in subsequent reigns.

The first grantors of feuds were sovereign princes. This was the simplest condition of feudality. But then, by what was called *sub-infeudation*, the vassal of a prince could become the lord over vassals of his own, and was called a mesne or intermediate lord, while his vassals had the name of arrere vassals. In like manner, by the same process, the vassal of a mesne lord might become the lord of other arrere vassals. The principle thus extending itself, it became dangerous to maintain what was always held to be its

leading and essential incident, until William discovered the danger. I mean the paramount obligation of the vassal to the lord of whom he immediately held his land, and to no other. It was obvious that the effect of this, in a strict observance of the feudal compact, would, when the compact had become so widely extended, interfere with the independent settlement of a sovereignty or kingdom. The land might be held as a parcel of petty sovereignties, but could not exist as a single and powerful monarchy, unless the crown were in fact as well as form the paramount authority over all.

William the Conqueror first established this. He broke the bonds of the feudal system as established over all the Continent, and settled the aristocracy and government of England on a marked basis of its own. He compelled the arrere vassals, as well as the immediate tenants of the crown, to take the oath of fealty to himself. His own tenants swore to be true to him against all manner of men ; their sub-tenants swore to be true to them against all men, except the king and his heirs.

One of William's first laws (and by the wording of them it would seem that he had already called a great council of his vassals at London, in deference to the form and principles of the *Witan*) ran thus : 'We will that all the freemen of our kingdom possess their 'lands in peace, free from all tallage and unjust exaction: that 'nothing be required or taken from them but their free service, 'which they owe to us of right, as has been appointed to them, 'and granted by us *with hereditary right* for ever by the common 'council of our whole kingdom.' The words as to hereditary right would possibly quiet the alarm with which the next law, determining what was due by reason of this obligatory 'free service,' was likely to be received. It required all owners of land to engage and swear that they became vassals or tenants, and as such would be faithful to William as lord, in respect of the *dominium* residing in a feudal lord ; and further, to swear everywhere faithfully to maintain and defend their lord's territories and titles as well as his person, and give him all possible assistance against his enemies, whether foreign or domestic. A third law completed the new arrangement of the land, and expressed the condition of military service. 'And we command that all earls, 'barons, knights, serjeants, and freemen, be always provided with 'horses and arms as they ought, and that they be always ready 'to perform to us their whole service, in manner as they owe it to

'us of right for their fees and tenements, and as we have 'appointed to them by the common council of our whole kingdom, 'and as we have granted to them in fee *with right of inheritance.*'

The 'right of inheritance,' doubtless, made forcible appeal in cases (and they were prevailing ones in the old Saxon feuds) where the feud it replaced was only beneficiary and for life. But it required some such boon to accompany such a change. These statutes had at once abolished the Saxon distinctions of bocland and folkland (something in the nature of freehold and copyhold), charter-land and allodial (full ownership); and suddenly placed all the *liberi homines* under a tenure which bound them, in a feudal relation, mediately or immediately, to the king. This is not the place to describe all the obligations and burthens with which the restless subtlety of the Norman lawyers (the most notorious petti-foggers then known to Europe) overlaid tenant and vassal; they will appear in action hereafter; but I will briefly show the practical working of the military service tenure.

It had never been practised on such a scale as this in any other country. William's apprehension of unceasing Saxon hostility had suggested it; and as a plan to compel each tenant in chief to have a certain number of knights and horsemen always ready to fight under his banner, and obey the commands of the sovereign, it was decisive and effectual. The 'free service' consisted in the quota of armed horsemen. Every vassal must furnish them at requisition of his lord, and maintain them for forty days (the term was enlarged by Henry II.) in the field. The exemptions, even in the church, and to clerical or monastic bodies, were extremely few: and it is supposed that William could by these means, at a short notice, raise an effective army of sixty thousand cavalry. The same 'free service' which the king exacted of the tenants in chief, these in turn exacted of their retainers; and every large estate, whether held by a vassal or sub-vassal of the crown, had one portion of it divided into parcels, called knights' fees, and bestowed on military tenants, while the other was reserved for the lord's own use under the name of his demesne. Here he let out parts to farm, gave parts to tenants to be held by any other than military service, and cultivated the rest by his villeins.

That the condition of this latter class was enormously improved by the Conquest, does not admit of doubt. Nothing could be wretcheder or more hopeless than the Saxon slave, *ceorl* (churl), or cultivator of the soil. Indeed, almost all the rustic population

of Saxon England had been reduced to the servile or semi-servile-state; and, whether as *villani*, *bordarii*, *servi*, *cotarii*, or *coscez*, (the Saxon *theow*, *esne*, and *thrael*), were held to be mere incidents of the land, and, for the most part, though some had privileges unpossessed by others, subject to be sold with it like cattle. William's statutes first gave them legal rights. It was manifestly a great object with him to rescue what may be called the peasantry, where he could, from the arbitrary bondage and tyranny of the mesne lord, and to make his own courts and officers their safeguard and resource.

For example, he enacted that lords should not deprive their husbandmen of their lands so long as they did the proper services for it; that these cultivators should not be called upon to do any other work than their due service; and that no man should be sold (half the cottages in Scotland had each an English slave) out of the country. He promoted emancipation where he could; made its forms easy; and, in a statute which had the effect of greatly augmenting the free population, ordained that the residence of any slave, for a year and a day, without being claimed, in any city, burgh, or walled town, should entitle him to his perpetual liberty.

Another important aid to this wise as well as humane policy, was the Norman regulation, making fealty incident even to the lowest tenures. The villein took the oath of fealty to his lord for the cottage and land he enjoyed from his bounty, and promised to submit to his jurisdiction both as to body and chattels. But the mere fact of villenage, being recognised thus in the nature of a tenure, advanced the Saxon slave to the condition of tenant, and entitled him to that kind of consideration which governed all tenures. The lord, after receiving his fealty, could not, in honour or conscience (uncertain supports, but sometimes recognised), deprive him of his possession so long as he performed his service. Hence it is supposed that the acquiescence of the lord, in suffering the descendants of such persons to succeed to the land, sufficed to advance, in the course of years, the tenant's pretensions in opposition to the lord's absolute right, till the forbearance grew to a permanent and legal interest, and was called *copyhold tenure*.

Fealty, Homage, and Investiture, were incident to every feudal grant. 'When the tenant shall make Homage to his lord,' says Littleton, 'he shall be ungirt and his head uncovered; and his 'lord shall sit, and the tenant shall kneel before him on both his

'knees, and hold his hands jointly together between the hands of 'his lord, and shall say thus: "I become your man from this day '"forward, of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and unto you '"shall be true and faithful, and bear the faith for the tenements '"that I claim to hold of you, saving the faith that I owe to our '"sovereign lord the king;" and then the lord, so sitting, shall 'kiss him.' In the old illuminations, you see this ceremony represented with the same impartial incidents, whether the villein does homage to the arrere vassal for his cottage, or the Earl of Bretagne for acquisition of a province does homage to his uncle the King. The rendering of Fealty consisted in the oath, and dispensed with the obeisance. It was the more dignified ceremony. The frank tenant, or freeholder, stood while he took this oath of fidelity, and kissed the book at its close. 'But he shall not 'kneel,' says Littleton, 'when he maketh his fealty, nor shall 'make humble reverence as in homage.' The forms thus completed, the act of Investiture was the actual conveyance of the feudal lands. The mode varied; from actual delivery on the ground to a kind of symbolical delivery by turf, stone, wand, or branch; and in various districts as many as ninety-eight different methods are recounted by the antiquarians. And thus, by means of these forms and conditions, before William's death, all England was held of the crown, or in fief by the vassals, or of them by sub-infeudation.

The duties of the vassal, other than military, made it a breach of faith in him to divulge his lord's counsel, to conceal from him the machinations of others, to injure his person or his fortune, or to violate the sanctity of his roof or the honour of his family. When his lord was dismounted in battle, he was bound to lend him his horse; while fighting, to adhere to his side; and when taken, to go as hostage for him into captivity. His attendance was also due in his lord's courts, sometimes to witness the administration of justice, sometimes to bear a part in it. For every grant of land embraced concurrently an express grant of jurisdiction; and this, both civil and criminal, every great tenant exercised, in what were called manor courts, over all his immediate tenants.

In like form and spirit, the attendance of the great tenants of the crown was expected in the king's court at the three great festivals; and when on other occasions summoned, they were bound to appear. They formed the highest judicial tribunal in the king-

dom, when thus assembled. The welfare of the state was discussed by them; and their concurrence was given to the sovereign in the making or amending of laws. Earls, barons, and lesser tenants in chief thus sat together; were comprehended under the general title of barons; and called, in collective body, the baronage of England. Out of this, we shall see our present representative system gradually take shape.

The most onerous incidents of feudalism, and those that most frequently occupied the courts, are known by the name of *Escheats*, *Reliefs*, *Aids*, and *Descents*. These embraced the incidents of Forfeiture of the fee, by felony or treason, or failure of the alleged legitimate heir; of payment of pecuniary Relief on the entrance of a new heir into possession of the fee (William greatly diminished the amount from what it had been under the Saxon kings, but by his successors it was made an instrument of frightful extortion); of certain levies by way of Aid on certain occurrences in the family of the lord; and of disputes which arose on the legal limitations of Alienation and Descent,—for though no question was made of the legitimate inheritance of the eldest son of the first tenant, great doubts arose, on the death of the second tenant, whether the fee (which, I need hardly interpose, could neither be devised by will nor alienated by gift or sale) should descend to his son, as nearest in blood to the last possessor, or to his brother, as the nearest to the original feoffee. But heavy as these disputed taxes were, the Saxon proprietor had suffered them under his own kings. Where the Norman oppression was most sharply felt, and most obstinately resisted, were in the grievances of *Wardship* and *Marriage*. The first was made a means of bitter extortion, before unattempted; and the last was a wholly new engine of tyranny, unknown in any of the existing feudal constitutions of Europe.

It is not certain that they were founded before the reign of the Conqueror's son; but they claim brief mention here, as incident to the system established. Wardship implied the custody of the person of the tenant, and appropriation of the profits of the estate, during his minority. His age rendering him incapable of military service, the lord made that the excuse for entering into possession himself, for giving possession to a favourite, or for letting out the fee to farm; and, worst of all, for separating the heir from his mother and relations, on the plea that he was responsible for his fit education to the military service. He was

bound, indeed, to pay his expenses; and, on his majority, to grant him possession of his estate (livery of seisin) without payment of relief: but what an engine of torture and tyranny was here erected, I need not point out, and it was far surpassed by what was called the *Maritagium*.

This was the power possessed by the lord of tendering a husband to his female ward while she remained under age. For, as the female heir of the fee (it descended to the daughters in common, where there were more than one) was incapable of military service, and as the husband must do homage in her place and perform the accustomed duties, the lord asserted the right of himself providing a man both able and willing to comply with the obligations of the fee, and made this right the excuse for the most abominable avarice and wrong. The unhappy girl was sold to the highest bidder. He could prevent her marrying, even while her father lived, without his advice and consent; and if, in her wardship, she rejected the match provided, she forfeited the value of the marriage; or, in other words, as much as any one would have given the lord for permission to marry her. This frightful tyranny, as we shall see, continued to a late time, and was the source of dreadful suffering.

I have thus recounted the leading features of William's enlargement and settlement of the feudal institutions. His other great change, was his separation of the secular and spiritual courts, and establishment of an independent ecclesiastical jurisdiction in England. In this, there is no reason to believe he had any deeper motive than the assimilation of English and continental church discipline; and it may be readily admitted that he would have deprecated and deplored its consequences, could he have foreseen them; for he was no friend or favourer of the pretences of an independent spiritual despotism. From all his higher clergy, so long as he lived, he compelled obedience to his laws. Even the pope elected at Rome he would not suffer any one, without his consent, to receive as the apostolic father; nor, though he paid the dues called Peter's Pence as Duke of Normandy, was any papal letter or bull introduced with authority into England, till he had himself as King inspected and allowed it. 'I have been unwilling to do fealty to you hitherto,' he said to Gregory VII., when that potent personage demanded his homage, 'and I will not do it now, because I have never pro-'mised it, nor do I find that any of my predecessors performed it

'to your's. I do not owe you fealty. I hold my kingdom of 'God and my sword.' No ecclesiastical council could enjoin or forbid without his approval, nor, except publicly by his command, could a bishop implead, or excommunicate, or by sacerdotal sentence punish for any capital crime.

Nor was this for mere protection of his barons. He subjected them as strictly to his own court, and the reconstituted tribunals of the county and hundred. Sir Francis Palgrave confirms Mr. Reeves' statement in his *History of Law*, and enables us to say with some certainty that the institution of trial by jury is due to William. He had the statutes of the Anglo-Saxon kings translated into Norman; and if the pleadings of the courts were for some years confined to that tongue, there was no deeper reason for it than their judges' ignorance of English. Of his general laws it is remarked in Mr. Reeves' book, that they 'seem, most of them, 'very little worthy of curiosity, as differing in nothing from the 'subject of many Saxon constitutions. They merely enforce or 're-enact what was before the law of the nation.' Even when most anxious to provide for the security of his followers, William did not enact a new, but revived an old statute; and for the violent death of a Norman, imposed Canute's penalty for the death of a Dane. And though the Norman alone was named in that law, before a century had passed the Saxon and Norman had so far coalesced that inquiries into descent were fruitless, and the penalty to guard the foreigner's life guarded the life of every freeman.

It would be unjust to attribute this rapid coalescement to any remoter or less obvious cause than the system of government I have here reviewed:—the system which had but reconstituted the old Saxon eorldormen, greater and lesser thanes, ceorles and theowas, under the titles of counts and earls, of barons, knights, and esquires, of free tenants and villeins or serfs; which had revived the national council, with its judicial and legislative powers, constituted as of old; which, in king's court, shire-motes, hundred-motes, and hall-motes, had re-vested the administration of justice in the old tribunals; which had confirmed the statutes, and even the provincial customs, of Anglo-Saxon England; and had taken means carefully to ascertain even the rights of the smaller districts and petty lordships, that they also might be admitted and guaranteed.

This was a main inquiry in the famous commission which Wil-

liam issued towards the close of his reign, and to which we owe the memorable compilation of *Domesday Book*. His motive to it may have been the selfish one of checking the acquisitions of his barons, and recalling the rights of the crown; it may have been the natural desire to institute something like order and arrangement in the land, after the chaos of a conquest; but it has in either case preserved to us an indisputable evidence of his capacity and genius in government. Every hide of land was exactly surveyed, by means of juries impanneled in every hundred, and the information obtained and recorded, embraces the extent of each estate; its division into arable land, pasture, meadow, and wood; the names of the owner, tenants, and sub-tenants; the number and condition of the inhabitants, whether free or servile; the nature and obligations of the tenure; and the estimated value, and amount of land-tax paid, before and after the Conquest.

In that book, rightly termed the book of doom, we read with precision, to this day, what terrible vicissitudes the land had undergone. We see here, indeed, that some few lesser Saxon thanes, still, as of old, called thanes of the king, were left in almost every county, with estates derived from Edward the Confessor; and we see the inferior freeholders everywhere less disturbed than the higher class; but of the large native proprietors who had not perished in the recent tumults, we see the majority of the entire body now holding their lands but as vassals of Norman lords. One thousand four hundred and thirty-two manors had been assigned to the King; to the earl bishop Odo, four hundred and fifty; to Geoffrey, bishop of Constance, two hundred and eighty; nine hundred and seventy-three to Robert of Mortaigne; to Alan, earl of Bretagne, four hundred and forty-two; to William Warenne, two hundred and ninety-eight; and a hundred and seventy-one to Richard de Clare. But the prodigality of these men kept pace with their rapacity; their estates were gradually doled out to followers and retainers; and they were often themselves in want.

Domesday Book, which in its arrangement and completeness tells us so much of William's administrative wisdom, contains also deplorable evidence of his recklessness and passion. It is there we read, past dispute, an act of despotism which might be else incredible. His Saxon predecessors had left him, for his favourite sport of hunting, no fewer than sixty-eight forests, beside parks and chases innumerable; yet, wanting a larger range for the deer, and more ample space for his royal

amusement, he seized upon a tract of land in Hampshire, measuring thirty miles from Salisbury to the sea, and in circumference little less than ninety miles, and turned it to a hunting-ground! Of its fertile and cultivated manors he made a wilderness; its villages he depopulated and destroyed; its thirty-six parish churches he burnt; and signalized the ferocious act by a system of Forest laws not less ferocious. 'So much he loved the high deer as if 'he had been their father.' People thought it, through many succeeding ages, God's punishment for these crimes, that in the New Forest three princes of his blood were slain.

And these crimes they are, those mingled characters of evil and good which I before remarked upon in this prince, which have too often withheld from the government of William the First a favourable and fair consideration. I have dwelt upon it at some length, because it is the starting point of English history; because the violent and partial views of Thierry have of late misdirected inquiry on many heads relating to it; and because its effects reappear in every great stage of our national story, and are visible in much of the institutions and opinions that govern us and sustain our proprietors of land, even to this hour. In proportion to the enormity of suffering (and I do not underrate it) inflicted on our native population by the Conquest, were in my opinion the greatness and extent of that wise policy by which the primitive vigour of the national life and character was brought safely through the struggle. The power and force of the Norman, were more than counterbalanced by the habits and institutions of the Saxon. And it was William who manifestly aimed from the first to keep these, as far as might be, unimpaired; who, even when he granted earldoms with independent jurisdiction (as in the case of Hugh the Wolf, and his brother Odo), grounded the jurisdiction on Saxon courts and customs; whose laws, even where of doubtful policy, stirred up energy and resistance in their course, and left great good at their close; who controlled and counteracted the aristocracy he had called into existence, and, alone among the princes of that day, would fain have wholly subjected the great and warlike who surrounded him, to the dominion of a settled jurisprudence, and an acknowledged paramount government.

It was the constant complaint of his barons against him toward the close of his reign. For he knew what repression they needed. 'The Normans,' he said upon his death-bed, 'are a proud 'people; preux and valiant knights, conquering in all countries

'If they have a good chieftain, they are greatly to be dreaded. 'But if they have not a sovereign whom they fear, who constrains 'and oppresses them, they will be all in evil deeds, and neither be 'honourable nor just. They must be trodden on, and bent, and 'kept under foot, and he who does so to them may use them at 'his need. They are haughty and fierce, boastful and vain-'glorious. They must always be kept subdued, for they are ready 'and strong to resist and battle.' And in this temper, more especially in the latter part of his reign, he managed and controlled them. Wherefore were those latter years, it need hardly be added, marked by Norman conspiracies and rebellion.

William of Malmesbury has preserved the complaints of the conspirators in a treason which cost the life of Waltheof and the perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of Fitz-Osbern's son. 'He is 'a bastard,' said the discontented barons, 'a man of base extrac-'tion; it is in vain he calls himself a king; it is easy to see he 'was never made to be one, and that God hath him not in his grace. 'He is ungrateful to the brave men who have shed their blood for 'him, and raised him to a higher pitch of greatness than any of 'his predecessors ever knew. What has he given to us conquerors, 'covered with wounds? Nothing but lands naturally sterile or 'devastated by the war; and then, as soon as he sees we have 'improved those estates, he takes them from us, or diminishes 'their extent.' But conspiracies did but more diminish the estates. William effectively thwarted and suppressed every treason against him, and did not spare even his own half-brother Odo. That powerful prelate seems to have had a scheme for making conquest of the popedom, by way of counterpart to his brother's conquest; and in the king's absence in Normandy, took advantage of his position as viceroy to collect treasures and bribe officers for the enterprise. William had secret intelligence, hurried back, seized the treasure, disarmed the officers, and ordered Odo's arrest. Wace describes the scene: 'No baron dared lay his hand 'on Odo. The good king then sprang out and seized him by his 'collar, and pulled him quite out of the ranks. "I take you," said 'he, "I take you." "You do me wrong," cried Odo; "I am a '"bishop and carry a cross; you ought not to lay hands on me." '"By my head," replied the king, "but I ought. I arrest you '"as the Earl of Kent, who is my bailiff and my servant, and who '"has not rendered me an account of my kingdom while he held '"it."' He threw him into prison, and was with difficulty, even when on his deathbed, brought to consent to his release.

William's last great public ceremony was held at Salisbury in 1085, when he received in person the fealty of all the holders of land in England, as well those who held in chief as their tenants and sub-tenants. It was noted at this time that his look was stern and gloomy ; that he seemed full of uneasiness and care ; and that he summoned to him men supposed to have knowledge of futurity, and asked them of his own future years, and of the probable fate of his children. He had long been in painful dispute with Robert, his eldest son, who had asked him for the Dukedom of Normandy, and received the homely but decisive answer, 'My son, I do not put 'off my clothes till I am going to bed.' The son tried, nevertheless, what force could do ; and these family quarrels, embittered by the sufferings they had caused his queen, who died about this time, were sufficient cause for uneasiness and sorrow.

New dissensions in this Norman Dukedom roused him to his last exertion. He passed over to Rouen in 1087, and the journey threw him on a bed of sickness. He had now lived upwards of sixty active years, and age had brought with it, we are told, excessive corpulence. Philip of France, alluding to this, said in conversation with his courtiers he supposed the English king was *lying in* at Rouen. The coarse jest was carried to William, whom it threw into a paroxysm of rage. By the splendour of God and the birth of Christ, he swore, that at his *churching* (women bore lighted tapers at that ceremony), he would set all France in a blaze. It was his last oath—*par la splendeur de Dieu !* As soon as he could sit his horse, he entered the French territory, and as, in the language of the chroniclers, (it was the month of August,) the harvest was waving, the grapes swelling on the stem, and the fruits reddening on the bough, he laid waste and pillaged all before him. He took by surprise the town of Mantes, once a portion of his patrimony ; his fierce soldiers burnt it to the earth ; and as he rode shouting through the smouldering ruins, his charger stumbled on some burning timber concealed by ashes, and threw the impetuous but unwieldy king on the pommel of his saddle. The hurt produced a rupture, and fever and inflammation followed. He was borne back to Rouen, and thence to a convent on the adjoining hill, where he lingered six weeks, conscious of his approaching doom.

His younger sons, Rufus and Henry, stood by his death-bed. To Robert, who was absent, he bequeathed Normandy. He would not, he said, appoint an heir to England ; to the decision of God he would leave that succession, which he had won by his sword ;

but ardent were his prayers and wishes that it might fall to the lot of Rufus. And thereupon, in a practical interval of wishing and praying, he addressed a command to his English primate Lanfranc, sealed it with his royal signet, kissed and blessed Rufus, and told him to make all speed to England. Henry Beauclerc turned from his brother's hasty adieus with an impatient question to his dying father. 'What was *he* to inherit?' 'Five thousand pounds of silver,' said the king. 'But what,' retorted Henry, 'will all 'the treasure profit me, if I have neither land nor home?' The fond father comforted his favourite son with a memorable prophecy. 'Be patient,' he said, 'and thou shalt inherit the 'fortunes of both thy brothers.'

Henry left the bedside, withdrew to an adjoining room, and made his legacy secure in a stout strong chest. His father now felt the pangs of death upon him, and spoke confusedly of the wickedness he had perpetrated in his 'life of toil and care,' of the virtues he had practised, of the ingratitude he had sustained, of the conscientious appointments he had made in the Church, of all his many alms, and of the seventeen monasteries and six nunneries which he had founded in Normandy. The sun that rose on his sleepless night of the 8th of September, was the last that shone upon him. He heard the sound of a bell, and asked eagerly what it meant. His attendants informed him that it tolled the hour of prime in the Church of St. Mary. 'Then,' he said, stretching out his arms, 'I commend my soul to my lady, 'the mother of God, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile 'me to her Son my Lord Jesus Christ;' and died. The instant after, the knights and prelates in attendance had left the place to secure their own safety; the attendants had rifled the room of death and carried off their booty; and a miserable heap of diseased clay, once the all-powerful Conqueror, deserted by its sons, its kinsmen, and its servants, lay without a covering on the ground. It owed the miserable and paltry sepulture it afterwards received to the charity of a knight of humble fortune and low degree.

'O secular pomp!' cries Orderic Vitalis, 'how despicable 'art thou, because how vain and transient! Thou art justly 'compared to the bubbles made by rain; for like them thou 'swellest for a moment, to vanish into nothing. Survey this most 'potent hero, whom lately 100,000 knights were eager to serve, 'and whom many nations dreaded, now lying for hours on the 'naked ground, spoiled and abandoned by every one!'

New Books.

HISTORY OF THE CONSULATE AND THE EMPIRE. By M. A. THIERS. Translated by D. FORBES CAMPBELL, Esq. Vols. I. and II.—Colburn.

THE career of a mighty warrior, politician and legislator, written by a statesman, would seem to be all that could be desired to produce a noble history. Yet the perusal of M. Thiers' "History of the Consulate and the Empire," will surely destroy this illusive expectation. We have had occasion lately to make remarks on the modern mode of writing history, in our notice of Thierry's "Merovingian Era," and Michelet's "History of France,"* and the present work offers another phase of that many-sided subject.

Monsieur Thiers belongs essentially to the last age, in the tone of his mind, in his principles, and in his style. The logical cultivation of the mental faculties, the implicit confidence in, and the supremacy of, the reason, and the consequent low standard of feeling and morals, are as apparent in him as in the great founder of their school, Voltaire, or any of his encyclopædiac followers.

Quick of sight, clear in judgment, smart in application, they necessarily are, and therefore it is from this class of minds that the great legal advocates are gathered. They are essentially practical men: their aim is to produce a result, not expound a principle: to do something themselves, and not merely to generate action in others. From this it will be seen that we consider M. Thiers as of the second-rate order of minds; as a man of talent, but of no genius. It is the more necessary to understand the man who writes the history than the history itself, as the great proportion of a narration must be taken upon credit, and can only have effect when implicit reliance is placed in the narrator.

The career of Napoleon Buonaparte, and the history of Europe from 1800 to 1815, are so crowded with events, that it may be said the common transactions of many ages were condensed into those brief fifteen years. The conflict of philosophic and religious opinions, the subversion of moral as well as territorial thrones, the excessive activity engendered by the universal war, the impetus given to commerce and speculation, and the unlooked-for development of new principles—social and political—now actively at work, all combine to render it at once so various and complicated, that it requires (as indeed it has had) many histories to elucidate its various phases.

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* In No. 1.

The present work views it in its political relation: the coldest, the narrowest, and the least interesting of its phases. By politics must be understood the mere mental means by which the whole of these great events were regulated and produced; and this it is that gives to the present history its cold and abstracted character. It is a manual for politicians: but not a narration speaking to the sympathy, which the mind ever feels towards well-developed efforts, and graphic delineations of the passion and conduct of men. It is a lucid statement of a series of complicated transactions, narrated with the skill of an experienced advocate, who knows how to lead the mind of his reader to a particular result. It is the extended speech or pamphlet of a partisan, who in the vast mass of material he has to arrange, condense, and reproduce, has ample opportunity of making the false appear true without laying himself open to the proof of actual falsification. It is, in a word, the narrative of a man of business on a magnificent scale; treating of the rise and fall of states, the conflict of armies, the foundations of dynasties, and the promulgation of new theories, with the coldness, the clearness, and the selfishness of the trader who deals in the produce of foreign countries, without regard to the interesting objects they disclose or the new knowledge they impart, and without a feeling for the storms and dangers, shipwrecks or sufferings, that may be endured in the conduct of his transactions.

Examined in a merely literary point of view, it cannot add much to the author's reputation. It is certainly entitled to the merit of relating many complicated events, both as regards financial, diplomatic and warlike proceedings, with great clearness of diction, which enables the reader to comprehend all that the writer comprehended of the transactions, and certainly all the actual proceeding and action of the case: but seldom, if ever, do we meet with the superior vision that portrays the philosophic importance and results, and by its unavoidable comment elevates the annalist into the historian. From the same deficiency of generality, the contests of the senate or the field awaken no emotion in the reader. Even the most energetic and extraordinary movements present no picture to the eye, nor kindle any animation in the imagination. Men, horses, mountains, plains, rivers, nature, the elements, are all subsidiary to the political narration. We are indeed *told* of the toil of the passage of the Alps—we are *told* of the gallantry exemplified at Marengo—but if the reader wishes to call up the actual scene—to be present at the toilsome march—to hear the mingled music, groans and huzzas of the stern and hardened bands, as they mastered each rugged pass, and mounted the successive peaks of that terrific passage, he must do so for himself,—as well as be present at the bloody, barbarous, but heroic field of Marengo,—there to see a battle lost and won in a few hours, and to witness the grand (but perhaps mistaken) *furor* which leads Kellermann and his furious troops to certain death and certain victory! To depict the evening of such a day, and see the sun setting

on the mangled heaps of human beings and horses—to hear the dying murmurs of the wounded, and see the broken implements of destruction strewing the devastated fields, as the night closed on the day of blood and death, is indeed no part of Thiers' policy, any more than graphic writing is a portion of his literary taste.

Notwithstanding that Thiers appears to us very deficient as an historical writer when compared with many of his own countrymen of the present day, it would be injustice or want of perception to deny him great talents. He is fully master of a series of vast, complicated, and momentous events. He has obtained the thread of the policy that guided and produced them, and he never loses it. His narrative to politicians will be invaluable, from the distinctness of its narration and the fulness of its details. He has had great opportunities of obtaining the fullest particulars of facts, and he seems to have availed himself of them. He has had great experience of mankind in their relations to war and policy; has mingled with some of the most illustrious of the actors in the deeds he narrates, and is well and practically informed in the details of government, and in the sciences of finance and diplomacy. The book therefore contains the result of great practical experience, and will be highly esteemed by those who are anxious for such information.

It is but little detraction to these qualifications to say, that he occasionally errs both from ignorance and misrepresentation. He participates, with the rest of his countrymen, in an utter ignorance of English feelings, conduct, and manners; and his mis-statements in most matters relating to ourselves are as extraordinary as egregious. The other great error into which he falls is his almost idolatrous admiration of Napoleon; his enthusiasm for whom seems more the result of the feelings of a partisan and follower of his warlike principles, than any philosophical admiration of the wonderful capacities and career of the man.

Of the effect the work will, and was intended, to produce in France there can be no doubt. Its aim is to show the glory of war, and resuscitate that lust of conquest and military adventure which, after so many ages, seems still to irritate the blood of the descendants of the ferocious Franks and irascible Gauls. But even in France the better and wiser feelings of many of its truly great men are raising up a generation who will not so readily respond to such barbarous doctrines. In our country it will but produce a totally opposite effect, and only excite wonder and disgust that so much talent, energy, blood, misery, and treasure should have been expended on the insane ambition and bigotry of a few rival rulers.

How's Illustrated Book of British Song. Part I.—How.

We have ever held the opinion that music is too dear. Whilst literature has gradually adapted itself to the means of all, and the works of classical authors are issued at a price which would have astonished the exclusive book-collectors of the last century, the admirers of music, should their means not correspond with their wishes, have few opportunities of gratifying their taste. Thus, many of the finest compositions of our own masters, which have long received the stamp of approval, are known even to the music-collecting public of the present day but by name; for as reprints of these in our novelty-seeking age are extremely rare, those persons who are in the habit of paying the preposterous sum of *two shillings* for a single ballad are content to purchase the last ephemeral production, to be played or sung over during its short-lived popularity, and then to be thrown by and forgotten.

The enterprising publisher of the series before us has seized upon this idea, and presented us with an elegant edition of the songs of our native composers. These delightful compositions come upon us as old friends, and will assuredly receive a hearty welcome. Every song in the present part we have listened to with pleasure from childhood, and many reminiscences occur to us as we play over the true melodies, and think of the good-humoured attempts we have so often heard to approach them.

A short extract from the prospectus, written by the able editor, Mr. Hogarth, will convey to our readers an idea of the intentions of the work.

"We shall not intrude upon large entire works, nor shall we pretend to give complete collections of the music of any composer; but we hope to exhibit to our fair countrywomen a selection of such music as their merely scientific masters would never lay before them; the simple music of the heart, consonant with their character, and worthy their acquaintance."

The accompaniments for the piano-forte are arranged in modern notation, from the figured basses of the composers, and the melodies are invariably united to their original poetry. A short biographical notice of the composer is appended to most of the songs, of which one will serve as a specimen. After Purcell's "What shall I do to show how much I love her," the editor says—

"Henry Purcell, the pride and boast of the English School of Music, was the son of an able musician and gentleman of the Chapel Royal. He was born in the year 1658, in the city of Westminster, and admitted at an early age a chorister of the Chapel Royal, under Captain Cook, then master of the children, to whom he was indebted for instruction in the elements of his art. At eighteen, he was chosen to succeed Dr. Christopher Gibbons, an organist of Westminster Abbey. He died at the age of thirty-seven, on the twenty-first of November, 1695; having, in the same year, composed the music for

the Prophetess, or History of Dioclesian, altered by Dryden from Beaumont and Fletcher, from which this song is taken."

As so little is known of these composers, even by musical amateurs, this is a very pleasing addition to the design.

The illustrations, by ablest artists, are really beautiful, and well prepare the mind for what is to follow. The present part consists of thirty-two pages of the usual music size, and contains eleven of the most admired specimens of our truly national songs.

By the way, there are two or three trifling inaccuracies which have escaped notice as the sheets passed through the press :—in the last bar of "Dear Tom, this brown jug," for instance, the bass notes should be F. and A. instead of F. and B., but these may be easily corrected in future issues.

In conclusion, we can most cordially recommend this work to all lovers of pure melody ; and when we add that the cost of the entire part is little more than is usually paid for *one song*, we confidently predict for it a ready and extensive sale.

LITERARY EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH AND OTHER WORKS. By JOHN POYNDER, ESQ. Two Vols. Hatchard and Son.

MR. JOHN POYNDER is either a very simple gentleman, or something more than a very bold one. Here are two thick volumes of something more than 600 pages each (price, be it remembered, thirty shillings), mainly composed of extracts from Shakspeare, Young, Doctor Watts, Johnson, and other equally rare authors. And these are the extracts "collected during half a century ; together with some original matter." Now half a century back the bookseller might have asked one pound ten for these volumes with fewer blushes than, at the present time, we are convinced overspread the faces of Hatchard and Son, as they vend these books to the victim purchaser. When all Shakspeare is to be purchased for some four or five shillings, Mr. Poynder has, we repeat, either great simplicity or a more profitable quality, to offer the poet's *disjecta membra* as almost the principal contents of a work, price one pound ten !

Mr. Poynder is, however, one of the good old school ; a pleasing fact to be gathered from the subjoined bit of his "original matter."

Antiquity.—We live a century too late for antiquity. The ravages of the tasteless, and the improvements of the industrious, have conspired (without the aid of the Popish and Reform Bills) to leave us scarcely any thing as our ancestors transmitted it.

Mr. Poynder is also very eloquent on Buonaparte, and adduces a very philosophical cause of the Corsican's victories :—

With no patrician blood in his veins, and without the education of a prince to fit him for the throne he had usurped, his unprecedented triumphs were *only the result of the divine counsels* for the punishment of the corrupted

religion of his own and surrounding countries; and when he had accomplished the purposes of Providence, he was thrown aside like—[reader like what, think you?]—like a *useless broom!*

As another sample of the profound criticism of the collector, we meet with the subjoined startling truth in vol. 2, p. 211.

NALSON—Nalson is worth turning over!

And this is only one of five hundred of the platitudes which Mr. Poynder puts forth as the flowers culled from a reading of fifty years. The "Character of a Child," that exquisite piece of painting by Bishop Earle—the collector in his ignorance quotes from "*Manuscript of Edward Blunt*, 1827." He, however, make up for this by chronicling the following apothegm from the *MSS. of an Architect.*

Lower Crescent at Bath.—There will never be anything of its kind equal to the Lower Crescent! It is perhaps the most classical and beautiful thing in Europe.

The best original bits in the book—or what came to us with the air of originality about them—are a few jests. The following are not bad:—

Breaking the Bank.—A sailor, who had, after the American war, received a cheque for 20*l.*, for prize-money, drawn upon Hankey's house, and had never seen so much money together at one time, went to the house, and inquired for the principal of the firm. The clerks in vain endeavoured to ascertain his business; and upon one of the partners appearing, he exclaimed, on presenting the check, "There! I have got a *tickler* for you."

Street Beggars.—An Irish friend related, that a gentleman, in passing over one of the bridges in Dublin, was earnestly solicited for charity by a man whom he persisted in refusing; when he heard the petitioner, on relinquishing his suit, mutter to himself: "Well! I know what I will do." The gentleman's anxiety was excited by this remark, as not knowing whether the man might not be contemplating some personal injury, in consequence of the refusal. Upon which he said to him, "My friend, I am anxious to know what you meant by saying you knew what you would do." "Why," said the man, "I meant that if you would not give me anything, I should go and *work!*"

Chinese Luxury.—When the English suite of Lord Macartney was invited to a grand entertainment in China, one of them, understanding that it was not expedient to venture upon every dish which appeared under the guise of the native cookery, was desirous of ascertaining how far he might venture with safety; and as the Chinese waiters could understand a little English, he pointed to a dish before him, and said to the attendant, in the interrogative tone, "Quack-quack?" meaning to inquire if it was a duck. The attendant perfectly understood him, and immediately replied, with great solemnity, and sincerity, "Bow-wow!"

Ecclesiastical pleasantries:

Pillars of the Church.—A panegyrist of a certain deceased Lord Chancellor, of Tory memory, observing that he was one of the pillars of the Church, a friend suggested whether his Lordship should not rather have been designated as one of its *buttresses*, inasmuch as he was seldom or never seen *inside* of a Church.

Receipt for a full Church.—When the parish of St. Magnus, London Bridge, advertised for the best plan of warming their church, some wag recommended them to procure a popular preacher !

The Holy Romish Church.—A Romish Divine of Hildesheim, intending to exalt his own Church at the expense of others, exhibited a walnut to his congregation ; and taking off the outer coat, "This," said he, "is like the Lutheran Church, which is bitter, and defiles all who come into contact with it." Arriving at the shell, "This," said he, "resembles the Calvinists, who are hard, intractable, and worthless. And now," said he, "we come to the kernel, which is an image of the Holy Romish Church ;" when, upon exhibiting the kernel to the people, it unfortunately proved to be completely rotten !

Pastoral Plainness.—The Moravian Church at Berlin, a short time before the death of the King of Prussia, presented a Petition, of which the following is an extract :—

"Your Majesty knows that we have ever been faithful and loyal subjects, and that we contribute to the prosperity of the country, by the establishment of divers manufactures.

"We have not the presumption to ascribe to ourselves the success that has attended our endeavours. We know that it belongs exclusively to Jesus Christ.

"Having heard that your Majesty's health is in a dangerous state, our consciences oblige us to give you the most wholesome advice for the salvation of your soul. It is, that you will employ the few days you may have to live in the knowledge of Jesus Christ and his merits ; to make your peace in the blood of the Lamb ; and to enlist under his banner."

The king read this advice with great attention ; and having asked his Secretary by whom it had been presented, he was told that the Moravians in a body had delivered it to him. "You must thank them," said Frederick, very politely, "for they speak to me with an honest bluntness."

Scraps for lawyers :

Law without Fees.—The late Recorder, Sir John Silvester, related, in proof of the little value which can be attached to a legal opinion, when it is not paid for, that Lord Mansfield, in riding to town on horseback from his seat at Caen Wood, was joined on the road by a neighbouring farmer, who, in the course of the ride, took that opportunity of consulting his lordship upon some practical point ; in consequence of which, he commenced an action upon the strength of the opinion which Lord Mansfield gave, but, unfortunately, was entirely defeated in his object. Some time afterwards they again met on Hampstead Heath, and the farmer remonstrated with Lord Mansfield upon the disastrous result of his suit ; upon which his lordship exclaimed, "What ! are you the man who once robbed me of an opinion upon this heath, for which you never paid ? I have been expecting ever since what would come of it." The Recorder also added, that Lord Mansfield was himself so convinced of the importance of doing nothing in the law, except in the regular way, that when he had occasion to make his own will, he took a guinea out of his left-hand pocket and put it into the opposite pocket ; after which, he prepared the document, with a confidence in his own judgment which he could never otherwise have felt.

A Satire on the Law.—A pasquinade found on the Temple Gate, in allusion

to the emblems of the Inner and Middle Temple—the Flying Horse and the Lamb :—

As by the Templar's holds you go,
The *Horse* and *Lamb* display'd,
In emblematic figures show
The merits of their trade.
That clients may infer from thence,
How just is their profession,
The Lamb sets forth their innocence,
The Horse their expedition.
O happy Britons ! happy isle !
Let foreign nations say ;
Where you get justice without guile,
And law without delay.

Oratory at the Bar, or "Bringing a Man to Book."—A young barrister, intending to be very eloquent, observed, "Such principles, my Lord, as these are written in the Book of Nature." "What page, Sir ?" said Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough ; and the orator was silenced for life.

The following are pleasant : and certainly of far greater worth than all the "original matter" of the book-maker :

The Last Piece, or le Morçeau Honteux.—A public story-teller related an anecdote of two or three persons being in company where a single piece of twelfth cake had long defied all approach, from the circumstance of its being the last piece in the dish. It so happened, however, that the candle was accidentally extinguished, when each of the party immediately encountered the hand of his neighbour upon the devoted morsel.

To Prevent Mistakes.—When gentlemen *ejusdem nominis*, deem it necessary to advertise that they are not the Mr. —— who has lately committed some offence, or incurred some disgrace, we are reminded of a circumstance which happened, when, in a season of unpopularity, Mr. Pitt was proceeding to dine at Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's Day. One of the mob had provided himself with a handful of mud, intending to discharge it at the minister. The man, however, mistaking his mark, had just levelled it at a gentleman in full costume, who was in the next carriage ; and who, knowing that it was meant for the premier, and wishing to dispense with the compliment, cried out vociferously, "Indeed, gentlemen, I am not Mr. Pitt, I am not Mr. Pitt." Upon which the fellow exclaimed, "Who said you was, spoony ?" (a vulgar word, employed, at that time, to convey contempt of an opponent) and immediately discharged it full in his face !

Pippin.—This word is derived, by Dr. Johnson, from *puppynghe* (Dutch) ; but it is surely more reasonable to suppose it, with other etymologists, from *Pepin*, the king of the country from whence the fruit is derived ; as "filberd," from *Philibert* of France ; while the "rennett" apple is *la reinette*, or the "little queen ;" as the "geniting" is from *Janeton*, or *Jeannetin*, in honour of some queen or lady of that name. The "Bigoroon" cherry is so called from *Bigorre*, the French province where it is grown ; as the original word "cherry" is from *Cerasus*, in Asia Minor ; while our "mayduke" cherry derives its name from *Medoc*, in Burgundy. The brown "bury" pear is so named from its buttered or melting quality (*beurré*) : the "Colmar" pear is

from *Colmar*, in Alsace; and the "Cuisse-madame" pear, from its figure. The "arline" plum is a corruption from *Orleans:* the "currant" is the grape of *Corinth;* and the "damson" (properly *damascene*) is the plum of *Damascus*. Menage considers "melon" as a large apple, and derives it from the Latin and Greek. If esculent vegetables may be noticed, the "Jerusalem artichoke" is a curious instance of the corruption of language, it being the *sunflower* artichoke, or girasole (the plant turning to the sun), "Jerusalem" being thus corrupted from *girasole*. Not less remarkable is "John Dory" (the fish) as a corruption of *il janitore*, or "the door-keeper;" for that fish being called, on the Italian coast, by the name of *St. Peter*, and he being supposed to be the *door-keeper* of heaven, and therefore called *il janitore* by our sailors, we thus derived the term of *John Dory*.

The book boasts a tolerably long list of subscribers. Poor victims!

TRAVELS IN SWEDEN: SKETCHES OF A JOURNEY TO THE NORTH. By IDA COUNTESS HAHN HAHN. Translated from the German.—Chapman.

Whatever may be thought of the Countess's philosophy or sentiments, there can be no doubt she has the art of carrying her reader on lightly and agreeably from page to page. One may not learn much from her superficial descriptions, nor agree with all her speculations and dissertations, yet there is that kind of liveliness, almost bordering on sauciness, which an accomplished and agreeable woman can indulge in gracefully and effectively.

In the present work she proceeds in her usual gossiping style, playfully and pleasantly; and the effect produced by her book is very much like conversing with a well educated lady just returned from her travels. It has all the freshness and vividness of first impressions related by a lively talker. The work is remarkably well translated, as it loses none of its raciness in being transformed from the original; and it is well deserving a place on the shelves of the boudoir. We may here say that these pocket works, with their gay covers and low prices, are a boon to those wishing to form a small library.

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE.

THE HISTORY OF ST. GILES AND ST. JAMES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XI.

Some nine years had passed since young St. Giles—the fortunate object of royal mercy—was sent from England a doomed slave for life. For life! Hope, so far as man can kill it in the heart of his fellow, was dead to the convict. He had sinned against the law, and its offended majesty—for such was and is the phrase—denied to the offender the reward of better conduct. Man, in the loftiness of his own pure thoughts, in the besetting consciousness of his own immaculate worth, deems his criminal brother incapable of future good, and therefore considers only the best security of the machine; how the bones and muscles, the brute strength of the engine may be withheld from further mischief. It matters little to the guardian of the laws, to the maker of statutes for the protection of property, what aggravated demon, what pining penitent spirit, yearning for better thoughts, may dwell within the felon, so that the chain at his leg be of sufficient weight and hindrance. How very recent is it, that many of the good people of this world did not consider a part of their very goodness to be in their belief of the incorrigibility of the felon! It was to make too familiar an approach to their respectability to suggest the probability of amendment in the doomed thief. It was, in a manner, to hold cheap their honesty, to suppose the virtue attainable by the once wicked. Human arrogance is, assuredly,

* Continued from page 402.

never so pitiable as when, in the smug belief of its own election, it looks upon its fellow, in this world, as irrevocably lost. But then, there is a sort of virtue that, not particularly shining in itself, has need of vice to throw it out ; just as the lights of Rembrandt owe their lustre to the shadows about them. Considered after this hard fashion—and full well we know the sort of worthy people who will shake their heads at our miserable bitterness—yes, bitterness is the word—there is a kind of respectable man, who, although he may disallow the obligation, is somewhat indebted for his respectability to the proved rascal. The convicted knave is the dark tint to his little speck of yellow white: he is lustrous only by contrast. And after this short, uncharitable essay on black and white, we resume our history ; leaving for the present the events of nine years unregistered—nine years from the time that young St. Giles quitted Newgate for the genial clime of Botany Bay.

It was a beautiful spring evening—"last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green." The peace of heaven seemed upon the earth. An hour and scene when the heart is softened and subdued by the spirit of beauty ; when the whole visible world seems to us an appointed abiding-place for truth and gentleness ; and it is with hard reluctance we believe that tyranny, and woe, and wickedness exist within it. One of the happy hours that, sweet in the present, are yet more delicious in the past ; treasured as they are, as somewhat akin to the hours of the world's youth, when the earth was trod by angels.

The broad, fat fields of Kent lay smiling in the sun ; the trim hedges, clothed in tender green ; the budding oaks, the guardian giants of the soil ; the wayside cottage, with garden-strip brimming with flowers ; all things wore a look of peace and promise. A young gentleman, plainly habited, and well mounted, rode leisurely along ; but, however beautiful the scene around him, it was plain, from the brooding, melancholy expression of his features, that he had no sympathy with the quietude and sweetness of external nature ; but was self-concentrated, buried in deep thought. The loosened rein lay on his horse's neck, and the rider, apparently unconscious of all around him, was borne listlessly along, until the road opened into a patch of moor-land, when a second horseman, at a sharp trot, overtook the idle rider.

"A fine night, sir, for a lazy man," said the stranger, in a loud and somewhat familiar tone.

"And why," answered the young gentleman, in a peculiarly soft and gentle voice, "why, sir, for a lazy man?"

"Oh! I mean there 's a sort of dreaminess in the air—a kind of sleepiness, if I may say it, about the night, that, to folks who love to creep about the world with folded arms and half-shut eyes, is the very time for 'em. You know, sir, there are such people," said the man, with a laugh.

"Possibly," replied the younger horseman; who then, with a reserved and dignified motion, urged his steed, as though desirous to quit himself of his new companion. The stranger, however, was not a man to be bowed or looked away. Affecting not to perceive the intention of the youth, he mended his pace, and, quite at his ease, resumed the conversation.

"You are well mounted, sir," he said, casting a learned look at his companion's horse. "Strong, yet lightly built: I doubt not on pressing service, now, she 'd carry double—I mean," added the stranger, with an odd, familiar glance, "I mean with a pillion."

"I can't say," was the calm, cold answer; but the stranger heeded not the rebuff.

"Oh, yes!" he cried, "I would I might have the richest heiress for the carrying her on such horse-flesh: did she weigh twenty thousand weight, your mare would do it. An heiress! Or a fair lady who 'd slip her white wrists from a chain that galled her." The young man looked suddenly in the speaker's face, as though to detect some meaning there revealed; but, careless and unabashed, and as though idly giving utterance to idle thoughts, the stranger continued, "There are such poor pining things, sir, if a true knight knew where to find 'em: there are distressed ladies, who, I doubt it not, would trust themselves to the back of your mare, even though, like the flying horse I 've read of, she took 'em to the moon. To be sure," said the stranger with a slight chuckle, "the moon, for what I know, would be the fittest place for 'em. That 's a strange nook, sir, isn't it?" and the man pointed to a small, oddly-fashioned house, almost buried among high and gloomy trees, about a bow-shot from the road. "Small as it is, it looks as if it had been built by twenty different builders, and every one trying to do something odd and strange on his own account. A queer place, and a queer master, if all be true of him." At these words the young man, with a confused look,

stooped to pat his horse's neck, saying the meanwhile, "Indeed? and what is known of the master?"

"Why, there are twenty stories about him; but of course some of 'em can't be true. However, what 's known for fact is, he 's rich as the Indies, and moreover, he 's got a young wife."

"Is that all?" asked the young man, with affected carelessness. "Is it so rare a matter that a rich old man should buy himself a young helpmate?"

"Humph! Helpmate's a pretty word, sir,—a mighty pretty word; but the help that three-score gets from three-and-twenty, eh! No, sir; money in this marketing world of ours may buy much, but—flighty and frivolous and butterfly-like as the things sometimes are—it can't always buy a woman's heart. However, this it *can* purchase; it can buy a cage to put the poor thing in; it can buy eyes to watch her; hands to guard her; and so, old Snipeton may keep his pet-lamb safe from London wolves—safe as his parchments in his strong-box."

"You seem, sir," said the young man, with animated looks, "you seem to know Mr. Snipeton."

"Why, sir," answered the stranger, "I 'm of London training, London habits; have, in my day—indeed who has not?—wanted a few hundreds; and is not Snipeton a man of benevolence—a man of profound heart and deepest money-bags? Is he not ever ready to assist his fellow-creatures at anything above sixty per cent.? Oh, you *must* know Snipeton," said the stranger, with a familiar laugh. "Yes, yes; you *must* know him."

"From what circumstance do you gather such belief?" asked the young man, a little haughtily.

"Why, you live a London life—oh, yes, sir, there 's no country, hawthorn-look about you—you have London wants, and such things will happen to the richest, the lordliest of us; at times the dice *will* go wrong—the devil *will* shuffle the cards—and then, our honour—yes that 's the fiend's name—our honour, willy-nilly sends us to some such good man as Ebenezer Snipeton. Why, he 's as well known to the bloods of London as Bridewell 's known to the prentices."

"And pray, sir," asked the young man, with some effort at carelessness, "pray do you know the victim—I mean, the usurer's wife?"

"I can't say that," answered the stranger. "And yet I 've

seen her before she wore chains ; seen her when she lived with the old man, her father. Ha ! sir, that was a bitter business."

"Pray, tell me," said the young man. "I know not wherefore I should care about it, and yet there is an interest in what you say that—I pray, tell me, sir."

"You see, her father was a worn-out, broken merchant. His wife, as I have heard, went wrong, and from that time his head failed him—he grew wild and reckless—losses came thick as hail upon him, and then Snipeton came to his assistance—yes, assistance is what he called it—and bound him round and round with bills and bonds, and I know not what, and made him all his own. Well, in good time, old Snipeton looked upon the girl—it isn't a new story though a sad and wicked one—and she became the usurer's wife, to save her father from the usurer's fangs. Pity is it that she did so : for the old man died only a few weeks after the wedding that made his child—kind, affectionate thing !—a slave for life. 'Twould be a pretty world, sir, would'nt it, but for tricks like these,—and they, somehow, take the bloom off it, don't they ? Eh, sir ? Good night, sir ;" and then the stranger suddenly clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped onward. Taking a bend of the road, he was in a few minutes out of sight ; upon which our solitary traveller, evidently relieved from an irksome companion, turned his steed, and slowly retraced his way. He again relapsed into thought—again suffered his horse to wander at its own will onward. Thus absorbed he had proceeded a short distance when his eye fell upon a miserable man, seated on a mile-stone. He was in rags and almost bare-foot, and there was the sharp spirit of want and hunger in his features, that told a tale of many sufferings. He spoke not—made no gesture of supplication—but looked with idle, glazing eye upon the earth. This object of desolation—this poor tatterdemalion wretch—suddenly smote our traveller into consciousness ; and with a kind compassionate voice, he accosted him. "My poor fellow, you seem in no plight for travel."

"Bad enough, sir," said the man, "bad enough ; yet hardly as bad as I wish it was."

"Indeed ! A strange wish ! Why, I take it, human strength could scarcely bear a heavier load of wretchedness."

"I wish it couldn't bear it," said the man ; "I'm tired of it —heart-tired, and could lay down my life as willingly as a pack."

"Where do you come from ?" asked the stranger.

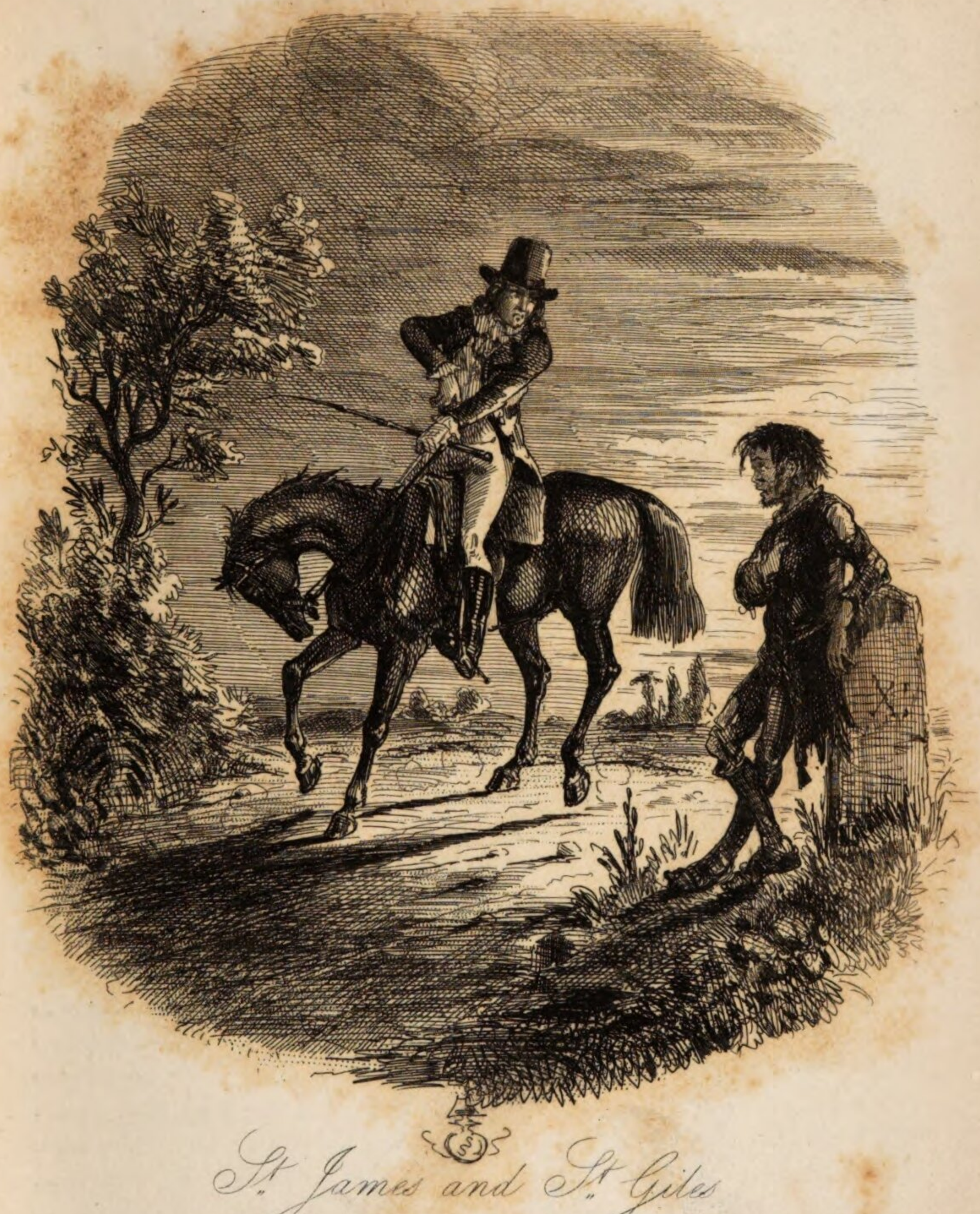
"Oh, sir! a long way from here—a long way; and why I came I know not: I was a restless fool, and might have died where I was."

"And where are your friends?" questioned the traveller.

"God only knows," said the man, with a heavy groan; "I don't."

"Poor fellow! but hope for better times," said the traveller; and at the same moment, throwing him a crown-piece, the youth rode briskly on.

And thus unknown to one another did St. Giles and St. James again meet. Again was St. Giles an outcast, hiding from the law; for he had escaped from his far-off place of bondage, and yearning for England, for the lovely land in which he had no rightful footstep, in whose abounding wealth he had not the interest of a farthing; he had dared death and peril in many shapes, and hunger and all variety of misery, to stand once more upon his native soil. He knew that, if discovered, the hangman would claim him as lawful prey; he knew that he must hide and slink through life in the mere hope of holding life's poor mockery; and yet, he had slipped his chains, had suffered the misery of a thousand deaths, that he might once again behold an English sky, once again tread English earth! Poor wretch! how soon did hard reality disenchant him! How few the days he had passed in England, yet how many the terrors that had encompassed him! The land that in his dreams of bondage had seemed to him a Paradise; the very men who in his hopeful visions had promised gentleness and protection; all was changed. The earth, lovely and fruitful to happy eyes, to him seemed cursed; and all men, to his thought, looked at him with denouncing looks. With a crushed heart, and in the very recklessness of despair, he would again have welcomed the chains he had broken from. Again, and again too, could he have stretched himself upon the earth as upon a bed, and rendered up his tired and hopeless spirit to his God. And then fierce thoughts of vengeance on the world's injustice would possess him; then he would deem himself as one sent upon the earth, missioned for mischief; a mere wretch of prey, to live by wrong and violence. And thus, with the demon rising in his breast, was he brooding, when St. James accosted him. But when the young man, the child of fortune, soothed the poor outcast with gentle words and timely relief, the sullen, desperate wretch, became on the instant penitent and softened; and his touched



St. James and St. Giles
met as men.

heart felt there was goodness still in man, and beauty in the world. The thoughts of life came back to him in healthful strength; for his jaded spirit had drunk at the fountain of hope. In the fervour of his gratitude, he felt not that in a day or two at most, the sun might see the misery of the past hour again upon him. It was enough that he had the means of present comfort; that he could quench the fire of hunger; that he could rest his travel-worn body. With this glad assurance he cast about his thoughts for a place of refuge. He knew not the road; knew not what offered as he advanced; but he remembered that he had passed a house a little more than a mile back, and retracing his steps, he would there seek refuge for the night. Though his heart was lightened, he walked with difficulty, and the evening closed in rapidly about his path. It was a calm and beautiful night, and the clear moon rose like a spirit in heaven. Suddenly St. Giles was startled by the sound of horses' feet; in an instant the animal, bearing a rider whose outline was but for a moment visible, at its fullest speed passed him; a minute, and the sound of hoofs died in the distance. There was something strange in such haste; something that fell upon St. Giles with a sense of evil done: for a time he paused, asking counsel of himself; and then his sinking vitals, his worn and wearied body, claimed his instant exertion, and again he pressed onward. In half-an-hour he arrived at the wished-for house. Lights shone in the windows; there was dancing, and the voice of village harmony was loud within. Wherefore, then, did St. Giles pause at the very threshold? Wherefore, then, did his knees feel weak, and his very heart sink numbed and dead, as he saw the cheerful light, and heard human voices clamouring their happiness? Wherefore should he not join the merry-makers? Alas! was there not convict written in his haggard cheeks—felon branded on his brow? Would he not, with a howl of triumph, be set upon by his fellow-men, and, like a wild beast escaped from a cage, be carried back to gaol? His brain swam with the thought, and he almost fell to the earth. "Why, what 's the matter, mate?" said a country-man, noting St. Giles's hesitation. "Why don't thee step in? There be plenty of room, if thee have the cash, though it be crowded a plenty."

"Thank 'ee; I was a going in," said St. Giles; and with sudden resolution he entered the house. Happily for him, he thought, the place was thronged. A village-ball was held up

stairs, and the house throbbed and rocked beneath the vigorous feet of the dancers. The resources of the neighbourhood, however, had supplied one fiddle to the lower room—tap-room it must be called, inasmuch as there were ten square feet of a sanded floor that passed for a parlour—and the musician, the village tailor, touched by Phœbus, generously accommodated his instrument to the various keys and many variations of the singers. Shortly after St. Giles entered, the ears of the company were engaged by the patriotic strains of the barber of the hamlet, who, with vigour and taste happily mingled, celebrated in good strong, homely verse the magnanimity, courage, and glory of the British Lion; an animal that has, in its day, had as many fine things written of it as an opera singer. And as the barber sang, fifty throats joined in chorus, declaratory of the might of the aforesaid British Lion, and evidently claiming a sort of partnership in its greatness. For the time, the British Lion was to them a very intimate relation; and they celebrated its glories as though they had a family interest in them. And St. Giles himself—to his passing astonishment—piped the praises of the British Lion! The outcast vagabond, with fear pulling at his heart, had slid among the company, trembling at every man's eye, as it fell upon him; but soon he had quaffed some ale, he had eaten invigorating bread and cheese, and his heart, suffused and warm, had cast away all coward thought, and in the fulness of its gratitude, in the very surprise of its happiness, had chirped aloud to the honour of the British Lion; albeit the said Lion, as a very prominent actor in the arms of England—as the typical defender of our hearths and homes, our dearest morals, and sometimes our dearer property—might very justifiably have required the returned convict for its dinner. In very truth, St. Giles was the lawful prey of the defrauded, cheated British Lion; and yet St. Giles, in the ignorance of his happiness, sang to the praises of the Lion as though the royal beast had been to him his best friend. But then St. Giles sang as a patriot, though in his heart and soul he might feel no better than a felon. Wicked, hypocritic St. Giles! In all history, did ever man, in higher places, too, do the like?

It was well for St. Giles that he had fortified himself with a cup of ale, with a few mouthfuls of food, ere the maiden who attended to the wants of the visitors, asked him for the requiting coin. Otherwise St. Giles had felt somewhat abashed to display his wealth: the furniture of his pocket, and his outside chattels,

in no way harmonising together. The crown-piece would have confused St. Giles; as to eyes sharpened by money—and what a whetstone it is even to dullest vision!—he felt that he in no way looked like a man to be honestly possessed of so much wealth. Either he would have thought the lawful metal of the coin might be questioned; or that difficulty overcome, his rightful claim to it disputed. And then, had he out with the truth, who, he thought, in the narrowness of his heart, would believe him? What! anybody give a beggar a crown-piece? Then, at once, believe the moon coagulated cream, or any other household substance. But, happily, we say, for St. Giles, his heart was suddenly warmed; and, therefore, with a careless, happy air, never suspecting the suspicions of others, he laid his crown-piece in the hand of the attendant nymph—or if you will, bacchante: and she, with all the trustingness and simplicity of her sex, never looked at St. Giles and then at his money—as though, as is sometimes done, comparing the face of flesh and the face of metal, to mark if they be worthy of each other—but instantly gave the change, with a blithe "thank'ee" for the patronage. Presumptuous is man! St. Giles, who, five minutes before, felt himself wretched, terrified at the thought of singing in the tap-room of the Lamb and Star, was now made so bold by his happiness, that, his eyes meeting the bright orbs of Becky, full and swimming as they were with satisfaction, and her little plump anatomy swaying to and fro, in kindly sympathy with the dancers up-stairs—St. Giles, we say, in the hardihood of his sudden confidence, laughed and chucked Becky under the chin. And Becky, looking not more than decently ferocious, bounced lightly round, cried "Well, I'm sure!" and then, as if nothing had happened, attended the call of another customer.

And could St. Giles so soon forget that he was a returned convict, as with slight provocation to chuck the maiden of the Lamb and Star under the chin? But such is the heart of man!

When the clamour of the room was at its highest, a young man sparkishly drest suddenly looked in, and was as suddenly greeted by the merry-makers. A loud cheer for "Master Willis" shook the roof-tree. The new comer was a man of about five-and-twenty; of tall and well-knit frame, with large, fresh-coloured features, and a profusion of black hair; the very man to kill village hearts by dozens. He seemed in the highest spirits; indeed, almost unnaturally gay. There was something in his laboured vivacity that

might have awakened the attention of a less merry audience; a hollowness in his loud, roaring laugh, that hardly seemed of mirth. But Master Willis was among friends, admirers: he was the favourite of the men, the admired of the women; besides, he rarely failed, on occasions such as the present, to play the patron. Hence, after a few moments, in which his hand was grasped by at least twenty humble acquaintances, he gave an order that "ale was to be served all round." This largess was hailed with new acclamation. When it had subsided, Master Willis, with a significant, killing look, bade all his friends be happy together; but that for himself, why he must join the girls, and have a dance upstairs! This gallantry was met with another burst of applause, in the midst of which Master Willis, all smiles and happiness, disappeared.

"And who is that gentleman?" St. Giles ventured to ask of the barber, at the time his nearest neighbour.

"Who *is* he? Well, where did you come from? Not know him! Where were you born?" cried the barber.

"I 'm —I 'm a stranger hereabouts," answered St. Giles, a little vexed with himself for his untimely curiosity.

"So I should think, not to know Master Willis. A stranger! Why I should take you for a Frenchman, or an outlandish foreigner of some sort, never to have heard of him. The best hand at bowls and single-stick—the best hunter—the best shot—the best everything. Well, you do look like a foreigner," said the barber, glancing at St. Giles in a way that made him heart-sick.

"I 'm a true Englishman," said St. Giles, "though I 've been some years out of the country."

"Ha! serving your king, and all that?" said the barber. St. Giles nodded. "Well, like a good many of the sort, you don't seem to have made your fortin by it. But then, I suppose, you 've got a lot of glory? Now, within a dozen or two, can you tell us how many Frenchmen you 've killed?" St. Giles winced from the small grey eyes of the barber, who, as though conscious of the confusion he created, pursued his queries with growing self-satisfaction. "You can't tell us how many, eh? A precious lot I should think, by the look of you. Well, if all over you don't smell of gunpowder;" and the barber affectedly held his nostrils, to give, as he conceived, admirable point to his wit. St. Giles felt his patience fast departing: he therefore opened his hands, and fixing his eye upon the barber, again leisurely doubled his fists. The

look, the gesture, was instantly understood by the wag, for immediately dropping his tone of banter, he became most courteously communicative. "But you was asking about Master Willis? To be sure—as a stranger, it 's nat'ral you should'nt know. Well, his uncle 's the richest farmer a hundred miles about. His land 's as fat as butter, and Master Bob—we call him Bob here—will have every inch of it. He 's a wild fellow, to be sure. Doesn't mind, when the temper 's on him, knocking down a man like a bullock; but bless you! no harm in him—not a bit of harm. My service to you," and quaffing the ale—Master Willis's liberal gift—the barber moved himself away.

The time wore on, and St. Giles, exhausted by fatigue, made drowsy with his entertainment, dared to think of bed! Yes; he had the hardihood to promise himself, that night at least, the shelter of a roof. "My good girl," said he, in a confidential whisper to Becky, "can I sleep anywhere here to-night? Anywhere, you know?"

"Why, you see," answered Becky, her eyes instinctively wandering from rag to rag, as worn by St. Giles, "why, you see, the missus is very particlar." And then Becky, despite of her, looked dubiously at the toes of St. Giles, indecorously showing their destitution to the world. Having, quite unconsciously, counted the said toes, and assured herself there were ten of them, all in flagrant want of shoe-leather, Becky repeated, with even more emphasis—"Very particlar."

"I dare say—she 's right, in course," answered St. Giles; "but I don't want nothing for nothing—I can pay for it."

"Oh, to be sure," said Becky quickly, "it isn't money; oh no, that 's nothing—but it 's the character of the house we stand upon. Missus says that houses are like Christians, and catches bad characters all the same as you catch the small-pox or anything of the sort from them as have 'em. That 's what she says, and I dare say it 's all true."

St. Giles made no answer; but a deep, heart-drawn sigh broke from him. Becky was turning away, when, touched by the sound, she suddenly looked in St. Giles's face—it was on the instant so blankly wretched—so old, so hopeless in its look—the forced smile that had played about it had so quickly vanished that, unknown to herself, with a feeling of compassion and sympathy, the poor girl caught St. Giles's hand, and with altered voice said—"I don't think missus has seen you, and as we 're so busy to-night, she

mayn't want to look at you; so be quiet a little while, and I dare say I can get you some nice straw in the barn."

"Thank 'ee," said St. Giles—"Do, God bless you;" and he pressed the girl's hand, and her simple, kindly heart, was melted by the poor fellow's wretchedness, and with twinkling eyes and a smile on her coarse, broad, honest face, she left the room. In a few minutes the door was opened, and Becky with upraised finger stood without. St. Giles immediately obeyed the signal, and in brief time found himself on his way to bed, preceded by Becky with a lanthorn; for the moon had gone down, and the night was pitchy dark. "I've brought the light," said she, "for fear of the dog. He killed one man, or as good as killed him, for he never got over it; but he won't bite nobody when he sees 'em with me." And the conduct of the dog speedily bore out the character given of him; for though with grinning teeth, and a low, snuffling howl, he walked round and round St. Giles, Becky—even as Una dominated the lion—held Dragon in completest subjection. Although she called him a brute, a beast, a nasty creature, and twenty other names of the like prettiness, Dragon with a patient wagging of the tail bore them all, his very patience—what a lesson for human philosophy!—turning invective into compliment. "Here it is," said Becky, opening the barn-door. "Here's straw as sweet as any clover; and there isn't many rats, for they was hunted only a month ago. You're not afeard of rats? Bless you, they're more afeard of Christians than Christians should be afeard of them; and so I tells missus: but for all that she will squeal at 'em. Well, people can't help what they call 'tipathies. As for me, I minds rats no more than rabbits. There, now, up in that corner; and if there isn't a sack and all to cover you! Why you couldn't sleep better if you was a lord. And see here. Here's a bottle with some beer, and some bread and cheese, when you wake in the morning. I'm always hungry when I wake in the morning, I am; no matter what time I goes to bed: but that comes, as I say, of having a clear conscience, and doing no harm to nobody. There, good night—poor soul! God be with you!" And with this simple, earnest wish—this little wish that like the circle of the universe holds within it all things—did the kind, the gentle drudge of a way-side pot-house send the convict to his bed. No king was ever shown to tapestried chamber with truer wishes for his rest, than went with St. Giles to his straw. "God be with you," said the girl; and the words of gentleness, the

happy, hopeful tone that breathed in them, fell like balm upon the felon's heart; and in a few moments he was sunk in the deep happiness of sleep; he was far away in that neutral region of life, where emperors put off their crowns—where the arrogance of earth is calm and harmless—where pride and ostentation have not their blatant trumpets blown before them—where the purple of Dives is cast aside on the same heap with the rags of Lazarus—where the equality to all, that death shall everlastingly bring, is once a day rehearsed by all men—where life is simple breathing, and the slave loses the master.

For many nights had St. Giles slept in the open fields. Ragged, and worn, and hunger-stricken, he had nevertheless slept; and only when the daylight came felt for a time his sinews cramped and stiffened with the dews of night. Still with the sky above him, no more sheltered than his neighbour ox or sheep, he had slept: he had—despite of fortune—cheated misery with forgetfulness. Nature for a time had blessed him as she had blessed the happiest man. Yet sleep had come to him slowly, reluctantly; bodily want and suffering would for a time refuse its sweet oblivion. But here in a barn—with fresh, delicious, odorous straw—with roof and walls to hold out wind and rain—St. Giles composed himself to sleep as almost to eternal rest. He was happy—profoundly happy that he was lodged, comfortably, as any beast.

For an hour—yes, an hour at least—had St. Giles enjoyed the happiness of rest, when he was loudly, roughly awakened. "Hallo! you vagabond—get up, and answer for a murder," bawled a voice; and St. Giles, leaping to his feet, saw the barn half-filled with people, armed with sticks and weapons as for some sudden fray.

THE MORBIDNESS OF THE AGE.

It is a characteristic of the present day to charge this or that literary production with morbidness, and the charge is in many cases correct. What is this morbidness? Does it mark progress or decline?

We shall find the readiest answer to the first question by first answering its opposite, "What is healthiness in literature?"

Literature may be termed healthy when it indicates internal peace on the part of the author; when, convinced of the soundness of his position, he can speak from it with ease and freedom; when he has a fixed standard by which he can measure the actions, words, and thoughts of those around him. Settling what is good, it is easy to denote any departure from that good as bad. The adjudication involves no internal battle, no contest of the head and heart, with themselves or with each other. Those "Essayists" who are generally (too exclusively) called the "British Classics," are complete instances of the "healthy." Ordinary ethics, and the conventionalities of life, they assumed as a matter of course, and they could pass judgment without hesitation. When it could be said of a man who had committed a transgression against the laws of honesty, in answer to all alleviating circumstances, "The man 's a rascal, and there 's an end of it," and when such an answer could meet with universal applause, the age, we may be sure, was perfectly *healthy*.

But presently the question arises, whether these general rules are in themselves so absolutely right as to justify us in thundering down our wrath upon those who commit aberrations. As long as it is settled that he who steals is a rascal, and there an end, there is no difficulty; but the uneasy doubt, somehow or other, found its way into society, whether it was not in a certain degree a *particeps criminis*; whether it had done all that it ought to do, in setting the man who became a "rascal" in the way of right; had sufficiently considered his comforts to put him out of the reach of temptation. The formula underwent a serious change; for instead of being "the man 's a rascal and there 's the *end* of it," it became "the man 's a rascal, but that 's only the *beginning* of an inquiry." The contented, healthy, abhorrence of vice, that fancied itself so perfectly undefiled, and that so complacently shut the door against the erring portion of humanity, began to give way. A disagreeable relationship with the parias was discovered. There were no longer those distinct contrasts of black and white, but a sort of dusky colour manifested itself, that rendered it a hard matter to tell where the black begun and the white left off.

We dare not utter now those abstract moral rules that were so current in the last century. At every step we should exhibit a dogmatism, an inferiority to the point of reflection at which the world has arrived, that would recoil upon us in a moment. The great thought, "Perhaps the criminal is sinned against as well as

sinning," is but one among many of the same sort. Is *my* religion so certainly right that it justifies me in compelling every one to belong to it? This was a question that never occurred to a Philip II. or a Knox. Is *my* country so infallibly right, that I ought to exult at its aggrandisement, by whatever amount of human misery the dignity is purchased? This question never occurred to a Cato. Is *my* standard of taste so true, that I may impose it as a yoke on every poet who presents himself? This was a question that never occurred to a Boileau or a Voltaire. No; these men *did* persecute, *did* scourge humanity, *did* proscribe laws crushing to genius, without asking themselves any question about the matter. The rule of faith was fixed, the notion of patriotism was fixed, the standard of taste was fixed; the men *asked* nothing—they *acted*.

But now we must *ask*. There is a something in the age that bids us say, "Who is my neighbour?"—not in a supercilious tone, but with a wish to know the merits of the other side of a given case. Zealous faith may be weakened; patriotism, in its old sense, may totter; our notions of the beautiful in art and poesy may become vague; but the inquiry *must* come. We may lament, but we cannot impede, its approach. We have lost our old rules; they have become dubious; that is to say, rules no longer. We have a confused notion that some glaring injustice has been committed, in which all society has participated; rights appear before us that seem to have been overlooked. An ideal floats before our minds to which the existing state is inadequate, and yet we have no precise image of this very ideal.

And now to our first point. If healthiness is the quality of him who speaks from a fixed position, morbidness is the state of him whose position is tottering and unstable. When a book is called morbid, it is on account of a kind of vague dissatisfaction with time-honoured views, or of a pleasure in dwelling on that which has been ordinarily repelled. A book that should express disgust with conventionalities, that should overflow with sympathy for criminals or savages, would be a morbid book in the strictest sense of the word; that is to say, if it came from one who belonged to what is called "society," who was not himself a savage or a criminal. For the war-whoop of the New Zealander, and the converse of a low thief, who has never known the light of reason or of virtue, are both healthy in their way. Neither of them express that internal war which is the very essence of morbidness.

It is he who stands on the spot where transition is taking place, who feels that transition working in his own heart, who sees old principles falling, and has none to erect in their place, who knows not which side is the right one, or whom he may call a brother,—that is the incarnation of morbidness; and such a man must exist *now*.

Morbidness! It is an expression of the present age; the expression of its character as a period of transition, and we would unwillingly exchange it for that healthfulness which expressed a lower state of reflection. We may be below as well as above sorrow. A turnip cannot have the headache, yet it is not, on that account, superior to a man.

But there is another healthiness to which all morbidness is subordinate. It arises from the belief that all transitions, however painful for a time, are working to a good end, from a sincere faith in the progress of humanity, which maintains itself erect, however the prospect may, for a time, be obscured. The thoroughly morbid man feels dissatisfaction only—he may fly to the chivalry of the past, or he may build an imaginary Socialism in the future, provided he escapes the present. The healthy man of the old school may still be seen clinging to the unstable with the firm belief that it is made of adamant, and closing his eyes to all proofs of the contrary. But the healthy man of the better order reveres the present with all its failings and imperfections as the necessary step towards a brighter future. AN OPTIMIST.

THE BISHOP'S KNOCK.

A LEGEND OF THE SOUTH WEST.

MUTTON, at least, we trust, has acquainted the reader with the South Downs. Accordingly, his imagination will invest them and their intervening valleys with a pastoral character; and he will suppose the recreations and amusements of their inhabitants to be peculiarly those of shepherds and shepherdesses. Undoubtedly, in these regions, and especially in a South-western county which comprises a large part of them, the popular diversions are at any rate eminently rural. Here, at fairs and merry-makings, youths

jump in sacks, and maidens compete in fleetness for the gown's under vestment. In one party the lads of the village climb, by turns, the greased pole, each aspiring to the prize, the flitch of bacon on the top of it; in another, pell-mell pursue the porker, whose tail, soap-anointed, eludes their grasp. In the meanwhile, aloft may be seen the rustic visage, displayed in emulous contortions, through an encircling horse-collar. And, perhaps, in a booth not far distant, two swains contend for victory, each matched against the other, to devour, in the shortest time, a "leg of mutton and trimmings." In pastimes such as these there will appear, perhaps, a simplicity which is rather Bœotian than Arcadian; but this district, celebrated as it is for the flocks which bleat upon its hills, is even yet more renowned for the droves that grunt in its dales; and the minds of its population are less modified by the pastoral calling than they are by that of the swineherd. Hence, from external influences, their rusticity may have acquired a peculiar, not to say porcine tinge, and have derived rather a breadth of outline than a picturesqueness of colouring.

Yet are their delights not all inelegant, nor their festivities wholly ungraceful. They celebrate May Morn, as well as the anniversary of Guy Fawkes—after a fashion. In several of the villages, where there is a bowling-green, or a tea-garden attached to the public-house, they are wont to assemble on that day at those places of entertainment, for what they call a kick-up; that is, for a dance. Similar meetings, thenceforward till the beginning of July, continue to be held here and there; all comprehended under the term "Mayings." At these may be seen

> "Many a youth and many a maid
> Dancing in the chequer'd shade,"

all day long, and usually to the same tune; whilst the more ancient swains, in neighbouring booths or other recesses, sit gazing on the spectacle, and enjoying their pipes and beer. Admission to the grounds may generally be had for a shilling, which also confers a title to a limited quantity of refreshment; a quantity too limited, of course, to satisfy a race of whom one, being asked by a youthful friend how much beer an individual might consume in a day, replied, "Two gallons, I should zay, was plenty for a young 'un like you."

It was on a fine evening in June, that a flag flying on a pole hoisted on the Spread Eagle at Cropley, and the constant booming

of a drum from within the premises, announced to all and sundry, within a hundred yards distance, that the annual Maying was then and there in progress. And had a Londoner been sauntering about Cropley at the time, it would have been worth his while to have availed himself of the information, at least if he had acquired his ideas of a village dance at the Opera. Here he would have seen the genuine thing; whereof he might have been surprised to find that tableaux, groupings, and pantomimic action form no part; that the peasantry by no means carry sickles and crooks trimmed with ribbons; that the characteristic attire of the young farmer is not a crimson jacket with white sleeves, a turned-down collar and sky-blue shorts; and that laced boddices, embroidered aprons, short skirts, and pink stockings, do not exactly constitute the costume of the milkmaid.

The scene of this truly rural ballet was a rood of green sward, between the back-yard of the Spread Eagle and its kitchen garden, from which latter it was separated by a yew hedge. Extending between the right-hand corner of this hedge along the wall to the stables, was a succession of covered seats, painted white on the inside and green on the out, divided into compartments for the accommodation of the lookers-on. Here the votaries of Bacchus, without prejudice to their own devotions, sat contemplating the worshippers of Terpsichore; and clouds of incense curling up from each alcove arose in honour of the jolly god, who, we presume, presides as well over tobacco as malt liquor. On the opposite side of the green were placed the musicians; namely, an individual in fustian with a big drum, another in a cast-off soldier's jacket with a fife, and a third in an old great-coat, who played the fiddle; the two former mounted on a carpenter's bench, and the latter on a wash-tub turned bottom upwards. Intermediate were the dancers; and some others, chiefly carters and plough-boys, who did not dance, but were lying about in various easy attitudes on the grass, some asleep, others grinning delight or derision, and several eating bread and cheese or bacon with large clasp-knives. The costume of the assembly displayed much sameness; though, with respect to the lasses, some smartly flowered and brilliantly striped dresses, with very gay waistbands, gave it a striking character. The lads were mostly in their holiday or Sunday's clothes; that is to say, in their clean smock-frocks and other habiliments; here and there, however, there was a velveteen jacket, and an ample waistcoat of buff strongly variegated. As to the dancing, it was, on the part

of the nymphs, who regularly footed it, decidedly vigorous, if not very graceful. On that of the swains it consisted, chiefly, of a succession of very leisurely hops, first on one foot, and then on the other; the arms of the performer, in the meanwhile, being extended like the branches of an anchor. At the same time he kept slowly revolving, forming, as he did so, a kind of animated maypole, around which a bevy of the more agile sex capered. Let any one put on a thick, heavy pair of hobnailed ankle-jacks, and try to move in time to one of the fine but floundering movements peculiar to Handel, or, what will be better still, to "Gee ho Dobbin," played very slowly, and he will exactly realise the *pas* which we have just described. And if he does this on a lawn, and takes care, at each hop, to come plump down upon his heel, he will find that he will make a deep hole in the turf; just exactly as was the case on the Maying-green at Cropley.

Placidly drinking in the enjoyment of this spectacle, and likewise frequent draughts of fat October, there were seated, in one of the retreats erewhile adverted to, three quiet smokers. Of these, one was a retired coachman, who had long served a gentleman in the neighbourhood; a stout, staid, elderly-looking personage, in a suit of pepper-and-salt, and a black cloth cap with a leather shade to it. On the seat opposite to him was a tall, bronzed, brawny-looking man of middle age, with but one eye, clad loosely in his best suit of blue. He was the Cropley blacksmith. The third occupied a middle situation at the back of the recess, behind a round table, whereon stood their jugs and tobacco. This was an individual of some sixty or upwards, of a moderately full habit, with dark grey hair and eyes, a face resembling in complexion a well-seasoned old bit of wood, and a nose rounded upwards at the end; which, with the appearance termed the "crow's foot" at the angle of either eye, gave a tinge of humour to a countenance otherwise grave. His outer man consisted of a well-worn broad-brimmed beaver hat, a dark coat and waistcoat, that had also seen service; beneath which, all was drab, somewhat soiled, down to his mahogany topped boots. He rented a small portion of land in the neighbourhood.

"Well, I zay, Farmer," said Mr. Sparkes the blacksmith, breaking a rather long silence by addressing his agricultural neighbour, "dost n't mean to ha' one daance?"

"Ah!" ejaculated Farmer Strong in answer, in a tone between

indifference and resignation. "I'ool if thee 'ool. "Darn'd if I doant!" declared Cyclops.

"My da'ancun' days is over," said Mr. Strong, puffing out a volume of smoke.

"Why which is oldest," demanded Mr. Sparkes, "thee, or the Squire?"

"Which? why the Squire, I should think," answered the other; "a matter o' ten year or moor."

"Well!" continued the blacksmith, "he led off the May'n this marnun'"—

"Alwas does, reg'lar, every year," observed Mr. Lawrence, the old coachman.

"Well then, here 's a good health to 'un," exclaimed Farmer Strong, with a suitable action.

"His fa'ather afore 'un, I have heerd," Mr. Sparkes remarked, "used to do likewise, reg'lar every May'n."

"His cousin, you means," said the farmer. "The last squire, Squire Hunton, was the cousin of 'un."

"Oh! 'a was, was 'a? How was that?" inquired the smith.

"'Cause there warn't nobody else to come into the properdy."

"What didn't 'tother, then,—Squire Hunton, as was,—never have no young 'un to come arter un?"

"Ees 'a had—*once*," replied Mr. Strong.

"What became of un, then?"

The old coachman shook his head, and Farmer Strong ejaculated "Ah!" in such a manner as to intimate that thereby hung a tale.

"Ah!" repeated the blacksmith. "What dost mean by 'Ah!' What got un, then?"

"Died," briefly responded Farmer Strong.

"When?"

"When 'a was 'a babby."

"How?"

"Kill'd," answered the laconic Strong, with a puff after each monosyllable.

"Killed! Why who kill'd un then?" cried the blacksmith, staring with his one eye.

"A Bishop," said Mr. Strong, as coolly as if he had referred to the measles.

"A Bishop!" reiterated the questioner, looking first at the

serene Strong, and then at Mr. Lawrence, who, with a face of deep wisdom, nodded in confirmation of the statement. "Eh! Naw, now, thee bistn't makun a fool of a fellow;—bist?"

"Tell 'ee," persisted the farmer, "a Bishop killed un. Dead as mutton; blow'd if 'a didn't."

"Well, was'nt 'a hang'd for 't?" was the immediate question of the blacksmith.

"Lor bless thee!" returned Farmer Strong, "Dost thee think they 'd ever dream o' hang'n a Bishop—do what a might? But this here warn't quite so bad as all that, nuther."

"Come, now—tell us all about it. Woot?" requested Mr. Sparkes, much interested.

"Let 's vill my pipe vust," said the Farmer. Having done so, and stuck it in his mouth, he continued:

"Ever either 'o you hear talk o' Liversedge?" Mr. Lawrence shook his head again, and the other gentleman appealed to answered, "Naw."

"Well," resumed Mr. Strong, "'tis a good bit off from here. Hows'ever 'tis a pleace where land lets for moor than forty shill'ns an acre; and the rent o' the manor is zomewhere nigh ten thousand a year."

"Well what of it?" demanded the chief listener, as the narrator paused, in a manner, and for a purpose, peculiar to those who smoke whilst talking.

"What of it? Tell 'ee. This here Liversedge was en—taailed, as the lawyers call it, on the heir male, as they says, o' the body of Lady Mary Grenfield, a da'ater o' the Earl o' Zummut:—she as 'Squire Hunton as was, married. You recollects her—doant—neighbour Larrence?"

"That I do, well," answered the old coachman. "But there! Well, 'tis what we must all come to!"

"Flesh," pursued Farmer Strong, "beun' graass, as the say'n is.—The Squire, as I was a tell'n of ye, marries Lady Mary. Within a year arter their wedd'n, she brings Squire Hunton a zon; a fine 'un too, they do zay, as ever was zeed. But Lor! them young creeturs be so delicate like; you med a' most puff 'em out wi'—"

"A pair o' bellus," suggested the blacksmith; to which Mr. Larrence added, "You may so."

"Ah!" continued Mr. Strong, as easy as a varden rushlight. Well, when this here young chap was born, my eye, what a to-do

there was to be sure. Vire-works let off, and a hox roasted whole up at the Hall, and what not! Bless your heart, mun, if 'a 'd liv'd 'a 'd ha' bin worth a matter of vifteen thousand a-year."

"There be zome volks as be born wi' zilver spoons in their mouths," observed Mr. Sparkes.

"Ah!" replied the relater; "pity 'tis they wunt always bide there. O' course, when the young Squire grow'd up, and com'd into all this here properdy, he 'd be a great man, and by the same means was to be brought up as sich. Accord'nly, the fust thing they does to begin wi', is to have a grand christnun' for un; and who must they have to christ'n un but a bishop?"

"I always vancied," remarked Mr. Sparkes, "that a bishop's bisnuss was confirma'ation, not christnun'. That ere, I thought was a common pa'ason's job."

"Yah! a bishop ain't above christnun' your great gentlefolks," said Farmer Strong, rather ironically. "So they takes young Squire up to town, where bishops, I b'lieve, mostly bides, and 'a was to be christen'd in zome grand street or place, I vorget what they calls it, in Lunnon."

"Why not in church, now?" inquired the blacksmith.

"Oh! church ain't fine enough for such as they be. Well, they invites a whole kit o' people, all lords and ladies, and sitch like, and gets ready sitch a breekfast vor 'em, wi' all manner o' goold and zilver plate, and candlesticks, and I doant know what; all in honour and glory o' my Lord Bishop."

"Now what do they mean at a christnun'," asked Mr. Sparkes musingly, "by the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?—What *is* pomps and vanities?"

"Ah what to be sure! Why show-off, I should zay," answered the farmer, "and vinery, and liveries and hosses and carriages."

"No, no, neighbour, not hosses and carriages," demurred the coachman.

"Well, no matter for that," said Mr. Strong, "but so it was as I was a say'n. There they'd got the young 'Squire in the draw'n-room, all drest up, and the grand company, and the Godfathers and Godmothers, all a wait'n for the Bishop. Presently, one on 'em looks out o' winder. Here 'a comes, he says. Who comes? they says. He says, why the Bishop. Hush! every body sings out,—and so they holds their tongues and cocks their ears up. Whereby, presently, they hears the Bishop's coach a com'n' along,

and next minute it stops at the door. Bang! down goes the steps, and presently rat-tat-tat comes a knock at the door. Darn'd if it warn't one rat-tat too many."

"As how?" asked Mr. Sparkes, all attention.

"Why, hang me if it didn't fright the child so that it flung 'un into convulsions, and next minut' a was as black in the face as my hat. There was a piece of work! My lady she fainted, the 'Squire he swore,—and no zooner had the Bishop poked his nose within the door than he was knocked over by a feller bolt'n off for a doctor. Doctor he come and bled the babby in the juggalar; but 'twarnt o' no use, and in less than an hour's time he was a cops. He was,—as true as I'm sitt'n here. He died o'the BISHOP'S KNOCK: and that 's why I says as how the Bishop kill'd un."

"Well but, Farmer," urged the coachman, "in course you know 'twas the footman as guv the knock; not the Bishop."

"What any body does by his sarvant," returned Farmer Strong, "he does by his zelf. I've a heer'd the Judge lay that down at 'sizes. Zo I says, and I'll stick to't, as the Bishop kill'd un."

"Ah!" moralised Mr. Sparkes. "It only shows what may come of a Bishop's keep'n his livery footmen."

"Ees," added the farmer, "and moore nor that, Mr. Sparkes, it teaches your fine gentlefolks, as wants their children christened, to be content wi' a pa'ason and a church; and not to want a bishop and a draw'n-room. Well, neighbours, zo much for the Bishop's Knock. Now, arter that if you please, we'll drink the 'Land we live in.'"

P. L.

THE MUMMERY OF MEDICINE.

IT is impossible to deny that there is some tough reading in the world. Egyptian hieroglyphics puzzle most people—Etruscan inscriptions cannot be read by those who run—and—to ascend from antiquity upwards — even the contemporary pothooks and hangers wherewith John Chinaman labels his tea-boxes—are by no means lucid in their signification. But neither sculptured stones from Egypt—nor vases from Etruscan tombs—nor tea-

boxes ornamented with the most mystic devices of China ink—are much more obscure in the tale they would tell than the little slips of paper which the doctor tells us to carry to the apothecary, and—on "the shut our eyes and open our mouth principle"—swallow the mysterious substances, solid or fluid, represented by the equally mysterious writings in question.

Now the people of the Delta of the Nile, in tracing their Ibises, and cranes, and crocodiles, used the written language of their time—so did the dwellers in ancient Italy, when they placed inscriptions on their vases—so do the modern inhabitants of the celestial empire, when they pack up supplies for our tea-pots. The doctors—the race of M.D.'s and surgeons—our own neighbours—the grave coloured butterflies who, under our own eyes, have sprung from the medical student grub—are the only race who think fit in the ordinary pursuit of their vocation to use a language which can be described neither as ancient nor modern—a sort of hybrid mongrel tongue, the only merit of which seems to consist in its being unintelligible to the vast mass of mankind—and why unintelligibility should be a merit in medical prescriptions those who write them should be most able to tell.

But the medical profession is a learned profession, and its members use Latin because Latin is a learned language. We should like to hear a few "general practitioners" indulging in a quiet chat on Sir James Graham's new Medical Bill—or on mesmerism and homœopathy in the vernacular of the Cæsars. We should then see how deep the learned profession was in the learned language. But who says that doctors write Latin? After all, we do not. Their Latin is no more Latin than it is English; they have only half translated the tongue they employ; they have taken it out of English without putting it into any other language in particular. We should like to see a committee of taste summoned in the Elysian shades. We would have Virgil and Cicero, Horace and Tacitus—fair representatives of poetry and prose—seated in solemn conclave; we would present them with half a dozen prescriptions taken from the counter of any druggist in town—Latin prescriptions mind, reader!—and then we would solemnly defy the whole four to make out one word of their meaning—nay, we would take considerable odds in favour of their not being able to form anything like a good guess of what the language submitted to them was at all. At length, we would impart to them confidentially that the unknown tongue which they

were scratching their heads over, was no more or less than that which had echoed in the Senate House of Rome, and rung over the Amphitheatre, and the Campus Martius. Heavens ! Conceive their virtuous indignation. Cicero would burst forth on the moment into an oration to which that in *Catalinum* would be small beer, and Horace would turn a sneering ode unparalleled for the *curiosa felicitas* of its bitterness. Latin has had many enemies—the Goths and the Visi-Goths paid small respect to its rolling cadences and rounded periods ; but the doctors and the lawyers have done more to mangle the unfortunate tongue than all the Franks and Huns who ever poured over the Alps. Our Sangrados, too, add insult to injury—they make us swallow their nasty stuffs, and call them by barbarous names to boot. They insist upon their Latin being as horrid as their drugs ; not only is the draught nauseous to one species of taste, but the formula under which it is administered must be revolting to another.

But bad Latin is not our principal objection to our friends of the College of Surgeons and Physicians. Even if they could write Ciceronian prescriptions, which they can't, or, at all events, won't—we ask, what would be the *cui bono* of doing so. We are not Romans but Englishmen. Write as you speak. You ask us to put out our tongues, and to let you feel our pulse, in plain English ; you find the one too white, and the other too fast. Why don't you tell us the names of the drugs we must swallow, to restore the fine red of the one, and moderate the jog-trot of the other, in plain English too ?

Gentlemen, "Medicine-men," or "Mystery-men," as the Ojibbeways and their red brethren of the wilderness call you ; there has been from time immemorial a considerable quantity of humbug in your profession, the still existing remnants of which we would fain see purged off. In times of yore, when people called you Leeches and Chirurgeons, you added a good many of the tricks of the juggler to your legitimate craft. You were then the prime professors of Alchemy, of Astrology ; the principal conjurors and magicians of the olden time, ere the advent of Herr Dobler and the Wizard of the North : you masqueraded in flowing robes and long beards, and carried white wands like the stewards at a charity dinner : you used a mysterious jargon, both in your medical and your magical practice : you applied one to aid you in carrying on the other : you had sympathetic powders, and charms and enchantments : you worked both by spell and pill : *hax*,

pax, max, was an old medical charm against the effect of a mad dog's bite: the not very dignified syllables of *och, och,* you held to be able to perform cures, to accomplish which sulphur ointment has obtained a more modern celebrity. Long ago, however, you gave up reading your patient's symptoms, and chances in the stars, and you now look for the legitimate reward of your learned labours, rather to guinea fees than to the mystic riches of the crucible. So far, so good. You have in a measure kept pace with the world which is moving on around you; but still, in some respects, you are lagging; still you have a yearning longing for that veil of mystery, which once hung, awe-inspiring, around you; still in your prescriptions live the embers of your former secret fires; still, in ordering a simple pill or a soothing draught, do you fondly hug the glory with which the *omne ignotum pro magnifico* invests you. Of the old mystic formulas you still have a fond recollection. Gentlemen, your faith in spells is not yet quite at an end. In ordering a dose of salts, your *sulph. mag.* corresponds to the ancient *och. och.* We never see a prescription, setting forth the necessity of beginning next day with a dram of castor oil, the neat and appropiate sentiment couched under the dim phraseology of *ol. ric. cras, mane,* without thinking with great tolerance of the days when *hax, pax, max,* and similar luminous and useful sentences were in great vogue and vigour.

Drop, then, we beseech of you, the last links which connect science with nonsense—the Doctor with the Diddler family; rhubarb will do as much good when ordered in English as in dog Latin; senna is not a bit more agreeable as *Fol. sen.;* nor cream of tartar as *Bitar. Pot.* Apothecaries can understand "To be made into a draught," just as well as *Fiat Haustus;* and even the most ignorant will not require more spelling over "The mixture to be taken at bed-time," than they would to read and understand *Mist. h. s. sum^{da}.*

Why on earth should one profession continue to carry on the written part of their business in a dead language—nay, more, in a language not only dead, but corrupted? A merchant might as well draw out his bills in bad Latin, or worse Greek. Only think of invoices, couched in the classical tongues,—of promising to pay for value received, in the language of Cato the elder; or writing a receipt for the value of dry goods in the tongue of Pericles! And why should prescriptions be more learned documents than acknowledgments or promissory notes? We have doubts of the extent of

learned lore of those who have to write them, and still more terrible misgivings of the capabilities of those who have to read them. We doubt whether a country druggist's boy is more learned in the Latin rudiments, than perhaps his elder brother, a respectable tavern waiter; or, it may be, landlord. But who would think, in a coffee-room or parlour, of mildly ordering a "*poculum cerviciæ*," or of vociferating for a *cyathum spiriti Galliæ cum aqua pura*," when he wanted a glass of porter, or a go of brandy and water? Did you try the experiment, however, with a learned waiter, who could catch, at all events, a glimpse of your meaning, a mistake would not be, perhaps, of great importance. You might think the whisky tendered from misconception for brandy, or the ale for porter—no bad substitutes for the originally ordered articles. But in the apothecary's shop—Heaven help us!—the case is different. Oxalic acid mistaken for salts, or a neat packet of sugar-of-lead politely handed over the counter for magnesia, may lead to awkward consequences, connected with coroners' juries and paragraphs headed "Poisoned by mistake—Carelessness of an apothecary," in the newspapers. And let it not be said that chemists or their assistants, although not acquainted with Latin as a language, know well the peculiar abbreviations of the peculiar words which come before them. Their knowledge in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is purely mechanical; they read Latin as parrots speak English, and thus, deriving no help from the sense, but trusting entirely to the accuracy of the formation of the characters—a false stroke of a pen, the accidental transposition of a dot on a line, may lead to nothing more or less than manslaughter.

And now, gentle, confiding, gulled public, a word with you who are so fond of swallowing drugs blindfold, who would, perhaps, even deem the dignity of the medicine you gulp down impaired, its efficacy weakened, were the prescription, to which you trust as to an amulet, made clear, and distinct, and intelligible unto you. Listen. "We have sat at good men's feasts," that is to say, ordinaries, *tables d'hôtes*, and other kinds and varieties of public dinners. On the board we have often remarked certain dishes, mystically concocted of mysterious substances—not ordinary, home-made, household fare, but meats so skilfully besauced and bestewed, not to say bedevilled, that all the wise men of the East could hardly have guessed at their original component parts. Well, such dishes we have invariably beheld carefully eschewed by nine-tenths of the

party. "I like to know what I eat," quoth John Bull; "don't fancy those stews—God knows what is in them; give me a plain joint." John gets a plain joint, and afterwards a plain pudding, succeeded by plain cheese. Unhappily, however, to show how well he can dine off his own plain fare, to the discomfiture of all the "kickshaws" of France, John eats so much of it that he has the nightmare on going to sleep at night, and finds himself nicely dyspeptic when he awakes in the morning. He summons the doctor forthwith, and a mysterious prescription is exchanged for the usual fee. The mystic document produces a mystic phial of some black or green stuff. What is it? what are to be its physiological effects? John neither knows nor cares; he hopes it is to cure him, and he swallows it. Blind John Bull! Food of which he knows nothing, he will not eat; medicine, of the nature of which he is equally in the dark, he will swallow by gallons. To dishes with foreign names he objects most strenuously; to medicine with anything but foreign names he is equally adverse. He loves plain food, but hates plain physic. Does he trust all to the apothecary, and nothing to the cook, or does he think that he can take greater liberties with his stomach when it is ill than when it is well? Let him learn wisdom, and try to know something of the potent drugs which he swallows so manfully.

Those of our readers, who may have time enough to be able to spend some of it upon parliamentary prating, will have discovered long ere now that this paper is undertaken *àpropos* of a motion, of which Mr. Muntz, the member for Birmingham, has given notice. He is to move that doctors be compelled in future to write their prescriptions in plain English, and that apothecaries shall be compelled to label their gallipots to correspond.

Having a sneaking sort of fondness—perhaps it is an amiable weakness—for anything in the shape of common sense, we wished to say our say upon the side of Mr. Muntz, to encourage him, should his motion not come on before these pages shall have seen the light, to push his point manfully, and to despise sneers when he cannot be met by argument; and we wished, above all, should the point be carried, to have had a hand in the downfall of scientific mummery, and the crushing of those pretensions and practices, which, while they cannot advance truth, may often cloak imposture.

THE LAW OF THE LAND.

A COMMON phrase this—the "Law of the Land." Most familiar and household-like its sound—grave and dignified in its meaning, and sonorous in its twang. People talk of the law of the land solemnly and sententiously, as of something perhaps a little mystic and obscure; but good, great, just, benevolent as a God, and mighty as a God.

The law of the land! It comes glibly off the tongue. Orators prate of it fluently; judges lay it down solemnly. It is a received and venerated phrase; a most hallowed collocation of words. And no one seems to know or to think of the world of satire it contains.

Yes, satire,—keen, biting, trenchant satire. It tells a mighty and a sad truth most unconsciously; reveals the nakedness of the deformity it would cover; tells our laws and our law-makers what they are—how they have cheated us—and in all the most unsuspected formula of words.

The law *of* the land. Interpret the sentence—the law *for* the land—the law so affectionate to the owners of the land—the law which is proud to surround acres with a triple shield, while it leaves weak industry unprotected—the law made by landowners for the benefit of landowners—the law, their willing tool, their useful slave—the law which stints out the food of the poor for the "landed interest," which creates fictitious crime for the landed interest—the law made by land for land—exalting land, lavishing upon it all tenderness, blessing it with all immunity,—verily, the law of this country is the "Law of the Land!"

Ages ago, when England was little but a broad forest—when deer, and wolves, and wild-boars ranged where cities now stand—the law of the day, such as it was, was made by landowners for their order. Feudal castles—those chivalric receptacles for stolen goods—started up. Banditti, as ignorant as brutal—the titled thieves from whom our aristocracy are proud to trace their descent—waged war upon honesty, and industry, and weakness; and made laws too, enacted measures especially designed for their own disinterested purposes, established criminal codes as enlightened

as themselves, and administered them as humanely as they were conceived philosophically.

Such were our first legislators. From the land sprung our national code. In the land it is still rooted, and the land it still shelters. Nations suffer from hereditary legislation as individuals from hereditary disease; the first feature of acre legislation is its hereditary character. The landowners took care not only to make laws, but to leave their descendants the privilege also. The right of plunder was a precious heir-loom. It has descended from those who imposed the forest-laws to those who imposed the corn-laws; from the tyrant of white serfs to the holder of black slaves. It is the spell which crushes the many to exalt the few; it is the hereditary curse; the evil which clings to us; cramping our energies, blighting our prospects.

Class legislation means no more or less than robbery committed under the sanction of forms of law. And in the long bead-roll of our laws, how few there are to be found which do not spring from class legislation—from one class legislation—from land legislation? Landowners have always been our legislators; the inevitable consequence has been that our laws have been framed for the benefit of land. True, this is what was to have been expected. Man is selfish—selfishness, like other bad passions, grows by what it feeds on. Our original legislators had a tolerably fair stock when they commenced operations, and, God knows, it has had plenty of food to batten upon since.

We say, then, that all our interests have been sacrificed to that of land; the simple question of who were our legislators? we propound to any who deny the assertion. Landowners had the wand in their possession, and for their own benefit they waved it.

Let us trace then some of the results of their handiwork, let us prop the charge with evidence; let us look to the blessings of a landed aristocracy possessing political power, of which Parliament was once entirely composed; and which is still supreme in one House, and strong—very strong—in the other. And here let us not be met by the cant objection of the sinfulness of arraying one class against another. We *shall* array one class against another when one is right and the other is wrong. We battle for freedom of labour, for natural political right, in behalf of unprotected industry, of the toiling, suffering people of England. If any come forth to meet us, then God help the right! but to shrink from the contest, to talk of hollow peace when wrongs have to be

redressed, when grievances have to be smitten, is not humane and magnanimous, but cowardly. We are of the people ; our sympathies are with the people. Let the magnates of the land "stand by their order." We shall stand by ours.

The first foreshadowing of our Parliament was the "Great Council" of the Norman barons. The imagination flies easily back to that formidable assembly. Grouped beneath the arched roofs of castle halls, we can see in fancy the mailed warriors glittering in brass and steel, attended by their standard-bearers and men-at-arms ; the whole assembly a blaze of warlike and heraldic pomp : we can fancy the short, stern speeches, more like words of command than orations, which proclaimed the birth of the landed legislation ; that might was right would be the motto of the senate, and from such a legislature the law of the strong hand issued naturally forth. These our first legislators were the men who built thick-walled fastnesses,—those massive keeps of which one of the Scottish Jameses well said, that their constructors were thieves in their hearts ; and not only in their hearts, but in their deeds. In the dungeons of these chivalric palaces many a wretch died of slow torture, unrelentingly applied to drag from him the secret of the hiding-places of his wealth. Within their vast battlements lived serfs, the iron-collared goods and chattels of their proprietors. The desert forests and moors which formed England were the scene of continued pillage where anything was to be plundered ; of continued cruelty and death when any wretch dared to come between the aggressor and his spoil. And this was the dawning of Merrie England. And such were the men who made its first laws.

Let us look at some of the oldest of them. It was the law of this land in which we live that a peer had the privilege of committing any crime with immunity for the first time. The fact was, of course, that he could commit it with immunity any number of times, provided it did not chance to interfere with the convenience of another peer. But the theory of the law pardoned guilt only once. Proud privilege of Parliament ! with your sacred members once killing was no murder—one shedding of blood was no shedding. The luxury of crime was only to be enjoyed by the aristocracy, and perhaps the priesthood—witness the "benefit of clergy"—and even bounds were theoretically set to that, in order, we suppose, that frequent indulgence might not blunt the savour of the morsel. Murder was a dear *bonne bouche* when permitted

for the first time—it of course had the additional flavour of forbidden fruit when enjoyed for the second.

But although our peers granted crime-dispensations to themselves, they took very good care to be more strict in looking after the morals of the *canaille* below them. For an unprivileged mortal in any way to attack them or their lackeys was an offence to be far more severely visited than were the assault committed merely upon the fellow of the aggressor. As times became more learned—as Captain Pen began to crow up a yet feeble note of defiance to Captain Sword—the peers surrounded themselves with a formidable defence of libel laws. To libel a plain squire was an offence, but to libel a Lord—heaven help us!—was a dreadful thing. There was wisdom, however, in the arrangement—men most liable to attack ought to be the most careful in guarding against it. The peers felt themselves in this situation; and as their "order" and their policy would naturally be impugned—they having the power—as naturally took care to prevent it. Well, times became commercial as well as literary, and a curious custom, frequently repudiated in practice by our legislators, arose of men paying their debts. In order to guarantee that this should be done, a power was given to the creditor over the body of the debtor. It was the rude means of rude times. But the legislators took care that their precious carcasses should have a bill of exemption. "Should they," as one of them said, "muddle away their fortunes in paying tradesmen's bills?"—of course not. There is one large class who have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them, and another, somewhat smaller, who have little to do with the laws but to make them. The vulgar debtor must pay or go to prison—the Lord or the Member must neither do the one thing nor the other. And here the advantage is manifest of being a real Lord, instead of a mere Member of the Commons of England. Your M. P., like Achilles, is vulnerable in the heel of parliamentary dissolution. Visions of bailiffs may flock round him, conjured up by the crash of the shutting doors of St. Stephen's. The King's Bench may fill as the ministerial and opposition benches empty. But your Lord has to dread no such vulgar consummation—once a Lord always a Lord—once a debtor he may be always a debtor, for all the powers spunging-houses have to compel him to quit the character. Could legislative flesh and blood be pent within four noisome walls like that of ordinary men and women? Powers of Gentility forbid! Should one subject of

England be placed upon the same footing with respect to the law as another? Powers of Equity forefend! The dungeon for the man—but the sunny air for the peer; the creak of bolts for the one—the chink of borrowed money sends back no such fearful echo to the ears of the other.

But, thank God, this is a state of things which is mending. The power of imprisoning the humble debtor will soon be added to the laws against witchcraft—the provisions for curing scrofula by the spell of Royal fingers, and various other shining evidence of the wisdom of our ancestors. The people are physically being brought up to the level of the peers—but the peers are morally being brought up to the level of the people. Imprisonment for debt will soon exist no longer either for peer or peasant. And here let us do justice to all men. The last great step taken in this direction was taken by the peers; but it was proposed, urged and carried, not by "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," but by a man who, whatever he is in some respects now, was once a commoner and a democrat, and still bears in his composition some of the leaven of a *vrai enfant du peuple*.

But the dens where men who owed money to their fellows could be cast, would have been long since beaten down but for the peers. They systematically resisted every attempt to mollify the strongent law. Through their imperious will, many a wretch has rotted debt-pent in the jails of England. The representatives of the land of England—the House of Lords, and we may add the Tory benches of the House of Commons, stuck long to their privileges. In 1783, and in the three following years, a series of measures passed the Lower House—not for the purpose of abolishing, but modifying, soothing, softening the rigours of the harsh law. The Lords threw them out. Protected themselves, would it not be making the ægis less precious to extend its influence to others? In 1787 there were three thousand poor debtors languishing in the jails of England; the Lords, in answer to the Commons' supplication in their behalf, told them to languish on.

And as with imprisonment for debt, so with nine-tenths of the unjust, impolitic laws with which we are or were oppressed. As they owed their birth to landowners, and were intended for their benefit, so every attempt at their modification or repeal was resisted by the landowners represented in the peers of England. Sometimes we see them standing by royalty—sometimes ranged against

it, but always constant to two things—to the perpetuation of the people's wrongs and the gratification of their own interests.

The barons quarrelled with King John, and the people got Magna Charta—a striking realisation of the proverb, "that when rogues fall out honest men get their own." The wars of the Roses swept away a tolerable portion of the nobility; but the first of the Stuarts, who wielded the sceptre of England, created so many new honours and titles, that placards were fixed upon St. Paul's, offering to teach the art of remembering the names of the new aristocracy. Their acts were soon to teach the memory of their names. Charles the First was a tyrant, and they naturally backed him. He attempted to put in force what his father used to vapour about royal prerogative and the divine right of kings, and his worthy Peers as naturally supported him. The Commons took their grievances into consideration before granting supplies. Charles applied to the Lords, his good friends and trusty councillors; but the Commons were getting sturdy and resolute, and neither the King nor his Peers took much by the motion. In the Long Parliament the Commons struggled for the religious liberty of the subject and the curtailment in matters temporal of the powers of the bishops. The Lords, of course, supported the claims of the church over the mental liberties of the people. Then came the crisis of the struggle between might and right. The ship-money was demanded, and Hampden rose to repel to the impost. Emigration was forbidden, and Pym was taken out of the ship which was to bear him to New England. The Peers stood by despotism and the king. The struggle was a fierce one; but the blood which on a memorable 30th of January trickled from a scaffold in Whitehall, laid it for a time.

Years passed—a re-action came, and the Peers again were pre-eminent in station and in power. The Commons wished to pass a bill of indemnity—the Lords claimed that the relations of five Peers who had fallen in the struggle should have the right of singling out and excepting as victims to a bloody vengeance, five statesmen of the commonwealth. These men professed Christianity, and robed bishops sat by their sides. In the time of the second Charles, the Lords proposed to revive the Star Chamber. The motion was quashed in its birth. Charles amid his profligacy, thought catholicism the "only religion fit for a gentleman." He granted a "Declaration of Indulgence" to its professors. The Commons told him he had no right to suspend the laws. He

applied to the Lords, they stigmatised the decision of the Lower House as *monstrum, horrendum, ingens,* but the passing of the Test Act in the Commons answered the mutilated quotation. The Lords rejected it, certainly not out of love to religious freedom ; and, when they were forced to pass it, they attempted to make exceptions in favour of the members of their own body interested. Always the same—always urging exceptions in their own favour—in the stringent laws they passed ! The Lords at first threw out the *Habeas Corpus* Act. In the expulsion of James they took little part. In William's reign they distinguished themselves in their usual style, by opposing extension of religious liberty. In 1692, they rejected a bill for "free and impartial proceedings in parliament." In 1701, they baffled an attempt to inquire into the state of the public accounts—millions of money having been peculated. These were practices sure of receiving their protection. Shortly afterwards the Peers attempted to prevent the evasion of the statute conferring upon the death of a Catholic his property upon his next Protestant heir. This was defeated, but they were more successful in resisting the efforts of the Commons, to limit the number of placemen sitting in Parliament. A bold stroke to render absolute the power of the oligarchary, by limiting their numbers, was defeated by the Commons. A bill to secure freedom of election the Peers rejected in 1722—they repeated the game four years afterwards, and, shortly before that epoch, a bill for vote by ballot met with the same fate. On the downfall of the Walpole ministry, the alleged immense deficiencies in the Treasury were passed over without inquiry. About the middle of last century, two cases of personal injustice—one the execution of Byng, and the other, the refusal of a writ of *Habeas Corpus*, in favour of a gentlemen who had been impressed, were sanctioned and glosed over by the Lords. Mansfield in vain pleaded the latter case before assembled hereditary clemency and wisdom. A few years thereafter, the Commons had to defend the liberties of the country against general warrants—the Lords obstinately battled for the iniquitous privilege, and a dozen of years afterwards stood out as strongly against relief to conscientious dissenters. In 1781, a liberal measure of Mr. Fox, declaring marriage to be simply a civil contract, was rejected by the pious Lords ; and Pitt's early reforms and Fox's East India bills met with the same fate. As determined in cruelty, as deep in corruption, Wilberforce's first bill for the amelioration of the cri-

minal code was lost in the Upper House. Our criminal laws at that period were a disgrace to civilisation, therefore the Lords kept them up. To the slave trade abolition bill, too, they appended certain modifying clauses.

A curious specimen of hereditary ways of legislating is afforded in 1803. Two bills involving the liberties and the lives of a third of the empire—the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* in, and the extension of military law to Ireland, were passed by the Lords, through all their stages, in one night; the standing orders having been conveniently suspended for the purpose. After this feat of legislation—this wholesale sacrifice of liberty and life—the venerated legislators went comfortably home to supper!

After this, it was of course to be expected that Romilly's measure for abolishing the punishment of death for petty thefts in shops should be indignantly kicked out of the House of Lords. The gallows has always been a favourite there; they have always loved Jack Ketch more than the schoolmaster. And then came another attempted piece of justice, ignominiously defeated. In 1814 Mackintosh and Romilly proposed that freehold estates should, upon the death of their occupiers, be liable for simple contract debts. Here was a blow at land. Was it to be endured that divine-hedged acres should be placed in jeopardy for the observance of a mere contract? that land should be subjected to mere ordinary rules of morality, and justice, and common sense? No; if such a measure were to be the law of the land, it would not be a satisfactory law *for* the land: and the Lords always were diligent in taking care that a proposal must be a bill in the latter sense ere it should become an act in the former.

A bill for abolishing the cruel and degrading punishment of the pillory met with the fate to be expected in the House of Lords. Secure within their fortalice of exemption must the Peers have felt themselves, when the instinct of self-preservation whispered not the demolition of the pillory. Three years afterwards they refused to abolish hanging for thefts of five shillings and upwards; and it was only slowly and by most reluctant degrees that our sanguinary code was made less cruel. But there are acts which—not like the abolition of the slave-trade and the restriction of hanging—the Lords passed with railway speed; for instance, the infamous Six Acts of Sidmouth and Castlereagh for the virtual quenching of liberty of word and of thought, and the absolute extinction of personal security.

Passing to some of the landed aristocratic legislation near our own day, let us remember that in 1821 Plunket's attempt at Catholic Emancipation was defeated, and Lord John Russell's parliamentary reforms were of course equally successful. Mackintosh continued his efforts for the amelioration of the criminal code—the Lords perseveringly thwarting them. Canning attempted to allow Catholic Peers to resume their seats in Parliament. Their charitable brethren would have none of them. A modified general Catholic Relief bill was lost in the Lords next year. In 1825 the Catholic Relief bill was thrown out in the same house. The sale of game was refused to be legalised a year or two afterwards, and the Anatomy Regulation bill was equally scouted, the Lords not being troubled with any foolish predilection for medical or any other science.

What has been done in our own day is still fresh in our minds. We have seen every popular measure, every proposal in favour of extended popular rights, combated inch by inch by the hereditary representatives of the land; their tardy assent being at length wrung, not from their goodwill, but from their fears. We have seen the desperate battle fought for rotten boroughs, the stand made for rottenness in every shape, the contest urged between the claims of intelligence and the grasping of property. The declaration of one magnate of the system that he would do what he liked with his own—to wit, the opinions and the consciences of his fellow-men—has been echoed by the threat of another that he would send his black footman into the House of Commons; and, in order that the Bench might not be behind the Senate, we have heard of a grave and ermined judge solemnly laying it down from the judgment-seat that only land had a *right* to be represented in Parliament.

And certainly whatever may be the *de jure* state of the question, there can be little doubt of the *de facto*. The House of Lords is exclusively landowning and hereditary. The House of Commons is deeply impregnated with the same leaven. Half of its seats at least are held under the immediate influence of Peers. More than thirty per cent. of its members are directly connected with the peerage; and the spirit of aristocracy broods over it—enervating and enfeebling, if not paralysing and rotting.

Notwithstanding this, however,—small as for centuries was the influence of the people in the chamber in which they are theoretically represented,—we have seen that in it almost every

liberalising, humanising, civilising measure originated, and it was by it that, in despite of the overwhelming power of the aristocracy of acres, every such measure was battled into law. There was truth on the side of the weak—falsehood on that of the strong. So may the contest between might and right ever terminate!

But if the star of our hereditary legislation be waning—if the spread of books, and newspapers, and magazines be dimming and destroying its influence—if the printing press, the worst enemy it ever saw, be assaulting it, and doomed ultimately to cast it from the sphere it has so long wandered in—if rising intelligence, and awakened inquiry, and vivified and vivifying spirit be everywhere planning and plotting against it—when it does give way, vast will be the spoil which it will have accumulated during its long and iniquitous reign. Brindley looked upon rivers as intended by nature to feed navigable canals—a celebrated hereditary legislator looked upon trees as "excrescences upon the earth," intended by nature for the payment of gentlemen's debts;—but in one view our titled lawgivers have long been unanimous—in that of regarding the public purse as their own private property. The words place and pension are as naturally associated with those of Lord and Duke, as roast goose with apple sauce. Wherever we find the one, the other is sure to be near at hand. "I have no property myself," said a Lordling, explaining his "expectations" to the father of a lady he had wooed and won, "but I have family connections with the Grenvilles." Of course this was quite satisfactory. We have heard of an "order" naturally intended for the service of the state. It would be more correct to talk, an order naturally intended for the plunder of the public. The army, the navy, the church have all one grand object besides the three great ones—they are severally destined to serve. Livings, ships, and regiments are bought and sold. There is nothing that the spirit of aristocracy cannot convert into property. It has made the wild things of the earth property. It deals and traffics in the souls of men. It battens upon what was to be taught without money and without price. It makes the church of God the profit and the property of man. But let the church take care. Aristocracy professes for it a great reverence and a great love. The church is wealthy. It was more so once, and aristocracy and royalty fell jointly upon it—upset the fabric, and divided the spoil. Pleasant occupation—and a richer pleasantry still—they said

they did it for religion's sake! As they fed upon the church, they feed upon the state. The peerage drains upwards of three millions of money in pensions and places. Well may we be a "pensive public."

For land then, and by land, has the whole fabric of our laws and constitution been built. For land, does the corn law famish its yearly victims; for land, does the game law demoralise districts; for land, does the law of primogeniture set aside the law of nature; for land, does the law of entail defeat the plain rules of justice; for colonial land, are we hampered by numberless paralysing fiscal restrictions; for land, is the absurd distinction drawn between personal and real property—always careful to protect the one at the expense of the other; for the sake of land, the goods of a sub-tenant may be seized for the non-fulfilment of a contract to which he was no party; for the benefit of land, the scraped up pittance devised to widows is pillaged, while the princely estate passes free from sire to son; for land, we live move and have our being; land governs us; land taxes us; Atlas-like the land weighs us down. Judge-made law may be bad, but landlord-made law is worse. Morally, we are still *adscripti glebæ*—

The Law *of* the Land is the Law *for* the Land!

A. B. R.

THE ANTI-CORN LAW LEAGUE BAZAAR.

WITHIN the walls of Covent Garden Theatre the drama of fiction has long found a bright abiding place and home. Within these walls for years and years has Genius spoken to the people—solemn in the sombre robe of Tragedy, or sparkling in the gayer vestments of her more mirthful sister, in Art. Within these walls have enthusiastic assemblages, by turns mirthful and tearful, come to cast aside, for the hour the sordid things of life, and revel in bright scenes, and among fair beings, poet-created. Within these walls have the high thoughts and grand imaginings, joyfully conjured up by Genius in its solitude, found a living voice, and pealed into the beating hearts of thousands—rousing them to honest wrath, or, in more gentle mood, murmuring in whispers to be best

answered by tears. Within the walls of Covent Garden Theatre the dramatic glory of our literature has been long enshrined—a mighty temple reared to a mighty power.

For the present these things exist not. The worship has paused, and the worshippers have left the fane. We trust and believe that the power of the one has not ceased—that the others will yet return—that our great national theatre will be again what it was, and what it ought to be.

But the dramatic *interregnum* is not all barren. The theatre is not left mouldering, and dark, and empty. On the contrary, it has been as instinct with life—as teeming with admiration as in those olden days, when crookbacked Richard dreamed his fearful vision, or Miranda listened to the song of Ariel, and entranced audiences shuddered at the one, or hung upon the melody of the other.

And now there have been acted in Covent Garden Theatre—not scenes from the drama of fiction—but great scenes from the still more dread drama of reality. We have seen triumph within its walls—not fictitious stage kings, but true popular leaders. We have seen a demonstration of a power which does not fade with the glare of footlights—of a power mighty in its justice—of a power which will create a great, but a bloodless, social revolution—of a power which will restore to labour its just rights without depriving property of its just privileges—of a power which will link men of all climes together in a blessed brotherhood—of a power which will triumph over the earth, and bless all it triumphs over—which will enlighten and improve, and extend human happiness, and promote human comfort, as assuredly as God has decreed that what is good shall prevail, and as assuredly as all which he has decreed shall be accomplished !

The scene which, during the last month, Covent Garden Theatre exhibited, was a great demonstration—a great fact. The sight which it exhibited to the country was one to make it think. Within a spacious area were collected innumerable triumphs of industry and skill—a mute parliament of labour. And these thousand objects imagined by ingenuity—created by toil—pleaded in all the eloquence of silence for the rights of those who fashioned them. The workman was represented by his handicraft; the toiling city was shadowed forth by rich stuffs, or glancing metals; and the fabrics, gorgeous from the loom, or dazzling from the forge, cried aloud, although they spoke not: "Let us accomplish

our mission: let us go forth over the earth, civilising, aiding, comforting man; and bringing, in return, plenty to the board, and peace to the hearth, of the toil-worn men and women who have fashioned us!"

A "Bazaar"—tis a trite word for a commonplace thing—often an idle mart for children's trumpery—for foolish goods brought forth of laborious idleness. But an idea can ennoble anything. Nobility, in its true sense, is an idea; and how grand is the idea which ennobles *our* Bazaar—which, even apart from its claims as an industrial exposition, makes it a great and holy thing. "FREE TRADE." These words form a spell by which the world will yet be governed. They are the spirit of a dawning creed—a creed which already has found altars and temples worthy of its truth.

The Anti-Corn-Law-league Bazaar has raised thoughts in the national mind which will not soon die. As a spectacle, it was magnificent in the extreme; but not more grand materially than it was morally. The crowd who saw it, thought as well as gazed. It was not a mere huge shop for selling wares; but a great school for propagating an idea. And the pupils were not Londoners alone. From every part of the land, monster trains hurried up their visitors. From the tracts where tall chimneys stand like forests—from the districts where the plough, not the engine, labours—where the farm-steading takes the place of the factory—where the "mill" means not that weaving yarn, but that grinding corn—from town and country—shipping port and inland city—steam has whirled its tens of thousands to one common centre—to see a great demonstration—to take a great lesson, and then to narrate and teach what they have beheld and learned to others.

Nevertheless, these pages may fall into the hands of many who have not seen at all, or have heard little of the Anti-Corn-Law Bazaar. For their behoof we shall attempt a sketch in outline—it must be a rude and a hurried one—of the last grand demonstration of the League.

And first—not pausing on the threshold, not dwelling over the treasures piled in lobbies—let us enter the Grand Hall, the inner and principal temple reared to Free Trade.

Let the scene burst at once upon us. Where are we? In a theatre? Where are boxes, and pit, and stage? It seems a sainted cathedral of old, through which the eye glances amid long vistas of pillars and of groined arches; a shadowy dim fane, into which light comes clothed with rich colour through the frosted

windows ; over which fretted arches, vaulted and echoing, extend; pillar, and roof, and oriel, rich with chiselling and the pomp of heraldry, and the gorgeous blazoning of old. Yet all this is but painted canvass and cut pasteboard. The art of the scenic decorator has been called into play, and in a few short weeks he has turned the theatre into a Norman Gothic hall. The illusion is as complete as an illusion, which you know to be one, can be. Carved stone and oak are mimicked with rare skill. Mr. Grieve is another geni, who can conjure up a palace in a night.

But then the furniture—the tenants of our Norman Gothic hall—what do they consist of? Taking up our station at one end, glance through the vista of pillar and arch, and see.

Long rows of tables extend away into the dim distance—two in the centre and one on either side. They are piled with rich merchandise, curiosities, miracles of art, wonders of nature. They comprehend the treasures of the warehouse and the museum. Rich stuffs and drapery arise from the walls, and the eye travels over seemingly never-ending masses of costly articles of every variety ; for ornament, for use ; for the boudoir, for the wardrobe ; toys to please the eye, to minister to the very wantonness of luxury ; things of necessity not so pretty, but much more useful ; holiday bravery and every-day apparel ; a sort of huge collection, not of one, but of all classes of social objects ; of furniture for our homes, garments for ourselves, and ornaments for both ; things to make us comfortable and make us gay ; a never-ending, still beginning, panorama of the products of the labour of every artisan ; the staples of every district ; the wares of every factory ; the goods of every shop !

Let us, however, be still more particular ; and, pushing amid the thronging, chaffering crowd, make our way along the extending lines of tables, divided into stalls, each stall representing a city, or an industrial district, and, courteously informed by the fair and good ladies who preside, each over her peculiar charge of wares, examine more closely this great social museum.

Turning to the right on our entrance, we find ourselves among the productions of the stuff-manufacturing towns of the north. Yorkshire and Lancashire, these two grand hives of industry are of course well represented. Rochdale has its warm flannels, and rich winter clothings. Halifax sends light woollen goods of gay hues and soft fleecy texture ; and Bradford is not behind-hand in a similar way. On the opposite side of the theatre are the

variegated prints which busy Manchester pours forth in a profusion which would clothe the world. The products of the swarming manufacturing towns which dot the north of England, and from among which the great voice of Corn-law Repeal first went forth over the land, are all represented here by the fruits of their numerous branches of industry. Nor are the far-off cities of Scotland mute. Glasgow sends carpets soft as velvet—elastic to the foot as living turf, glowing with colours bright and glancing as the plumage of oriental birds—real romances of the loom. One of these, of large dimensions, is woven without a seam—a gorgeous piece of glowing texture. And Glasgow's neighbour, Paisley, sends shawls—delicate as Cachmires—the fit vestments of beauteous forms. The north against the east for the oriental garment! The Land of Cakes against that of Roses! Galashiels too contributes plenty of her peculiar fabrics—variegated tartans and shepherds' hoddin grey. Gala-water is a classic brook; the ancient minstrels sung of its "braw, braw lads." In olden times the moss-trooper, reeking from the foray, plunged his panting horse through its gurgling rapids. Now there are mills upon the banks, where feudal strongholds stood, and their inhabitants are free-traders, not free-booters. The times of modern reality are far better than those of ancient romance. Coventry—the town of the three spires—of peeping Tom—we see your ribbons glancing and glittering like so many rainbows condensed into shot silk. Leicester is here in her rich hosiery, and the busy hand of Nottingham is shadowed forth by her stores of gloves. Honiton sends laces elaborate as those of Valenciennes. Northampton—being of opinion that there is nothing like leather—contributes boots and shoes, for all occasions and places—from the muddy field through which the labourer splashes, to the gilded *salon* in which the carpet knight picks his mincing way. From the busiest centre of our manufacturing industry, to its remotest outskirt, have arrived offerings. Our great English and Scotch towns, surrounded by railways—swarming with artisans—ringing and shaking with the clatter of engines, forges, and looms—and the remote islands of the Orkneys, placed "far amid the melancholy main"—have all of them done their duty to the Free-Trade Bazaar. These last out of the world specks of barren rock and bleak moor, dotting the wild northern sea beyond Cape Wrath, have offered their knitted hosiery—worked in smoky cabins in long winter nights—delicate fabrics—warm and fleecy—congenial to the bleak northern clime.

Then, turning from the products of the loom to those of the

forge—from clothes and silks to iron and steel—let us see what the skill of cunning workmen in metals has done for us. Sheffield gives us knives of every sort—swords, axes, razors, scissors, all of the most exquisite finish, which the most consummate skill can impart to the most perfect material. Steel here glitters like burnished mirrors; there dazzles like frosted silver. Weapons of offence and tools for industry lie side by side, all fashioned as never were tools or weapons since first the sparks flew from Tubal Cain's anvil. Birmingham offers as much iron-work; locks which would defy the "Forty Thieves;" specimens of mechanism, perfect labyrinths of wheels, and levers, and cranes. Darliston affords us the model of the mine, whence the raw materials of these wondrous triumphs of industry and science, ore and coal, are wrought from the earth. Colebrook Dale proves that iron may be made ornamental as well as useful; it moulds the stubborn metal into forms rich and graceful as ever sculptor fashioned from clay; it works out statues, and vases, and fountains; goblets as delicately moulded as those which the potter, stationed near at hand, turns from his wheel. Then there are models by the dozen of the steam-engine—that glorious thing—the wizard which has formed half the wonders which surround it—which has put towns upon desert wastes, steamers in unknown seas, and which, labouring for the matter immediately in hand, has whirled tens of thousands to London, from every province of the empire, to gaze upon this accumulated treasury of industry.

But we might go on for days and weeks enumerating the contents of the League Bazaar. Let us content ourselves with drawing from them their obvious moral, with recording their silent pleading.

They represent Industry; they demand Industry's rights. Here, in this island, are hands and mouths; the labour of the one should be the food of the other. The spirit of Selfishness, powerful for a time, has said "No!" The people may not exchange what their hands have made, for the food which it would bring them. The struggling, honest, willing labour of the masses, is paralysed for the luxurious, selfish idleness of the few!

Here, in England, is ingenuity to invent, and strength to execute, industrial achievements such as the world never before saw. Abroad there grows teeming food, the gift of the Deity. We would barter the products of our hands for the products of our neighbours' fields.

Selfishness forbids the bargain: backs in one land shall be

kept bare, in order that stomachs in another may be kept empty; food shall rot in the fields in this country, because it may not be exchanged for merchandise, mouldering in warehouses in that.

But Common Sense, Common Humanity, Common Justice, call aloud, and with a God's voice proclaim, that God's gifts to all men shall not be marred by the foul will of a few; that the industrious shall not starve when there is food; that trade shall be as free as the sun, and the breeze, and the rain; that the great Religion of Commerce, which is civilising, humanising, fraternising the world, shall no longer have a Custom-House for its Church, or a hostile tariff for its Bible!

THE LAY OF THE SHUTTLE.

Be at him—have at him!
'Tis my blood and my brain;
But at him—still at him!
'Twill avenge me again.

From the crow of the cock till the middle of night
Am I weaving and weaving, to get me a bite
Of potatoes and salt, with some straw for my bed;
And I 'm weary and wasted:—I would I were dead!
Be at him—have at him, &c.

See my wife—she is pallid; blue, bloodless her lip;
And the babe from her bosom seeks vainly to sip;
And my children are stunted, starved, wicked, I ween:
O my God! that such sights on thy earth should be seen!
Be at him—have at him, &c.

O they think that I weave them a garment of pride:
On a mantle of Nessus my shuttle is plied.
Like a snake 'twill enwreath them, and wrap them in fire:
Nor will the charmed cup quench the flame in its ire.
Be at him—have at him, &c.

Yet I will not in plot or conspiracy join;
But still patient I 'll sit at this hard task of mine;
And, still patient, this shuttle for weapon I 'll wield,
Till, at length, without bloodshed, I conquer the field.
Be at him—have at him, &c.

MAN AND THE CRIMINAL.

PRISON LESSONS.

It is an occasional custom with the editors of our very old poets and other writers, to devote a place in their works to a list of words and phrases not understood by them; and on which, of course, they will be happy to receive any information. It has struck us that Government might beneficially imitate the practice, with regard to some of those words and phrases which it does not, but as a *Christian* Government, ought to understand; and which it naturally desires to receive as unanswerable canons, if, through any happy conjunction of erudition and sagacity, their meaning can but be fathomed. We would, then, have each department hang out its own candid and truth-seeking placards. Unexpected information might possibly drop in upon the Horse Guards, in answer to the queries attached to its list of words and phrases not understood, as—Love your enemies. The Board of Trade might usefully put among the words and phrases not understood at Whitehall—"A man's life consisteth not of the abundance of things he possesseth." Mr. Barry might be directed to set apart panels on the exterior of the New Houses of Parliament for a kind of daily bulletin of the state of its ignorance upon words and phrases that seem to relate to particular questions about to be debated, but the precise applicability of which, no one, not even on the episcopal bench, can perceive. Thus, one day we might have the Lords inquiring what the phrase "Love one another" can possibly have to do with our system of Poor Law legislation, or why the people who have "committed much" to them, should, in their distress, only "ask the more" for assistance? on another, the Commons wondering *Why* man should not live "by bread alone," instead of requiring Ten Hours' Bills to give him leisure to study the "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"? *Why* grapes should not be expected from thorns, in the horticultural as well as in the moral or educational world? or, *Why* the Legislature should be called on to forgive an erring brother seven times, nay, seventy times seven, instead of consign-

ing him at once to ruin, if not even to the gallows, according to the good old customs, which not only cause so much less trouble, but are sanctioned by the Church itself, whose business it has been and is to expound all gospel truths?

And, by the way, what an interesting book might be written upon the philosophy of words! For countless centuries, words, under the semblance of things, have been the constant subject of dispute; why not vary the proceeding by discussing the things that may lie hidden beneath the veil of words? How, for instance, Punishment and Toleration open the whole history of the errors that have embittered life in every stage of its progress; and though we begin to perceive that the very existence of the latter word among us is a satire on our views of religious freedom, we are not yet prepared to acknowledge that the former shows in an equally marked manner how little we have yet understood the true mode of dealing with crime. Take another instance. The word King—in connection with the office of the chief magistrate of a nation—what means that? Why, traced to its origin, we are told "it seems to denote one to whom superior knowledge had given power." Pray, noblemen or gentleman Premiers, chief magistrates of the chief magistrate, pray let us go back to the old state of things, and measure your right to office by the only proper qualification for it. We fear the management of criminals will be but an unfavourable subject to choose for the commencement of such an investigation.

Governments, it has been said, never learn: perhaps we may adduce as a new evidence of the extraordinary character of the present era, that now—at last—governments are beginning to learn; though it must be acknowledged, with some of the awkwardness of all adult scholars, and with a good deal of its own peculiar waywardness and self-confidence superadded. The fact is, any governments could not learn; for, like newspapers, they never erred, or at least never confessed error, never were ignorant, or never confessed ignorance. And though it is pleasant to the imagination to dwell upon such green oases among the shifting sands of knowledge, we are constrained to own there is room for improvement, even where self-confidence generates very little desire for it, very little consciousness of its necessity. Sufficient be it, however, that there is a commencement made. We can wait cheerfully for further advances, seeing that the grand educator—Nature, who has originated the first movement, will doubtless originate all

others that may be requisite, and seeing that her teachings are uttered for the instruction of whoever may choose to listen to them. Placing, then, the fullest reliance on her power and tendencies, let us inquire what lessons she has hitherto afforded us, and how we may best obtain her future instructions. The people may then be able to lead the government, since the government will not lead the people: a state of things, to be sure, not likely to last very long; but that is their business who desire honours and stations without their duties and responsibilities, not ours. So now to Prison Lessons.

A great lawyer, and in spite of some serious blemishes and inconsistencies of character, a great man, Coke, observed, between two and three centuries ago, "What a lamentable case it is that so many Christian men and women should be strangled on that cursed tree, the gallows; insomuch as if in a large field a man might see together all the Christians that, but in one year, throughout England, came to that untimely and ignominious end—if there were any spark of grace or charity in him, it would make his heart bleed for pity or compassion." Coke, be it observed, refers to that time which, above all others, stands out to the judgment as well as to the imagination as one of the brightest eras of our history. It was the time when a wise sovereign (considered simply in her sovereign capacity) sat upon the throne, Elizabeth; when one of the wisest of all statesmen, Burghley, guided the national councils; when the soul of chivalry, divested of its grosser body, the craving passion for war and bloodshed, shone out with a brilliancy unknown even in the pages of a Froissart, in Sir Philip Sidney; when one of the most illustrious teachers of humanity the world has ever seen, Shakspeare, diffused his thoughts like so many irresistible messengers of peace on earth and good-will among men, through the hearts and minds of the community. That was the time of which Coke speaks; that was the time in which he had much occasion so to speak. According to a calculation we have made (founded upon Strype's Record of the State of Crime in a single county—Somerset, in 1596), there were then sent yearly to the gallows between thirteen and fourteen hundred people, making in all for Elizabeth's reign, some 62,000 fellow-creatures strangled by the law. Surely, one thinks, there had been some dreadful error made as to the effect of the absence of capital punishments in previous reigns. Had there not been, we naturally ask, a very lax administration of the law previously, which severity

was required to cure ? It was just the reverse. Henry the Eighth's reign, for instance, was the bloodiest in every respect, without exception, that England has known. Putting aside all the multitude of state victims, queens, noblemen, chancellors, monks, friars, and heretics, there were hanged in the course of his reign, 72,000 robbers, thieves, and vagabonds. A consideration here presents itself. of our government, instead of halting and hesitating, as it now does, between two diametrically opposite sets of principles—hate and love, vengeance and reformation, prevention and punishment—should determine to go back, there is this incidental advantage to be obtained by the restoration of the discipline of bluff King Hal, and good Queen Bess,—so much hanging must certainly lessen one governmental trouble—a superabundant population.

But amidst the excess of light that the Elizabethan period enjoyed, did no ray fall upon the unhappy pariahs of society? Listen again to Coke, the most eminent among the judges who had to condemn the scaffold's victims. Having appealed, as we have shown, to the feelings of his readers, he explains to their judgments that he would prevent crime by training up youth in the principles of religion, and in habits of industry; by good laws; and by granting pardons rarely, and only for good reasons. Why was he not listened to? Why did not Elizabeth, and Burghley, and the other able men of her council, set to work upon the first part of the problem, and see how all the youth of the realm should be instructed, how all should be brought up in habits of industry? Because they had no faith in the influence of the master principles of their creed—love, and the equality of our common nature; and they had faith in the effect of the compression of the jugular vein.

And so they went on hanging; and Nature, mournfully and sadly indeed, went on providing fresh victims for them, for it is not one of the truths she is commissioned to tell, that hanging shall conquer crime; she is commissioned rather to disprove the horrible assumption, by the horrible but indispensable process of giving full scope to its desires, and so convicting it, once and for ever, of failure. A thousand other mitigating and modifying influences, however, did she set at work to lessen the number of those "Christian men and women," as Coke, with a finely instinctive sense of humanity, called the robbers and murderers; and so the number was gradually lessened. Whilst the state of public opinion thus showed that the people were obtaining a dim perception of something wrong in such wholesale executions, the

government remained nobly inflexible, and learnt nothing, unless indeed the fact be excepted, that they learnt they must a little restrict their old penal luxuries.

But how was the very frame of things to hold together if hanging was to be interfered with in the slightest degree? Why, all honour to the government's ingenuity, it had a brilliant thought! It would transport its rogues and vagabonds. It might be called cowardly, perhaps, by silly enthusiasts to put off upon other shoulders the consequences of their legislation and rule, but it was amazingly convenient. We had American colonies—here was a capital use for them. So what appears to have been previously an occasional mode of relief, became a regular one in the reign of the first George. Ah! those were indeed halcyon days for the Secretary of State. Had he a lot of convicts to be got rid of, he sent for the owner or captain of a vessel, put them all into his hands, told him to repay himself by their sale in the colonies as (virtual) slaves for the period of their sentence, and the thing was done as far as he was concerned. And a very good system it was, too, for the said captain or owner. It was an unlucky batch that did not comprise some rich convicts, whose friends were ready to pay more than could be reasonably expected from their sale in America, and on that condition they were released at once. And then again, the captain appears to have had so completely his own way, to have found all things so very pleasantly managed for him, that he took care of or neglected, just as he liked, those whom he did convey across the sea. Alas! why did the colonists grow tired of the constant stream of felon importation? or rather, why would they embroil themselves in war with England, who then could not send any more such exports? for about the thoughts and feelings of the colonists, the government troubled its head very little. When Franklin, as a delegate from Pennsylvania, remonstrated against the practice, he was told, no doubt in tones of indignant surprise, that it was absolutely necessary to remove English felons from England, and that America must be the place. Would the same reason justify the Americans in sending their rattle-snakes to England? was the stinging rejoinder.

England, thus obliged, during the ensuing war, to keep its criminals at home, what did the Government do to meet the emergency? Build many more prisons? No, that would have been expensive. Increase largely the capacities of those that were in existence, and improve their arrangement, so as to modify the evil attending an

increased number of inhabitants? No, that would have been troublesome as well as expensive. Modify and correct its laws, then, so as to keep men out of prison? No, no, no; that was the last thing the ministers of good King George would have dreamed of. In the name of common sense, what did they, then? Just what they had exhibited their fitness for doing so long before—nothing; and the results were fearful. We should suspect exaggeration in the accounts of them that have reached us, were not the character of the recorder beyond question. It was Howard (the noble prison-martyr we might almost call him) who thus described the condition of the English prisons in the latter part of the last century:—In some Bridewells there was absolutely no food whatever provided for criminals; so that if they had no money, or no friends or relations to help them, they were left to starve. In other prisons, where some slight provision was made, the gaolers robbed them of half, or even larger portions of it; but that, probably, was only a part of the moral discipline of the place, and intended to make the prisoners feel most convincingly the wickedness of theft. Water was generally deficient, and in some cases there was none. The malignity of the atmosphere was so great, through the absence of efficient ventilation, that Howard found his pocket-book tainted in the course of a single visit so deeply that he could not use it till the leaves had been spread before a fire for an hour or two. In some cases there were no sewers, and in others they were intolerably offensive. Clean straw could not be obtained for months together to lie upon. And the physical was but a type of the moral state. The idleness, the profanity, the gaming, the debauchery—were beyond description; in short, the only use of the prisons appeared to be the encouragement of crime, by smoothing the way, step by step, upwards, from the lowest to the highest stages. By their assistance, the boy who set out by the commission of some petty larceny, rapidly arrived at the apex of his profession, and entitled himself to its fitting honours—the long-drawn procession—the crowd of spectators—and the gallows at the end of the journey. "I scruple not to affirm," said Howard, "that half the robberies committed in and about London are planned in the prisons, by that dreadful assemblage of criminals and the number of idle people who visit them." Governments, we have said, do begin to learn; but if they are putting off their wonted and most characteristic distinction, there are other bodies—governments also, but of a minor descrip-

tion—who stand upon the old ways. "We most seriously protest against Newgate as a great school of crime," say the prison inspectors of the year 1843. But if the fact be somewhat damaging to the character of the corporation that stands alone in its unreformed glory—and whose prison it is—there appears to be a simplicity of thought and feeling, a kind of unconscious consistency, actuating its great men, that disarms all anger and almost wins a smile. "I never knew a convicted thief become a reformed man," said Alderman Sir Peter Laurie, a few months ago; and his experience was "not of yesterday."

But perhaps the most startling of all the evils laid bare by Howard was, the association of the debtor with the felon. There was a distinction made between them, it is true: in the county gaols, the highwaymen, housebreakers, and murderers, had bread allotted to them, and medical attendance when necessary—debtors had nothing of the kind; that was the difference.

If we endeavour to conceive the character and intensity of the whole, indicated by these facts, we may the better understand the feelings of the poet who, about the period in question, wrote the following lines, descriptive of a prison:—

"And this place our forefathers made for man!
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us—
Most innocent, perhaps—and what if guilty?
Is this the only cure?"

If the writings of the poets were carefully searched, we verily believe that there is hardly one of the grand truths that we find requisite for the attainment of man's mental, moral, or physical well-being, that would not be found foreshadowed in their pages. They are, emphatically, the prophets of humanity—the high-priests of Nature—to whom, beyond all others, her mightiest secrets are revealed. Listen to the prophet-poet Coleridge's prison lesson—

"With other ministrations, thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child;
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,
Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,
His angry spirit healed and harmonized
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Government listens—not to the poet—that would be too absurd; no, but to Howard, and talks and promises. Yes, Heaven be thanked! it does see at last that prisons should not be nurseries of crime—that even a little reformation would not be amiss. So Penitentiaries are discoursed of and forgotten. There is one thing, however, done, and a unique specimen of the morality of a British Government, in the eighteenth century, the act in question forms. Its reflections at the time probably ran in some such train as this:—What a hubbub they keep up about the state of the prisons; as though we sent the rogues there to be comfortable! Then, again, we mustn't hang them too fast, or too many together. That confounded American war! there seems no hope that we shall be able to shoot any more ship-loads of our riff-raff upon the colonial shores. Ha! couldn't we found a colony on purpose to receive them? There's Australia. What a world of trouble it will save us! Out of sight, out of mind—of those who are always prying into affairs that don't concern them. And how we may frighten the whole world of felonry at home, by the threat of sending them to a new and almost unheard-of place, so many thousands of miles away. A capital stroke of statesmanship!—it shall be done directly; and it *was* done. To the eternal disgrace of our country and name—the governors of a land of Christian men, knowing, by painful experience, the difficulty of keeping down crime under their own eyes, and in the midst of a population that were on the whole industrious and virtuous—these governors, possessing all the appliances that wealth, knowledge, and skill, could furnish to correct all the evils and disorders of her social constitution, set to work deliberately to found a community *on the basis of crime;* to poison—for aught they knew, for ever—at the very sources, the stream of life that might ultimately overspread the whole of the vast continent; comprising, possibly, countless myriads of men, women, and children, all bred up in an atmosphere of moral leprosy. There is something sublime in the very extent of the iniquity. Among the crimes committed by nations, we shall have great reason to be thankful if this does not prove to be, beyond all comparison, the worst.

Would any one suppose that such an act could be made to assume a deeper dye than naturally belongs to it? Our government accomplished even that difficult task. They not only founded a society of men and women sunk to the lowest depths of infamy, but they actually left all the elements of vice to combine in their

most unmitigated intensity. We hardly expect to be credited when we state that, for thirty or forty years, the constantly increasing body of criminals in New South Wales were left without religious instruction. It must not be supposed that we have any particular faith in the value of the instruction which, in prisons, generally obtains that appellation; but the fact that even *that* was wanting, which everywhere else has formed the regular panacea of an English government, serves to show how complete was the state of moral destitution in which the founders of the new colony—and such a colony—left it. As to the system adopted in New South Wales, it need only be said, that it was founded on the stock principle—little trouble as possible. On landing, the clever rogues were furnished with tickets of leave to provide for themselves, and become, as they did in astonishingly short spaces of time, the patriots, schoolmasters, literary men, and merchants of the community. The skilled artisans were selected for the service of Government; the remainder were assigned to the settlers as domestics or farm-settlers.

No peace still—fresh complaints—£72,000 spent in a single year, (1810)—"The whole population consisting but of ten thousand persons," remonstrates one; "The colony an entire scene of brutal dissipation and licentiousness, of lawless violence and rapine," remarks another; adding, "It is no uncommon occurrence for men to sit round a bucket of spirits, and drink it with quart pots until they are unable to stir from the spot."—"Transportation is becoming an incentive to crime; a man considers his fortune made on being sentenced to New South Wales," exclaims a third. "The stories of such men as Samuel Terry, who died worth £40,000 a year, have spread far and wide." Government pricks up its ears at that—there must be some alteration certainly, if the rogues like New South Wales. Of course, perfection could not be reached at once—we must try again—we won't err on the side of mildness any more.

Tickets of leave were now made dependent, to a certain degree, upon the conduct of the convict during assignment; though of the true character of that conduct the Government officers had not, in nine cases out of ten, the slightest trustworthy means of discovering. The behaviour he experienced from his master—the settler—who, in point of moral respectability, was frequently little better than himself, became a matter of the highest importance in judging how he behaved. We can judge, therefore, of the condition of

the male convicts under such a system. As to the female, we should hesitate to describe in these pages the state into which they fell. Female convicts are ever bad enough when they leave England, but in New South Wales their conduct and character are truly frightful. Suffice it to say, in the words of the Transportation Committee's Report, "they are all of them, with scarcely an exception, drunken and abandoned prostitutes."

But as if Government itself had as little faith in its attempts at reformation as those attempts deserved, they set to work a thousand times more vigorously to develope in new shapes their old and deeply-cherished principles of misery, degradation, and—the last infliction of power—sudden and ignominious death.

They could not trouble their heads to arrange any system of influences calculated to induce improvement in the criminal; or even to modify, to any extent, those impelling him to fresh error or crime; but they could punish every departure he made from their rules with unrelenting rigour; they could display a world of inventive ingenuity in so graduating their punishments, that what seemed to be the worst should still have a greater hell beyond. Road parties were formed, and marched about in public to break stones on the highways: a prisoner who did not behave well was put into it. Obeying the natural influences that the Government had placed about him, he grew worse, and was moved to a chain-gang; a more degrading dress was put on him; heavy chains were fastened to his legs; and when at night he was allowed to enter the moveable shed or cow-house, he found himself, perhaps, locked up with his companions—from twenty to twenty-eight in number—in a place where the whole could neither sit nor stand upright at the same time. That discipline not improving the miserable creature's conduct, he was sent, most likely, to Macquarie Harbour, where every previous hardship and cruelty he had known assumed severer forms of development. One playful trait of the Government there, must not be overlooked. If the convict still persisted in going downwards, the authorities were quite prepared for—nay, expected him. There was a certain rock in the Bay, upon which no one could land without getting wet; thither the refractory convict was taken, generally heavily ironed, compelled to ascend as he could, and then left to spend the night in his wet clothes, or naked, without them, if he preferred. Now, considering the fate of those who stayed at or those who escaped from Macquarie Harbour—(out of 116 of the latter,

seventy-five are supposed to have perished in the woods, one was caught and hanged for murdering and *eating* his companions, thirteen were caught and hanged for bush-ranging, and two for murder, leaving only twenty-four who got clear off)—considering these facts, who would not have anticipated that the climax of punishment was reached. But it appears that the name of Macquarie fades into insignificance beside those of Port Arthur and Norfolk Island. The first, we are told, is so admirably situated as to have no communication with the rest of Van Diemen's Land, except by a narrow neck, which is guarded by military and by a line of dogs chained to lamp-posts: *these are fed on raw flesh*, and so trained that the slightest noise alarms them. Here, too, marvellous is it to contemplate the ingenuity with which anguish is inflicted! a party of convicts, for instance, are made to carry a log of such immense weight that, while exerting every nerve and muscle of their frames, they are kept in constant dread of being crushed to death by some one or other of the band giving way under the burden. Surely the convict turns good now? Alas! he and Nature are in a conspiracy against the system; and no good will be done till the last-named most audacious incendiary be, as Sir Peter Laurie phrases it—"put down." The chief police magistrate says the convict is sure to return from Port Arthur more vicious and hardened than before. What shall we say of that other penal colony, Norfolk Island, a place that Nature made a terrestrial paradise, and so gave it into man's keeping; and which he has made—but the pen refuses to attempt the description of a place so unparalleled for the atrocities that have been performed in it, in the name or in defiance of law. Here at last we *have* reached the extremity of the scale of torment. And here at last must success be attained, if that scale and the system to which it belongs be of any worth; nay, if they be not crimes of a more truly appalling character than any they can have to punish. The reply to that supposition shall be given in few words; for there are enormities too great for contemplation, and this is one of them. Judge Burton, of the New South Wales bench, said it wrung his heart, and drew tears from his eyes, when a Norfolk Island convict, brought before him for sentence, observed, "Let a man be what he will when he comes here, he is soon as bad as the rest: a *man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the heart of a beast.*" We know not what the reader thinks of all this; but to us, it seems like the exhibition of some horrid phan-

tasmagoria, in which the places in question, and the men moving about them, *must* presently dissolve, and free alike Englishmen and England from the infamy of having had any hand in the establishment of such societies. Alas! it is real enough. We have made such a community as the "all-seeing sun" never before looked upon; a place where, in the language of the Judge before mentioned, "it would appear to one who could look down upon that community, as if the mere business of them all were the commission of crime and the punishment of it; as if the *whole colony* were in motion towards the several courts of justice."

Now is not this the precise state of things that a man of the most ordinary intelligence must have expected when the colony was founded, if he ever thought for a moment upon the matter? Is there a single strange or unaccountable element in it? Was ever cause and effect more unmistakably allied? Let us then acknowledge that the experiment has been decisive at last. Let us bow in thankfulness to the lesson derived from all this monstrous mass of evil, that no amount of ingenuity, no extremes of torture, (making death itself in the comparison a blessing so great, that men at Norfolk Island committed murder purposely to be hung), will deter from crime, but that they will, on the contrary, irresistibly excite to crime. Thank God! Nature is determined to make Christians of us.

And how unreservedly, how lovingly does Nature seem ever to move by our side, doing to us what we will not do to our criminals, inflicting every pain that it is necessary to inflict, so measuredly, that we scarcely move one step from the right path, before the kindly check comes;—we go on—the check becomes more imperative,—yet still on, until at last in deep suffering and humiliation we are compelled to listen to her and to return. Then how changed the scene. How full of tenderness her guidance! How the flowers of hope and happiness seem to spring up in our path! How all things whisper to us of the joy that is in heaven when a sinner repenteth! The difficulty is to go back, not to advance, while such influences woo us onwards. The very magnitude of the past outrages committed upon Nature, seem only to make her press the wrongers to her bosom more earnestly. Ah, has she not saved those whom she most feared to lose?

At Norfolk Island—who would think it? who could dream of the possibility of such a thing at Norfolk Island? nowhere but there has Nature, like the Prophet in the desert, touched the

rock, and brought forth the well-springs of love. Waiting till men's vain and fantastic imaginations had exhausted themselves, in the very hour that he began to turn away in hopeless disgust from the results of his own deeds, did the guardian angel visit him, cheer him, forgive him all the past, and turn his eyes with renewed confidence towards the future. In Norfolk Island, Government has found among its own officers, one who has faith that punishment does not mean vindictive or exemplary infliction, but the sobering of the convict's mind, so as to fit him to derive benefit from the moral influences that are there to be brought to bear on him; who has faith in the elevation instead of the degradation of the convict's nature; who not caring very much about separate confinement, holds *social* discipline indispensable. And the result? asks the reader impatiently. Why, we learn that when the system had been but a short period in operation, the desperate characters of Norfolk Island had been unchained, had become orderly—harmless; that self-mutilation to avoid labour had ceased; and lastly, that on the morning of the Queen's birthday, in 1840, when there were 1200 men in Norfolk Island, not one was in confinement; and that on that morning, the brave governor ventured to release the whole from even the check of their daily labours and discipline. Mark the conduct of these 1800 men, picked out as the most desperate and criminal individuals of the most desperate and criminal of all populations. They roamed over the whole island; boats were lying on the shore, the oars at hand, powder and cannon exposed close by; they would as soon have thought of eating them as touching them —why should they? Had not Captain Maconochie told them he was their friend; that he wanted to restore them to their own better natures, to their friends, to society, as men prepared alike in habits, knowledge, and desire to lead a useful and honest life? Had they not become convinced that he was thoroughly able to do what he promised? Oh, let us be sure that it is even so. Where the right way and the right man are found to lead, his fellow-men are but too happy to follow. All other leading is but presumption and quackery, ending in the slough of Despond, where quack and victim are alike overwhelmed. But how shall we know the way and the men?—it may be asked. By the harmony of the first with the ways of Nature and Love; by the success of the last in drawing after him, when he has been fairly committed to his career, the band of social wanderers and outcasts.

Is it necessary to look at home as well as abroad? If so, our glimpses must be brief; and indeed the lessons that we there gain are in such perfect harmony with those forced upon us in the colonies, that there is little necessity for dwelling upon them. In the early part of the present century, the lesson that had been before given without any practical effect upon the Government, was repeated, that our prisons were schools for crime instead of for reformation. Well, Government would institute a classification of prisoners; and so men were divided according to the crimes alleged against them. How that system worked Mr. Hoare tells us, who saw in one of the classified prisons, a man placed among the misdemeanants for some trifling offence, who had but a few days before been tried for cutting off the head of his child, and placing it on the table, ready for the wife and mother to see when she returned.

Alas, why did Government allow itself to be drawn into such foolish endeavours as trying to improve upon the good old plans? No end to trouble now! Once begun, there was nothing for it but going on. Temper will naturally fail under such circumstances. Since classification (or such classification) would not suffice to prevent contamination, the Government determined upon a wholesale system of gagging the prisoners. The slippery rock of Macquarie Harbour, and the dogs fed upon flesh of Port Arthur, were to be outdone in fantastic cruelty, by nailing men's lips together, or, in other words, by the silent system. Obstinate Nature! she would not allow it, in spite of all the ingenuity shown in devising punishments to make men submit to the gag. In the Coldbath Fields House of Correction, the governors after inflicting suffering at the rate of nearly fourteen thousand distinct cases of punishment in a year, in a population amounting to less than ten thousand persons in the same period, were constrained to acknowledge failure, and reduce the severity in order to save the health of the prisoners. But the all-important lesson of Cold Bath Fields is this:—The *re-committals* to that prison, notwithstanding all its unnatural severities, numbered nearly 2800 persons! Once more Nature teaches us, in facts that must carry conviction to the most unwilling mind, that punishments make crime.

Well, Government has found it at last. The Separate system is the thing. Hanging, failing as it does, and bringing more men to be hung (the last few weeks are but an epitome of the results of the last few years); road parties, chain-gangs, torture night-

cells, Macquarie Harbour rocks, Port Arthur raw-flesh-fed dogs, all failing; classification failing; silent systems failing;—the isolation of man from man is now to be the great means for the unlocking of the social virtues. We will typify the radiating spirit of benevolence in the radiation of brick-and-mortar systems of cells. All furtive habits shall be eradicated by the use of felted doors, and felted shoes, so that we may steal upon the prisoners unobserved. Our most consummate skill shall be exercised in enabling the chaplains and governors to keep their eyes constantly upon the bodies of the prisoners, whatever may be the inadequacy of the means we provide to enable both to look into their hearts and minds. We "extinguish" for ever "the hope of return to family and friends" (Sir James Graham's own words), by way of preparation for the development of those kindly affections which it is desirable to cultivate in him for another hemisphere. Is it probable that Nature will sanction the separate system? Are we not building up, in our model prisons, elaborate evidences of our folly, of our unwillingness to listen to the most self-evident truths?

Let us in conclusion endeavour to sum up the results of these lessons from Nature. It will be found, we think, that they leave no ground for doubt as to our power to extirpate crime.

We must renounce forever the unworthy and utterly untrue assumption that men in the abstract ever want to be criminals. It is that assumption which originated nearly all our past errors; and is as unfounded as that other one which forms the corner-stone of our poor-law legislation, that Englishmen have a craving for idleness. We must, therefore, separate the question of the causes of crime, from that of the reformation of crime.

Out of one hundred persons, representing the average state of the whole criminal body of England and Wales in 1843, it is known that thirty-one were unable to read or write at all, fifty-seven could read or write imperfectly, eight could read and write well, three we have no account of; whilst, in order *to obtain one who possessed instruction superior to reading and writing well*, we must double the number chosen for the average, and say that out of two hundred criminals, one alone could be called an educated man. We may safely say, then, for present purposes, and till our knowledge, by a power to which we shall speedily refer, becomes greater, that want of education is one very great cause of crime. But there is a greater.

In a certain parish of Kent, the number of commitments, up to the year 1834, probably averaged about thirty-four, among a population of two thousand persons. In that year allotments of land were granted to the poor inhabitants; the commitments gradually sunk to four in 1839. More—among the inhabitants of that parish were included eleven men who had been in gaol, one a housebreaker, one a sheep-stealer, one a highway robber: the whole, in 1839, were living a life of honest industry. The mere opportunity of earning a creditable livelihood had reformed them.* Let us then educate all, and provide employment for all, before we ever again allow ourselves to libel human nature or God, by talking of the difficulty of suppressing crime. So much for the causes.

But suppose men brought into a prison. What shall we do with them? We will call for the medical philosopher, an Ellis, a Conolly, or a Hill, and ask *them* what we should do. Vice is a kind of disease, and those who have turned that pandemonium—a lunatic asylum on the old system—into the abode of peace and order, are the fittest men to deal with a parallel state of things. Let them inquire into the state of his health, bodily and mental. Let them, in the memorable words of Isaiah (repeating, too, the words of his Maker), say to the miserable victim of his own unregulated passions, "*Come, now, and let us reason together* . . . though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." And thus invited, breathes there the man who will not—slowly and unwillingly, perhaps, but in the end most surely—open his ears, nay, his whole heart to the call? Will he not, in language trembling with emotion, and amid the flow of scalding tears, point out the whole history of his life? Will he not feel unwonted influences at work, as he finds himself narrating the thoughts, the hopes, the disappointments that have most materially affected his past career, to one who listens as a friend, and who can bind up the wound he probes with subtlest skill? Will he not thus at last be unconsciously assimilating his nature to his instructors? Will he not perceive, as we perceive, the errors, the vices, the crimes that have made it necessary for society to undertake his forcible cure? Will he not be eager to

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* We may here select another from the host of existing facts that illustrate the remarkable results attending even such petty measures as the granting of allotments. Of 3000 heads of families holding allotments of land in West Kent, not one was committed for any offence during the years 1841—1842.

rid himself of the perilous stuff that weighs upon his bosom, by frank and unreserved disclosures? *And thus shall we learn the true causes of crime, thus shall we be enabled to cure them.* And all around him must work in the spirit of their leader. Gentleness must be opposed to rage, love of industry fostered where we find habits of idleness, the sense of personal dignity called forth to destroy the demoralising sense of abasement. Has no one before had confidence in his word, or in his intentions? here he shall taste the ennobling luxury. Has he moved through life an alien to all the ministrations of friendship and love? has he been one, whose heart has never expanded for a single hour, but to be hastily shut again in humiliation and anguish, until the very instinct of self-preservation has kept it close thenceforward? Here, at least, he shall find a kindlier atmosphere, where gentle words, and earnest faces, shall be but the token of the steady affection felt for him by those to whom his guardianship has been committed.

An affection and a friendship not to expire with the period of his stay—a period regulated solely by the necessities of his case. When he leaves the prison, not only must he find work provided for him, of a nature calculated to suit the requirements of his mental and bodily constitution, but he must be welcomed back without the interference of police officers, should he need fresh assistance, or a wiser advice than he can elsewhere readily command, to save him from the repetition of his former crime.

Thus read we these prison lessons, which seem to us but so many direct consequences of Christ's law of Love. We might have learnt them centuries ago, and without Norfolk Island experiments, but perhaps not so well or completely. It is not too late to learn them now.

J. S.

THE HEDGEHOG LETTERS.

CONTAINING THE OPINIONS AND ADVENTURES OF JUNIPER HEDGEHOG, CABMAN, LONDON; AND WRITTEN TO HIS RELATIVES AND ACQUAINTANCE, IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD.

Letter XIV.—To Mrs. Hedgehog, of New York.

Dear Grandmother,—England 's still above water: the sea doesn't yet roll over Dover cliffs, nevertheless the Maynooth Grant that I wrote to you about, is gone through the House of Commons; and in a very few weeks the Papists, as you love to call 'em, will have the money. Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Mr. Plumptre, and others of their kidney, may possibly for a month or two appear in the streets in sackcloth and ashes, and with beards like Jew rabbis—just to show their respect for the departed constitution; but after a decent time of mourning, they will, no doubt, be open to consolation, and take their dinners with their usual appetite. I shouldn't wonder, if in six months the Rev. Mr. M'Neill (of sulphurous principles) consents to eat and drink like anybody else; and shall be by no means surprised if Doctor Croly is found to have regained at least all the flesh that anxiety and grief for the Church in danger have so deplorably deprived him of. It 's wonderful to think how certain saints and patriots get lean and fat as sudden as rabbits! Wonderful to think, when the whole world, according to their declaration, has gone to bits, how well and contentedly they still continue to live upon the pieces. But, dear grandmother, what a blessing is Exeter Hall! What a safety-valve it is for the patriotism, and indignation, and scorn, and hatred—and all other sorts of public virtues—that but for it, or some such place, would fairly burst so many excellent folks, if they couldn't go and relieve their swelling souls with a bit of talk! As it is, they speechify and are saved! Only suppose there had been no place whereat worthy people could have abused the Maynooth Grant—no place wherein to air their own particular Christianity to the condemnation of the religion of everybody else—what would have been the consequence? Why, they must have exploded—burst like the frog in the fable. Day after day, Mr.

Wakley and his brother coroners would have been sitting on the body of some respectable saint and patriot—day after day we should have read the verdict—"Died by retention of abuse!" Happily, while we have Exeter Hall, we are spared these national calamities.

As I know, grandmother, your natural tenderness for all that concerns the bishops, I must—at the risk of bringing on your cholic—inform you that they are again in danger. Even the *Morning Post* is beginning to neglect 'em! Some newspaper—I don't know which—has proposed as the only true remedy for the distresses of the country, that there should be a greater number of bishops. Now this, at the first blush, seems a capital notion. But only mark what follows. The writer would multiply episcopal blessings, by "distributing the revenues of the present sees, as they fall vacant, among a greater number of bishops!" And the *Morning Post* doesn't at once put down this infamous proposal. Only imagine one Bishop of London slit into half-a-dozen bishops—one Henry of Exeter made twenty Henrys—just as you make bundles of small wood from one large piece! After giving utterance to this wickedness, the writer goes on to think "it impossible that the spiritual lords should continue to be members of the legislature, after ceasing to be rich men." And this the *Post* calls "no singular opinion. For such is the habitual association of power and station in this country with wealth, that perhaps nine out of every ten persons that one might meet walking along the Strand, would say with this writer, that unless a prelate had his thousands a-year, and his carriage, and his servants, and his grandeur of *accessaries*, he could not properly take a part in counselling the government, or assisting to make laws in the Upper House of Parliament!" And if the people think so, I've heard it said that the bishops have themselves to thank for such belief; seeing that the world often hears more of their carriages and servants than of the humility and tenderness that were shown by the Apostles! The *Post*, however, to my amazement, is for stripping Lambeth and Fulham of much of their finery. Yes: the *Post* absolutely says—"We protest against the opinion that, without the wealth, the worth of the bishops in the House of Lords would be nought. Nay, we can conceive the possibility of the influence of learning and eloquence, and venerable earnestness, being *even greater when disassociated* from wealth and worldly interests!" Only imagine, grandmother, the Bishop of London, walking down

to the House of Lords, leaning on a horn-tipped staff, and not rolled along in his cushioned carriage, with a servant in purple livery to let down the steps for him! Isn't the picture terrible?—isn't it what they call revolutionary? And yet the *Morning Post*—as coldly as this present month of May—can see the possibility of a Bishop of Exeter being cut into ten or twenty bishoplings, and never swoon, or even so much as call out for hartshorn? Who is the revolutionist *now?*

The month has been a dull month: politics and all that, have been as stupid as the weather. The trees and bushes have come out, to be sure; but only, as it would seem, from a matter of habit, —because it 's May by the almanack. However, the Duke of Newcastle has very kindly tried to give us a fillip. As I 've heard somebody say in some play or the other—" Orson is endowed with reason! " We 've had two letters from Clumber! You must know that in the British Museum there are two or three mummies of Egyptian kings they say, who lived, I don 't know how many thousand years ago. Now just suppose, grandmother, that one of these mummies—with his brains out, be it remembered —should have suddenly got up, and written a letter or two to Mehemet Ali and his Egyptians, thinking 'em the self-same Egyptains that used to worship crocodiles and ibises, and make gods of the leeks and onions that grew in their gardens,—suppose the British Musuem mummy had done this,—well, the thing would have done no more than the political mummy of Clumber; would have made just the same mistake as his well-meaning Grace, the Duke of Newcastle.

" Forget all you 've been learning, for these last thirty years at least—give up the wickedness of steam—forego the iniquity of railroads—be content with sailing-smacks, and stage-coaches— repeal the Reform Bill—repeal Catholic Emancipation—in a word, wipe everything from your minds gathered there since the good old times ' when George the Third was king'—come out again in the pig-tails and shoe-buckles of that blissful reign,—and I, Duke of Newcastle, am ready to march with you! I am prepared, at every risk, to be the hero of the back-step! " As yet, I have heard of nobody who has joined the Duke's standard; but if recruits should come in, I 'll let you know.

It is not unlikely, grandmother, that you may have a few Highland families sent over to America; as they are now being carefully " weeded out" from their native places by certain land-

lords who think it better and more Christian-like to turn their lands into sheep-walks than to suffer them to be tenanted by mere men, women, and children. "Weeding" is a nice word, isn't it? It so capitally describes the worth of the thing rooted out. The poor man is of course the "weed:" the rich is the "lily, that neither toils nor spins." And just now, it seems, certain places in the Highlands are overgrown with this rank foul weed; this incumbrance to the soil; this one human thing, worse than thistle or nettle. What a beautiful world this would be—wouldn't it?—if this weed of poverty was cut up, burnt, destroyed,—got rid of any way? It's a dreadful nuisance; and yet it *will* spring up, like groundsel or any other worthless thing! And strange to say, the sun will shine upon it, and the dews of heaven descend upon it, all the same as if it was one of the aforesaid lilies, full of light and breathing sweetness. Odd, isn't it, that the sky should shine so impartially on both?

Your affectionate Grandson,

JUNIPER HEDGEHOG.

A WISH.

OH, for a Forest-cave—and time!
With silence broken by no chime;
Around me solitude, the friendly heavens above,
And life so free, its wheels unheard to move;
There to allow my soul
Its full expansion, and unroll
Its mystery—and read, from first to last, the scroll!

Thus strengthen'd, would I forth again,
And fully use my freshen'd brain,
And pour new wisdom's stream into the world's old wounds,
Urging high natures tow'rds their utmost bounds:
Then slowly back repair
Through the inclement air,
And in my forest cave live on the heart's deep prayer.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ORION."

A HISTORY FOR YOUNG ENGLAND.*

What a pitie is it to see a proper gentleman to have such a crick in his neck that he cannot look backward! Yet no better is he who cannot see behind him the actions which long since were performed. History maketh a young man to be old, without either wrinkles or grey hairs; privileging him with the experience of age, without either the infirmities or inconveniences thereof. Yea, it not onely maketh things past, present; but inableth one to make a rationall conjecture of things to come. For this world affordeth no new accidents, but in the same sense wherein we call it *a new moon;* which is the old one in another shape, and yet no other than what had been formerly. Old actions return again, furbished over with some new and different circumstances.—FULLER.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WILLIAM THE SECOND, THE RED KING.

1087—1100. The Conqueror's second son, named *Rufus* from his ruddy complexion rather than his flaxen hair, had not disregarded his father's bidding to make all speed to England. He was at the port of Wissant, near Calais, when intelligence of the death reached him. He acted decisively, yet warily. Maintaining strict silence to his attendants, he at once embarked; and was master of the fortresses of Dover, Pevensey, and Hastings, entering them as representative of the king, before the king's death was known in England. He then repaired to Winchester, and by prompt appeal to William de Pont de l'Arche, the royal treasurer, obtained possession of the royal hoard. Nor, till he had strengthened himself with these important aids, did he seek out Lanfranc.

The question of the succession, it was clear, must bring Norman and Saxon usage into direct collision. The Anglo-Saxon sovereignty was elective; but the Normans were unprepared to see an elder brother set aside in favour of the younger. The sole pretension of the Conqueror to dictate the English succession consisted in the fact that he had not inherited, but acquired; and even he would not have dared to tamper with the patrimonial right involved in the succession to Normandy.

* Continued from p. 467.

Lanfranc had been the tutor of Rufus, and had made him a knight ; though he had failed to give him that respect for the Church which in those days was thought to make a Christian. He read the letter of the Conqueror, but hesitated. He doubted if his pupil would be willing to govern by the laws, or content to submit himself, when called on, to the judgment of the Church. On both these points, however, he seems to have been satisfied with an easy assurance ; and, calling together a hasty council of prelates and barons, in deference to those forms of election which the Conqueror had guaranteed at his own coronation, William Rufus was duly chosen king, and on the seventeenth day after his father's death, Sunday the 26th September 1087, was crowned by Lanfranc in the Abbey of Westminster, and at the grave of Edward the Confessor took the Anglo-Saxon oath of fidelity to the people and the laws.

It is probable that Lanfranc used the power of the Church in this instance, less out of love to William, than from a well-founded dislike to the party of Bishop Odo and his Norman associates, whom the Conqueror's death had let loose to new projects, and who would have found, in the indolent and careless temper of the Conqueror's elder son, an instrument for their worst designs. That Robert, who for his fatness and low stature his father called Gambaron and Courthose (*Round-Legs* and *Short-Hose*, names he never lost), was without brave and amiable qualities, it would be unjust to say ; but he had a loose uncertain grasp of all things, including those better tendencies ; was indolent and self-indulgent ; and the ready and easy dupe to worse men than himself. Rufus, on the other hand, with more of the rude and intemperate characteristics of the age, had more of the requisites for its government ; and it should not be forgotten, in that estimate of his character which we must form on the representations of his enemies, that by the Conqueror, whom he had accompanied in all his expeditions, and at whose side he had fought in all his battles, he was cherished as the favourite son. Nor had he failed to inherit not a little of his father's vigour and decision, of his capacity and genius.

These were shown in a prompt repression of that rebellion of Odo, which signalised his first year of sovereignty. The soldier-bishop had with little difficulty raised against William a formidable party of Norman barons. Holding valuable fiefs in both countries, it was easy to show them the danger of holding under two masters, and the advantage, irrespective of hereditary right, of selecting Robert. They yielded, therefore, to Odo's solicitation ;

and in Kent, Northumberland, Somerset, Shropshire, Norfolk, and Leicester, the king saw the standard of rebellion suddenly unfurled by Odo, by the Bishop of Durham, by Geoffrey of Coutances, by Roger Montgomery, by Hugh Bigod, and by Hugh de Grantmesnil.

He was at the time in Winchester, holding his court at the festival of Easter; but his father could not have turned from wine and wassail to desperate conflict with a state emergency, with greater resolution and wisdom. He did what the Conqueror would have done in a like danger. He threw himself on the Anglo-Saxon population. In proclamations and meetings, he stigmatised the rebellion as a movement in aid of plunder and oppression; in an assembly of Anglo-Saxon proprietors, he repeated his coronation oath, with the promise of just and equitable government; and by what the Normans called the *arrière ban*, but in old Saxon phrase and form, he summoned all England to bear arms in his behalf. 'Let 'every man who is not a man of nothing, whether he live in burgh, 'or out of burgh, leave his house and come.' And there came thirty thousand Englishmen.

Contemporaneously with these vigorous measures, a number of adventurers were cruising in the Channel, to intercept communication or invasion from Normandy. It was the scheme of private merchants and traders (the first *privateering* expedition in our annals); and is valuable evidence that trade had not been conquered by the Conqueror, and that merchants and men of wealth in the towns were willing to cast their lot with the new government. Thus deprived of aid from abroad, and confounded at home with fearful and unexpected odds, the rebellion did not survive the year. It lingered last on the coast of Kent; and departed amid the jeers and scorn of the English, when Odo's five hundred Norman knights, who without counting the meaner sort had fought on the battlements of Rochester Castle, were allowed to capitulate for their lives and leave the fortress. In vain had Odo prayed of his nephew king, that they might leave undisturbed by sounds of triumph. Not, said Rufus, for a thousand marks of gold! Amid joyous music and victorious shouts, the discomfited Norman garrison passed through the Saxon soldiery; and when Odo appeared, the bugles broke into a louder crash, and the shouts were of menace as well as scorn. 'Ropes! bring ropes!' exclaimed voices that rose above the throng. 'Let us hang this 'traitor of a bishop and his accomplices! O king, why dost thou 'let him retreat in safety? He is not worthy to live. The crafty

'villain! The murderer of so many thousands of men.' And so, taking refuge in the first vessel he could obtain, passed for ever from England the powerful prelate who had blessed the Norman arms at the battle of Hastings.

His rebellion and its issue seem to me the most important incidents of the reign of Rufus. They are the recognition of The People; of that force to which appeal must be made, soon or late, by every other force employed in government; and whose final judgments are irrevocable. In the result of that appeal, they are an answer to the exaggerations of Thierry and the French historians as to the helpless and hopeless condition of the conquered Saxon race. Let the after deceit and misconduct of Rufus be admitted; let it be shown, as it may be, that his promises to govern justly were thrown recklessly aside; let Thierry wring his hands without hindrance, as he relates new anti-Saxon cruelties. The fact remains indisputable, as I have related it. The appeal was made, and was answered. Rufus could not uproot from the native population the sense which his own necessities had then implanted in them. They had preserved the kingdom and the king. In the weakness and division of their oppressors, their own strength had suddenly been felt, and not a little of their self-confidence restored. It was a means by which they won some larger future victories. It is a light to guide us onward to better and more peaceful days.

That, on the close of the rebellion in his brother's name, Rufus should in turn carry hostile claims into Normandy, was on the whole natural enough. He found Robert's indolent spirit no match for his own. He was soon master of almost every fortress on the right bank of the Seine, and passed some busy and restless years in expeditions between Normandy and England, to confirm and secure those possessions. Any formal detail of his victories and vicissitudes would be an unprofitable recital. Henry, the Conqueror's youngest son, had taken his chance of gain in the general commotion, and the three brothers struggled for the Norman territory as dogs for a bone; the bite being on the whole disproportioned to the bark and the growl. Now Henry came to Robert's aid; now was bribed to the help of William; and now set up for himself. If judgment is to be passed on the conduct of the unseemly quarrel, it will probably be found that what few traits of respect or admiration it may challenge, centre in the English king. His great rude spirit showed to advantage in its scenes of turbulent

adventure. Thus, when besieging his younger brother in the castle of Mont St. Michel, it is told of him by no friendly chronicler, that riding one day alone, he perceived some men-at-arms at a distance, and charged them with reckless intrepidity. He was unhorsed in the shock, dragged several paces in the stirrup, and the sword was lifted to take his life; when he shouted forth, 'Hold, fellow! I 'am the King of England!' The sword fell, as 'awed at his voice;' he was raised from the ground by the hands so lately hostile; a fresh horse was offered him; and asking as he vaulted into the saddle who had been his conqueror, he interrupted the man's apologies for his ignorance with the accolade of knighthood. 'Make no excuse. You are now a brave and worthy knight. 'Henceforth you shall fight under my banner.' And the man left his companions and rode off with the king.

The result of the struggle for Normandy, which at last depended solely between Robert and William, was a mortgage of the sole government of the land for five years to the English monarch, in consideration of his advance of the sum of ten thousand marks, with which Robert, having equipped a band of followers, went sword in hand to Palestine; to wipe out what seemed to his self-accusing conscience a heavy score of omissions and misdeeds. By another and earlier treaty it had been already arranged, that the survivor of the two brothers, to the exclusion of Henry, should re-unite kingdom and duchy under one government. William at once took possession of the long-contested prize; and with little resistance, excepting from the earldom of Maine. This he quelled by the arrest and discomfiture of its chief mover, Helie de la Flêche; who, dispossessed of his patrimony, offered to serve the standard of his victor. Rufus rejected the offer, and was warned to his face by the young and daring earl. 'If you will not have me for a 'friend, you shall learn to fear me as an enemy.' 'Go,' rejoined the king, 'and do thy worst.'

Winter passed; and in the early succeeding spring, as William hunted in the New Forest, messengers brought him tidings from Maine. Helie had assembled a force, defeated the Normans, surprised the city of Maine, entered it as its unquestioned earl, and reduced to extremity the garrison of its castle. The impatient king interrupted his evil messenger, and, with a cry to his followers, spurred his horse in the direction of the sea. 'You will 'call out troops,' exclaimed the startled barons, 'and wait their 'attendance?' 'Not so,' replied the king; 'I will see who

'trusts me. If I understand the temper of the youth of this king-'dom, I shall have people enough. Let those here who love me, 'follow me.' He did not stop or swerve till he reached the sea-shore, and stepped on board the first vessel he found. It was blowing a gale; the sailors hung back from their duty; and the master remonstrated on the danger of the passage. 'Hold 'thy peace, man!' interrupted William. 'Didst thou ever hear 'of a KING who was drowned? Weigh anchor, hoist sail, and 'depart.' He landed next day at Barfleur, with a small but sufficient force; spread sudden panic through Helie's followers; and in a few brief days had the rebel lord again before him, a defeated prisoner. 'I have you at last sir!' 'Yes,' returned de la Flêche. 'Chance has again been in your favour: but were I at liberty, 'I know what I would do.' 'Go, then,' said William: 'try 'what you would do: and if you get the better, by the Face of 'Lucca (a famous portrait of the Saviour), I will demand no new 'return for your freedom.' He did nothing while William lived, but at his death he recovered the earldom.

There is a rude greatness shadowed forth in such incidents as these, which it would be idle to question or depreciate. A quality as ill assorted with other elements in his nature, as the stately palaces and castles now rising throughout the land, assorted with the foul litter of rushes and of straw that covered their halls of audience or festivity. But to be taken and counted at its worth. The evidence is borne by reluctant witnesses; and it is amusing to see William of Malmesbury stop the last relation with remembrance of a similar passage in the life of Cæsar, to assure you that this church-and-clerk-hating Rufus was grossly ignorant, and wholly unacquainted with such divine learning. It would indeed be more than amusing to mark the open contempt which on all occasions the Norman in the cowl lavishes on his fellow-Norman in the coat of mail, did we not remember that the balance could only have been kept by these preposterous and exaggerated claims; and that the power of the Pen, thus early preparing for its struggle with the power of the Sword, had found itself wholly unequal to the contest but for the notion by these means sedulously circulated through the land, that on the one side there was total and irremediable Ignorance, and on the other universal Knowledge.

To all this the Primate Lanfranc gave his countenance and authority; though for himself he not the less challenged respect by symbols of material power, and startled Saxon worshippers

by marching to the altar, as a baron to his review, through two lines of halberdiers. Originally a professor of law in the University of Pavia; then a schoolmaster at Avranches, where he lectured the clergy on the disadvantages of ignorance; next a recluse in the poor and lonely Abbey of Bec; and afterwards, by appointment of the Bastard, Abbot of St. Stephen at Caen: it was with no small difficulty the Conqueror had induced him to come to England and assume the archiepiscopal office. He did not know the language, he said proudly; he was quite unacquainted with the manners of the *barbarians*.

He came, notwithstanding; and made them less barbarous. He dispossessed ignorant priests, and placed in their pulpits men of learning. He brought over a bishop, who founded, in even this rude age, a noble library at Salisbury. A prior of Winchester, celebrated by the historian of literature as an elegant Latin epigrammatist, 'who wrote with the ease and smartness of Martial,' was his pupil and friend. The teacher of Dunstable school who composed a *Play of St. Catherine*, which his scholars acted in copes borrowed from the neighbouring Abbey of St. Albans, owed to him his appointment. He was celebrated also for his own gigantic acquirements. It was he who, in a treatise of astonishing learning, introduced to the English church the prodigious doctrine of the Real Presence; and who, seeking by celibacy to strengthen the authority of the clergy, procured the first decree that no priest should take a wife, and no married man be ordained. He founded many Saxon schools; when a question arose between Norman and Saxon, was for the most part found in opposition to the Norman; and stood up for the ancient institutions of the land. In a Saxon shiremote held on Pinnendon-heath, he wrested by solemn decision and legal trial from the gripe of Odo, twenty-five manors belonging to the see of Canterbury; whose cathedral he rebuilt, and enriched with wealthy hospitals.

The Church, in her later and more powerful days, had reason to remember Lanfranc. If he laid her on strong foundations, it was because he did not discard from among her supports the respect and affection of the Saxon people. He died early in the reign of Rufus, nigh a hundred years old. Even his authority had with difficulty restrained the temper of the king ('What man is able to perform all that he has promised?' is one of the terse kingly replies preserved to one of his remonstrances); and on his death, the monk-historians tell us, it broke all bounds. The enormous wealth inherited from

his father already wasted, Rufus now recklessly supplied his wants by extortion. Lanfranc had been chief minister as well as primate. To the Primacy he would appoint no successor, but seized for himself the rich revenues, that he might squander them in disgraceful riot; to the office of Minister he appointed a Norman priest named Ralf, who had risen from the place of footman in the service of the Dukes his fathers, and was noted for his ready wit, his dissolute habits, his convenient devotion, and insatiable ambition. Ralf *le Flambard* (so named from his moral likeness to *a devouring torch*) was, within two months of the death of Lanfranc, royal chaplain, treasurer, and justiciary; and to his counsels it was owing, we are told, that after Rufus quelled the Norman rebellion, the liberty of hunting was circumscribed for both Saxon and Norman, by additional penalties; new offences were created for the sole sake of new fines; capital punishments were remitted for pecuniary mulcts; and another survey of the kingdom was ordered (wherein no regard was to be taken to the quality of land, but simply to the superficial extent), merely to raise the land-tax of estates underrated in the records of Doomsday. 'I honor Flambard!' exclaimed Rufus, as he lifted the cup filled for him by these rapacities. 'He is the only man who, to please a master, is willing to brave the vengeance of the rest of mankind.'

Other suggestions of extortion were said to be the more daring inventions of the king himself. It is the remark of honest Fuller, our Church historian, that of all his archiepiscopal education Rufus had retained only this: that thereby he experimentally knew the sweetness of Church preferments, and in his bargain and sale set a rate on them accordingly. In truth he seems to have taken every vacant prelacy under his own care; to have in many cases kept them for years in his own possession; and, when he consented at last to name a successor, to have exacted from the new prelate certain additions to his own exchequer, proportionate to the value of the benefice. So much however he had only been able to accomplish of himself, by virtue of a construction of the law of ecclesiastical tenure for which the ready-witted Flambard must take the credit; namely, that the prelacies were but fiefs held of the crown, and their temporal revenues (devolving on a demise before the Conquest to the diocesan or the archbishop, and after the Conquest to a clergyman appointed by the king to render exact accounts to the next incumbent) mere matters of royal grace, to be bestowed or retained at pleasure. Nor did anti-

ecclesiastical usurpations end here. The monks have recorded with groans and horror to what frightful extent the monasteries suffered in unjust taxation; that such was often their extremity, they were driven to sell their Church plate and chalices; and that, when complaint was made to the impetuous and infidel king, 'I be-'seech you!' he sneered: 'And have ye not coffins of silver and gold 'for dead men's bones?' Meaning the gorgeous tombs which pious devotion had raised over the bodies of saints and martyrs.

Nor do they omit to place beside their own sufferings, those of the mass of their tenantry. When the king made a progress, they tell us, he ravaged in all directions: and so much did his soldiers better his example, that after living on some wealthy farmer for many days, they would force him to turn what provisions they could not eat into silver for their purses; and with the overplus of drink in his cellars would wash their very horses' feet. 'Their ill usage of the fathers of families,' exclaims Eadmer, a Canterbury monk, 'their insults to wives and daughters, are too 'shameful to relate: so that on the first rumour of the king's 'approach, every one would fly from his dwelling, and retreat, 'with whatever he could save, to the depths of the forest, and 'into desert places.' Whence, say other chroniclers, they were again dragged, these miserable Saxons, to be tormented with forced labours for the king. Troops of them were raised near London, for example, to build a wall encircling the Conqueror's tower; others were employed on a new bridge built across the Thames; and others were for years incessantly engaged on a hall or palace of audience near the West Minster, for the assemblies and assizes of the great barons.

But the monks do not tell us of the starving of these workmen at their compulsory labours, nor that the labours were not needful to be done. The Tower Wall is gone; the Bridge is beneath the waters; but as we look to where, still enduring and pre-eminent, the awful and venerable structure of Westminster Hall peoples our imaginations with the disasters and glories of our history,—with a long line of well-known forms of kings; with coronations, banquets, councils; with state criminals and state defenders; with justice and cruelty, barbarity and civilisation,—we may be forgiven for so much respect to the memory of Rufus, as that one act, no matter how tyrannical the means, must fairly and justly inspire.

Pursuing the monkish narratives, I have as a matter of course to add, that the royal extravagance was seldom diverted to such

better objects from the mere selfish indulgence of its ribald court. Nothing pleased William that was not purchased at a prodigal rate. He would fling aside a pair of hose with contempt, because they had cost only three shillings ; and gladly put on a much worse pair, when assured by his chamberlain that they had cost a mark. William of Malmesbury laments over the long hair, the loose flowing garments, the pointed shoes, and the general effeminacy which reigned throughout the palace. Some one crooked and deformed in the foot, says Ordericus Vitalis, must have invented the monstrous peaked boots that prevailed : some ending like a scorpion's tail, some like a bird's bill, some like a ram's horn, and all suspended to the knee with gold and jewelled chains. Fierce was the priestly war waged against these courtly fashions. Sermons were even preached against the boots, as violations of the Scripture warning that no man may add a cubit to his stature ; nay, councils and synods condemned them ; and the first archiepiscopal act of the successor of Lanfranc was, in preaching at court on Ash-Wednesday, to deny ashes and absolution to all courtiers who should persist in the effeminacy of long hair, combed like the hair of women.

For a new archbishop had at length been appointed. The clergy had taken advantage of a sudden and dangerous illness of the king, to force into his presence the celebrated Anselm, Norman Abbot of Bec, accidentally in England at the time ; and in a paroxysm of pain, religious dread, and remorse, William named him from his bed to be Lanfranc's successor. Anselm would have refused ; but by the attendant clergy the crozier was literally forced into his hand, and the Te Deum sounded for his new dignity while he yet cried out and protested : 'What are you doing? 'The Church of England should be drawn by two animals of 'equal strength : but you are yoking to the plough a feeble old 'sheep, with a mad young bull that will tear its companion through 'every obstacle, and finally drag it to death!'

Notwithstanding, one may doubt the entire sincerity of Anselm's reluctance ; as it is quite certain that his self-comparison to a feeble old sheep was unwarrantably modest. He proved a match for the mad young bull.

Their contest began with the king's recovery, on the question of payment for the office. Anselm pleaded poverty ; was heard with contempt ; was even arrested by Flambard ; and at length so far surrendered his plea, as to appear before William with five hundred

pounds. 'Do not, my lord,' said the primate; surrendering, as it seems to me, the whole principle in dispute; 'do not spurn my 'offer. Though the first, it will not be the last, present of your 'archbishop. Use me like a free man, and I devote myself, with 'all that I have, to your service; but if you treat me as a slave, 'you will have neither me nor mine.' 'Then go!' rejoined the passionate king. 'I want neither thee nor thine.' He had gone but a little way however, when a king's messenger overtook him with the intimation, that the five hundred pounds would be taken now if another five hundred were forthcoming in a certain stipulated time; and was sent back with a prompt refusal. 'Then,' shouted Rufus, who was at the instant about to sail for Normandy, 'as I hated him yesterday, so I hate him more to-day, and will 'hate him still more bitterly the longer I live. He shall never be 'acknowledged by me for archbishop. Let him go. He need not 'wait here to give me his blessing when I sail. I will not receive 'it.' The struggle ended in William's taking by force what Anselm would not otherwise surrender.

But their next contest was more memorable, and involved a question which should make us hesitate in accepting with implicit reliance all the statements of the monkish historians.

There was a competition for the papacy at this time; and while William affected to hesitate between Clement and Urban, Anselm, declaring Urban's authority, solicited permission to receive his archiepiscopal pallium from the hands of this pontiff. Rufus, says Anselm's friend and monk Eadmer upon this, flew into a violent rage. 'Could he be ignorant that to acknowledge any prelate for 'pope, before he had been acknowledged by the sovereign, was a 'breach of allegiance? This was the peculiar prerogative of the 'kings of England: it distinguished them from other monarchs, 'and to dispute the right was to tear the crown from his head.' Yet must it be confessed, that there was something more worth attention here, than rage! If anything is clear to me in the transaction, it is that Anselm, by his acknowledgment of Urban, *had* broken the Conqueror's laws; and that, implicated in it, were higher and graver considerations.

They broke forth in the dispute which immediately followed on the subject of investiture: in which, under cover of the question whether ecclesiastics could receive induction into their temporalities from the hands of the prince, was agitated the momentous question of whether the clergy should be subject to the Pope or

the King. It may be seen from the expressions of Eadmer, as he describes the council which advocated Anselm's cause, how deep below the surface this matter went, and what awful priestly claims it involved. In that council, he says, it was alleged to be too horrible for hands that created the Creator himself (a power not granted even to the angels), and that offered Him to the Father as a sacrifice for the world's redemption, to be placed in fealty between the hands of one who might be stained and polluted with every excess. But what end awaited the difference on this head between primate and king, seemed little doubtful, when Anselm declared his sudden intention, in defiance of William, to leave England and make personal appeal to the Pope. Eadmer accompanied him; and there was loud laughter in the English court some few months later, when tidings came that Anselm's toe had been publicly kissed in Rome, and that Anselm had sank on his knees before Urban to intercede against the threatened excommunication of the English king. The messenger of these tidings brought also a papal missive; which Rufus answered thus. 'I am astonished how it could enter into your mind to 'intercede for the restoration of Anselm. If you ask wherefore, 'this is the cause: When he wished to go away, he was plainly 'warned that the whole revenues of his see would be confiscated 'at his departure. Since therefore he would needs go, I have 'done what I threatened, and I think I have done right.'

This was a man, whatever his vices, whose history should have been written by any but priestly chroniclers. 'A valiant and 'prosperous prince,' says the good Fuller; 'but condemned by 'historians for covetousness, cruelty, and wantonness; though no 'woman by name is mentioned for his concubine; probably because 'thrifty in his lust with mean and obscure persons. But let it be 'taken into serious consideration, that no pen hath originally 'written the life of this king, but what was made by a monkish 'penknife; and no wonder if his picture seem bad, which was 'drawn by his enemy.' It is not difficult to believe them, indeed, when they tell us that, in grave council, he made light of the Crusades; that, in festive indulgence, he descended to an equality with his companions; that he pointed his wit even against himself, and sought to moderate his vile excesses by affecting laughter at them. But the character of those vile excesses, and the horrible and unnatural incidents they are said to have embraced, may well be more than doubted.

I take the only example which may be fairly tested. Eadmer accuses him of disbelieving the omnipotence, if not the existence of God, and has happily subjoined his proof. It runs thus. He describes the fate of fifty Saxon proprietors, accused of having hunted in the royal forest, and taken, killed, and eaten the royal deer ('quod cervos 'regis ceperint, mactaverint, manducaverint'). They denied the offence, claimed trial, and were subjected to the old English ordeal of heated iron. 'On the day appointed,' adds the monk, 'they all suffered this sentence in its utmost rigour. It was a 'painful sight to see; but God, by preserving their hands from any 'mark of burning, clearly showed their innocence and the malice of 'their persecutors.' The result was conveyed to William. 'Bah!' cried the king; 'what then? God is no judge of these matters. 'Such affairs concern me, and it is I who must judge therein.'

But what can he here be taken to have meant, in common fairness, save that this pretended judgment was no judgment at all? that it lay within the management of men to make it of favour or disfavour? and that, without denying the efficacy of the Deity, or the power and possibility of the miracle, he denied that the so-called appeal had been made? The incident is, in short, the same kind of evidence of William's advance of his age, on certain large and solid questions in common with his father, as the charges which are not less bitterly advanced by the monks, of his impious Toleration of the Jews; and of his having sworn his favourite oath by the holy Face of Lucca, that if the Jews could overcome the Christians he would himself have no hesitation in joining their sect. There are other things stated by the monks, which I do not stop to dwell upon. Some men are given to the use of such high-flown expressions as may knock at the door of blasphemy without the intention of entering in; and Rufus was one of them.

He had reigned thirteen years; had recently suppressed a rising in Wales, and a new Norman conspiracy in Northumberland; when his career was suddenly closed, on the eve of his fortieth birth-day.

In that New Forest, which his father had turned into a Wilderness for man that he might make it a Paradise for deer, he had a hunting-lodge called Malwood Keep. He was there with a party of knights, and his younger brother Henry, to whom he had been lately reconciled, on the first of August 1100. Predictions of his approaching fate, which the prophets were doubtless not unpre-

pared to realise, are said to have been rife some time before ; and on this night he was so disturbed by dreams, that at mid-watch he called for attendants to sit by his bedside. He rose at sunrise the following morning, and was met by one of his barons at the door of his chamber, who related to him the sudden arrival of a foreign monk with a dream presaging calamity. 'The man is a right 'monk,' he observed, with a forced smile ; 'and to have a 'piece of money he dreameth such things. Let him have a hun- 'dred shillings, and bid him dream us better fortune.' His knights would nevertheless have had him abandon the design of hunting that day ; and till dinner he suspended his purpose. But in the effort to throw off thought, he drank at dinner more copiously than his wont ; and afterwards peremptorily ordered his party to the forest. 'Do they think,' he said, turning to a favourite asso- ciate in hunting, Walter Tyrrel, 'do they think I am one of those 'fools that give up their pleasure or their business because an old 'woman happens to dream or to sneeze. To horse, Walter 'de Poix!'

The party dispersed, after the manner used in quest of game ; and at sunset the king was discovered in the forest by some char- coal burners, lying dead upon the ground, weltering in his blood. An arrow, with a broken shaft, was standing in his breast. The body was placed in the charcoal cart, and conveyed to Winchester: where, the priests refusing rites to a prince so impious, it was flung into a hasty grave in the Cathedral. No inquiry was made into the death ; and the story of the fatal arrow having been shot accidentally by Walter Tyrrel (afterwards solemnly denied by that knight on oath, when he had no cause or motive for concealment), was only circulated after Tyrrel's departure into France.

It is not improbable that the real circumstances were only known to him who was now to profit most largely by the death of William Rufus.

New Books.

SYBIL ; *or, The Two Nations.* By B. DISRAELI, M.P., Author of "Coningsby." 3 vols. H. Colburn.

FICTION, from time immemorial, has been political. From the Fables of Æsop, to the present work. It may be doubted, too, if it has not also always been personal; and the Lions and Foxes of the Fabulist were possibly recognised by contemporaries as portraits, as well identified as those of Rigby and Sidonia of the present age. The political novel, in its identical present form, is as old as the Atlantis of Mrs. Manly in our own country; and we can trace it regularly through the Gulliver of Swift, and the novels of Smollett, and even Fielding, and of Miss Edgeworth and others, to the very last page we have just perused. This, therefore, relieves Mr. Disraeli from an accusation on one hand, and undue praise on the other. By some he has been represented as the inventor of the political and personal novel, but he can have neither the credit of its invention, nor can the disgrace of its application rest solely upon him. Shakspeare has not escaped the charge of disguising the personal and the real in the garb of fiction, and Dante ostentatiously avowed it. The court of Elizabeth, and the chieftains of the Guelphs and Ghibelines, are doubtless shadowed forth in characters which now are esteemed as mere imaginary personifications of humanity. In such company Mr. Disraeli may defy attacks, on any such ground, and we shall therefore proceed to examine this last production of his pen from other points of view.

"Sybil" is a literary moving diorama of society, and almost as heterogeneous as the changes of a pantomime. Scenes the most opposite follow each other, and the principle of contrast is worked as furiously as any French dramatist could have desired, or even the author of the "Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life," or the "Life and Adventures of a Cabman." The purport, or what was formerly termed its moral, (till morals went out and religion came into fashion,) is to show that the world is full of frivolity and inanity in high, and of misdirected energies in lower circles, with a running accompaniment of praise on Young-Englandism, and a side-wind assertion that it is to the scions of nobility we must in future owe our existence as a nation, instead of only being indebted to them for fine breeds of horses and dogs, well-cut coats, tight-fitting gloves, and white waistcoats.

That the author is a man of talent there can be no doubt; and scarcely any, that if he had deeper passions and a larger heart, that he would be a man of genius. As it is, and judging only from his

writings, we can award him no higher place than that due to a man of keen intellect, some sentiment, considerable accomplishments, and a great desire to be distinguished, if not truly ambitious. We have a right thus to criticise this particular author, because it is not so much in his capacity of a writer that he comes before us, as a legislator and a leader. Not merely as the weaver of a fiction, but as one anxious to awaken the passions and subdue the intellect. He puts before us not only a story, but a theory. He is not contented with relating fictitious incidents, but he shadows forth facts in order that he may extract therefrom a political creed and a legislative theory. In fact, he stands before us in the relation of a historian, and it becomes necessary to examine the character of the narrator and the witness. This is more especially requisite, as he undertakes, on so narrow a canvas, to depict so extensive a view, and abridges the history of millions in a few potent words and sparkling sentences.

"Sybil," however, is a work worth perusing and worth analysing. It will scarcely gain its object so well as the works of many other authors, who have sought to delude the frivolous into philosophy, and at the same time please the child and the man. Its purport is too evident. The politics outweigh the fiction, and the mere novel reader will hardly get over the dissertation on history that immediately follows the vivid and animated opening that portrays the interior of the luxurious resort of the highest gamblers of the day, on the eve of the great sporting event of the year. This first scene is very lively, and bears the stamp of being a transcript of reality, as indeed do all the various scenes, from the salons of the highest nobility to the squalid orgies of the gin-palace ball-room of a manufacturing town. The author has evidently mastered, by great pains and labour, the giving conversations which are true, and though true, not flat. Other authors, and some of them of infinitely higher powers, almost universally run into extremes, and either are stilted, prosy, or far too witty. The dialogues of this volume are in general exceedingly characteristic, and are evidently the result of careful observation, and probably not unfrequently of actual transcription. This, in a work purporting the depiction of manners and characters, is of such vast importance, that we could spare, in some instances, the poetry and eloquence of a Shakspeare to attain it. We do not dwell on it on account of the merit of the talent, but because faithfulness in a traveller into new regions of humanity is of pre-eminent value: and a traveller undoubtedly he is, who setting out from the salons of the luxurious, penetrates the dark and unknown regions of the populace. Africa is not so unknown to many a duke as the manners, habits, and feelings of the inhabitants of Wapping.

Mr. Disraeli has travelled much in this way, and he has, by position, every opportunity of studying man externally, (or as he might express it) exoterically. There is scarcely a grade he has not a right to enter as a politician, author, or man. And he has not thrown away, nor misused, these advantages. The scenes of poor life are as distinguished

for fidelity as those of the highest grade. He has evidently the art of making himself at home everywhere, or rather—for there is no vulgarity in his manner—he has the power of creating an intellectual sympathy wheresoever he moves. Johnson tells us the Earl of Orrery delighted in his fortune because it enabled him to mix with mankind in every grade. Mr. Disraeli has the same source of gratification, and seems to enjoy it. We may certainly depend on his statements and descriptions, though one may draw different conclusions from them, and be inclined to apply different remedies to the evils attending them.

He has also great skill in the handicraft of literature. He knows how to express much in few words—how to simulate a feeling, pique the curiosity, and seize the attention. He has, indeed, too much of what may be termed mere skill, and uses it till it becomes trick. For instance, he in no case carries on the narration in two consecutive chapters; and at last the reader no longer expects, on turning over the page, to have revealed to him the crisis of an interesting situation, or the conclusion of a startling adventure. He is, at last, prepared every time to begin afresh. "It was a cloudy glimmering dawn," &c.; or, after a scene in a cottage, "'Where have you been all the morning, Charles?' said Lord Marney," &c. It is bad, certainly, to be prosy, but it is almost as wearisome to be flippant. One would rather sometimes nod than always be startled. This vice, for such it is, in this as well as many novelists of the present day, arises from the love of effect, and from the perpetual application of contrast. In this novel, as far as the art is concerned, contrast is the ruling principle, and possibly would be justified by the author as specially applicable to the illustration of the lesson he intended, and the delineation of existing phases of society. No such stimulants, however, are necessary to the only minds who will take a philosophical interest in the scenes, and such, indeed, are but uselessly disturbed in the current of their reflections. It becomes at last ridiculous, and its own end is defeated; for one is sure that from the debate of the House of Commons one shall be transferred to the debate of the trade unions, and from the assembly at a nobleman's at the back parlour of a country dealer.

It is time, however, to look to the politics of this popular novel, for it is in that phase that it will be most generally sought and perused. It is not so personal as "Coningsby," and indeed may be fairly elevated above the scandalous species of fiction. It may, it doubtless has, sketches, and half-glancing portraits, but the characters are sufficiently general to be regarded as embodiments of universal, not particular humanity.

The basis of the system is the advocacy of what are termed Young England doctrines. These doctrines have assumed a strange name, for their main object is to revive Old English, very Old English notions. They are, in fact, based on a romantic sentiment, and undoubtedly are sprung from the historical novel. The promulgators of the doctrine undoubtedly claim a much more ancient and noble origin for them, and

imagine or assert that they sprung from the same origin as did the impulses of the crusaders—a religious enthusiasm mingled with a barbarous energy. It will, however, probably be found that they can date no farther back than "Ivanhoe," or perhaps Miss Lee's "Recess," or Charlotte Smith's "Old English Baron." Sir Walter Scott, however, must be looked on as their great progenitor; and when their origin has become a myth, he will have a right to be the deity of their worship. To him must be given the honour of having created a taste for the middle-age pursuits, as exemplified by the aid of theatrical properties. To him the Egremont tournament owes its origin; the love of modern castles, and chivalrous ballets and operas; and from the reflex of all this, the new sect or class styled Young Englanders, mingled with the timely revival of ascetic religious principles by a few stern Doctors of Oxford, must ascribe its existence. Its chief supporters or developers are the sons of some of the high nobility, who, educated in the Sir Walter Scott school, and having some generous sentiments, and a high-spirited contempt for the red-tape school of politicians, have, fresh from the brows of ascetic Oxford, rushed into the Commons' House, and startled the propriety of the old school of tories, perplexing the officials and commercial politicians with a strange and new jargon, that sounds like radicalism, but is toryism of the intensest kind. Lord John Manners, who has declared in his poems that all the commerce of the country might perish, so that only the old nobility were saved, and the Hon. George Augustus Frederick Percy Sydney Smythe, who is a great admirer of the leaders of the first French Revolution, and considers Robespierre a martyr, are the chieftains most known to the public. To these Young England gentlemen several persons have attached themselves, and amongst the rest, Mr. Disraeli, and for them he, at present, seems to write his novels. "Coningsby" was received as an undoubted work of this party, and "Sybil" follows in the same track, but hardly so firmly. With the advocacy of the revival of the Catholic Church mingles a plea for Judaism; and the promises of reform and amelioration to be introduced by Young England are not very distinctly defined nor very cogently urged. Of all kinds of politics, there are, however, delineations, and some are very cleverly portrayed; considering the narrow opportunity afforded, occasionally admirably. The exposure of the manœuvring section is the most cleverly delineated, and Mr. Disraeli exposes the meanness, subterfuges, and tricks of small politicians in an amusing and effective manner. Whether in showing up the shallow intrigues of the female aristocrats who aid in the ensnaring of members with unsettled principles, and the intermarriages of rival factions; or in exposing the hardened selfishness of the base crew that follow the minister of the time for coronets, contracts, and places; the clever sharper of this phase of political society is as well portrayed as the more inane legislator who is led by a smile or a compliment. To those who live on this execrable corruption—the Tadpoles and the Tapers—the satirist is as severe as ever.

With the other, and indeed with all the sections of party that divide the country, he is well acquainted; but has devoted his principal attention to the Chartists. Of them he may be said to be the historian; nor has he unfaithfully narrated their proceedings. With their energy he sympathises, and feels for their wrongs, or at least he exposes them. He has evidently made himself intimately acquainted with their tenets and their proceedings, and has a just notion of their powers and capacities. And it is an instance of his political sagacity to endeavour to turn attention to a party who must exercise ere long a powerful effect, not only upon the social state of England, but upon the corresponding classes of other civilised societies. The grand contest of the universal man against wealth, or in other words, of the wants of humanity against the privileges of a few, must, in a generation or two, come to issue. All things proclaim it, and few can retard it. Indeed by many the question is narrowed to this simple question:— In order to improve the condition of mankind, is it necessary to alter the laws or to alter mankind? Or again, does the amelioration of mankind depend upon having good laws, or does the having good laws depend upon the having good men? The Chartist says, "Let us make good laws and we shall have men as they ought to be." On the other hand, say the Young Englanders, "Make men religious and virtuous, and the rest will follow."

Of the work as a mere novel little can be said. It is exceedingly interesting, and possesses, as we have already said, well depicted scenes and characters. But those who read it for its story will be few; the importance of the other topics completely obliterating the minor interest. Of the construction and style it may be briefly said that it is a mixture of that of Monk Lewis and Dickens, and occasionally vibrates in language between the scriptures and the minor drama. It contains, however, in general, well digested dialogues, some pungent remarks, several admirable descriptions of persons and scenery, and no inconsiderable information as to politics and parties.

The following extracts will give some idea of the style and object of the author:—

THE EFFECTS OF A KING'S DEATH.

"He can't last ten days," said a whig secretary of the treasury, with a triumphant glance at Mr. Taper, as they met in Pall Mall; "You 're out for o ur lives."

"Don't you make too sure for yourselves," rejoined, in despair, the dismayed Taper. "It does not follow that because we are out that you are in."

"How do you mean?"

"There is such a person as Lord Durham in the world," said Mr. Taper, very solemnly.

"Pish," said the secretary.

"You may pish," said Mr. Taper; "but if we have a radical government, as I believe and hope, they will not be able to get up the steam as they did in '31; and what with church and corn together, and the Queen Dowager, we may go to the country with as good a cry as some other persons."

"I will back Melbourne against the field, now," said the secretary.

"Lord Durham dined at Kensington on Thursday," said Taper, "and not a whig present."

"Ay, Durham talks very fine at dinner," said the secretary, "but he has no real go in him. When there is a Prince of Wales, Lord Melbourne means to make Durham governor to the heir apparent, and that will keep him quiet."

"What do you hear?" said Mr. Tadpole, joining them; "I am told he has quite rallied."

"Don't you flatter yourself," said the secretary.

"Well, we shall hear what they say on the hustings," said Tadpole, looking boldly.

"Who 's afraid?" said the secretary. "No, no, my dear fellow, you are dead beat; the stake is worth playing for, and don't suppose we are such flats as to lose the race for want of jockeying. Your humbugging registration will never do against a new reign. Our great men mean to shell out, I tell you; we have got Croucher; we will denounce the Carlton and corruption all over the kingdom; and if that won't do, we will swear till we are black in the face that the King of Hanover is engaged in a plot to dethrone our young Queen:" and the triumphant secretary wished the worthy pair good morning.

"They certainly have a very good cry," said Taper, mournfully.

"After all, the registration might be better," said Tadpole, "but still it is a very good one."

The daily bulletins became more significant; the crisis was evidently at hand. A dissolution of Parliament at any time must occasion great excitement; combined with a new reign, it inflames the passions of every class of the community. Even the poor begin to hope. The old, wholesome superstition still lingers, that the sovereign can exercise power; and the suffering multitude are fain to believe that its remedial character may be about to be revealed in their instance. As for the aristocracy in a new reign, they are all in a flutter. A bewildering vision of coronets, stars, and ribbons, smiles, and places at court, haunts their noontide speculations and their midnight dreams. Then we must not forget the numberless instances in which the coming event is deemed to supply the long-sought opportunity of distinction, or the long dreaded cause of utter discomfiture, the hundreds, the thousands, who mean to get into parliament, the units who dread getting out. What a crashing change from lounging in St. James's street to sauntering on Boulogne pier; or after dining at Brookes's and supper at Crockford's to be saved from destruction by the friendly interposition that sends you in an official capacity to the marsupial sympathies of Sydney or Swan River!

Now is the time for the men to come forward who have claims; claims for spending their money, which nobody asked them to do, but which of course they only did for the sake of the party. They never wrote for their party, or spoke for their party, or gave their party any other vote than their own; but they urge their claims—to something; a commissionership of any thing, or a consulship anywhere. If no place to be had, they are ready to take it out in dignities. They once looked to the privy council, but would now be content with an hereditary honour; if they can have neither, they will take a clerkship in the treasury for a younger son. Perhaps they may get that in time; at present they go away growling with a gaugership; or having, with desperate dexterity, at length contrived to transform a tide-waiter into a landing-waiter. But there is nothing like asking—except refusing.

Hark ! it tolls ! All is over. The great bell of the Metropolitan Cathedral announces the death of the last son of George the Third who probably will ever reign in England.

A RURAL VILLAGE OF ENGLAND IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The situation of the rural town of Marney was one of the most delightful easily to be imagined. In a spreading dale contiguous to the margin of a clear and lively stream, surrounded by meadows and gardens, and backed by lofty hills, undulating and richly wooded, the traveller on the opposite heights of the dale would often stop to admire the merry prospects that recalled to him the traditional epithet of his country. Beautiful illusion ! For behind that laughing landscape, penury and disease fed upon the vitals of a miserable population ! The contrast between the interior of the town and its external aspects, was as striking as it was full of pain. With the exception of a dull high street, which had the usual characteristics of a small agricultural market town, some sombre mansions, a dingy inn, and a petty bourse, Marney mainly consisted of a variety of narrow and crowded lanes, formed by cottages built of rubble, or unhewn stones, without cement, and from age, or badness of the material, looking as if they could scarcely hold together. The gaping chinks admitted every blast ; the leaning chimneys had lost half their original height ; the rotten rafters were evidently misplaced ; while in many instances the thatch, yawning in some parts to admit the wind and wet, and in all utterly unfit for its original purpose of giving protection from the weather, looked more like the top of a dunghill than a cottage. Before the doors of these dwellings, and often surrounding them, ran open drains full of animal and vegetable refuse, decomposing into disease, or sometimes in their imperfect course filling foul pits or spreading into stagnant pools, while a concentrated solution of every species of dissolving filth was allowed to soak through and thoroughly impregnate the walls and ground adjoining.

These wretched tenements seldom consisted of more than two rooms, in one of which the whole family, however numerous, were obliged to sleep, without distinction of age, or sex, or suffering. With the water streaming down the walls, the light distinguished through the roof, with no hearth, even in winter, the virtuous mother, in the sacred pangs of childbirth, gives forth another victim to our thoughtless civilisation, surrounded by three generations, whose inevitable presence is more painful than her sufferings in that hour of travail ; while the father of her coming child, in another corner of the sordid chamber, lies stricken by that typhus, which his contaminating dwelling has breathed into his veins, and for whose next prey is perhaps destined, his new-born child. These swarming walls had neither windows nor doors sufficient to keep out the weather, or admit the sun, or supply the means of ventilation ; the humid and putrid roof of thatch exalting malaria like all other decaying vegetable matter. The dwelling-rooms were neither boarded nor paved ; and whether it were that some were situate in low and damp places, occasionally flooded by the river, and usually much below the level of the road, or that the springs, as was often the case, would burst through the mud floor, the ground was at no time better than so much clay, while sometimes you might see little channels cut from the centre under the doorways to carry off the water, the door itself removed from its hinges : a resting-place for infancy in its deluged home. These hovels were in many instances not provided with the commonest conveniences of the rudest police ;

contiguous to every door might be observed the dungheap, on which every kind of filth was accumulated, for the purpose of being disposed of for manure, so that, when the poor man opened his narrow habitation, in the hope of refreshing it with the breeze of summer, he was met with a mixture of gases from reeking dunghills.

This town of Marney was a metropolis of agricultural labour, for the proprietors of the neighbourhood having for the last half century acted on the system of destroying the cottages on their estates, in order to become exempted from the maintenance of the population, the expelled people had flocked to Marney, where, during the war, a manufactory had afforded them some relief, though its wheels had long ceased to disturb the waters of the Mar.

A MANUFACTURING SUBURB.

Pursuing their course along Castle-street for about a quarter of a mile, Gerrard and Stephen turned down a street which intersected it, and so on through a variety of ways and winding lanes, till they arrived at an open portion of the town, a district where streets and squares, and even roads, disappeared, and where the tall chimneys and bulky barrack-looking buildings that rose in all directions, clustering, yet isolated, announced that they were in the principal scene of the industry of Mowbray. Crossing this open ground, they gained a suburb, but one of a very different description to that in which was situate the convents where they had parted with Sybil. This one was populous, noisy, and lighted. It was Saturday night; the streets were thronged; an infinite population kept swarming to and fro the close courts and pestilential *cul-de-sacs* that continually communicated with the streets by narrow archways, like the entrance of hives, so low that you were obliged to stoop for admission: while ascending to these same streets, from their dark and dismal dwellings, by narrow flights of steps, the subterraneous nation of the cellars poured forth to enjoy the coolness of the summer night, and market for the day of rest. The bright and lively shops were crowded; and groups of purchasers were gathered round the stalls, that by the aid of glaring lamps and flaunting lanterns, displayed their wares.

THE COMMON MODE OF WRITING ENGLISH HISTORY.

If the history of England be ever written by one who has the knowledge and the courage, and both qualities are equally requisite for the undertaking, the world would be more astonished than when reading the Roman annals by Niebuhr. Generally speaking, all the great events have been distorted, most of the important causes concealed, some of the principal characters never appear, and all who figure are so misunderstood and misrepresented, that the result is a complete mystification, and the perusal of the narrative about as profitable to an Englishman as reading the Republic of Plato or the Utopia of More, the pages of Gaudentio di Lucca or the Adventures of Peter Wilkins.

The influence of races in our early ages, of the church in our middle, and of parties in our modern history, are three great moving and modifying powers, that must be perused and analysed with an untiring, profound, and unimpassioned spirit, before a guiding ray can be secured. A remarkable feature of our written history is the absence in its pages of some of the most influential personages. Not one man in a thousand, for instance, has eard of Major Wildman: yet he was the soul of English politics in the

most eventful period of this kingdom, and one most interesting to the age, from 1640 to 1688 ; and seemed more than once to hold the balance which was to decide the permanent form of our government. But he was the leader of an unsuccessful party. Even, comparatively speaking, in our times, the same mysterious oblivion is sometimes encouraged to creep over personages of great social distinction as well as political importance.

Life of Jean Paul F. Richter. Compiled from various sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated from the German. 2 vols. small 8vo. J. Chapman.

It often happens that when two men of different pursuits and habits of mind have been a long time in angry opposition upon some abstruse subject, that they ultimately discover that although there has been great apparent difference, yet on a more temperate and deliberate examination, they really feel and think very much the same. So it seems to be, in a great degree, with the German and English mind. No doubt our moral feelings and our intellectual sympathies are radically the same ; though frequently evolved in a very different form. It is probable that it is only manner and form that divide us. This superficial distinction exercises, however, a very important function, and keeps the readers of the two nations still far apart. The general reader cannot be expected to translate every sentiment and opinion he meets with in a German book into a corresponding English sympathy. He reads for his amusement, as he takes a walk for his health and recreation, and cannot be scientifically studying every object of nature he passes.

It may be asked, How is it that the French, and even Spanish and Italian literature, have taken more genuine root in this country than the German ? as witness the national popularity of "Don Quixote" and of so many French philosophical and dramatic works, and the Italian poets. The wonder is apparently added to, by it being at the same time felt that the German blood, manners, and character, are more nationally allied to us. It is, perhaps, this very alliance that makes the difficulty. The writers of the other nations have applied themselves to outward appearances and to universal qualities, and been modelled on the classical principle which interested itself more especially on the universal, and was what the Germans themselves term objective ; that is, the mind and the feelings were affected by external objects ; whereas in the German and Teutonic mind generally, objects receive their value from the state of the mind itself. As the two states of mental existence are beginning at length to obtain attention here, and the words are creeping into our every-day literature, it is worth a sentence or two to endeavour to make them popular ; at least as far as we accept and apply the terms.

The lover seems to offer the strongest illustrations of the two states. When the heart is occupied with any emotion, but more particularly with the passion of love, which is more uniform and continuous than

any other (of course we speak of the passion as separate from the appetite); the most palpable power is exercised over the intellectual faculties and the senses. All outward nature, all outward circumstances, are tinged by, and are "subjective" to the lover's feelings and objects, and results lose to him their objective power. The sun gives no joy when his mistress frowns; the summer air is no longer balmy. The gifts of fortune are rubbish. Thus the "objectivity" of these objects is utterly destroyed; and, on the contrary, is so completely transformed by being "subjective" to his passion, that light is painful, honours are trivial, and this "brave o'erhanging firmament, a pestilent congregation of foul vapours." This state, applied purely to the intellect instead of the passions, is what we conceive is meant by things being "objective" or "subjective." A confusion, however, not unfrequently arises from their being applied sometimes to the operations of the intellect, and sometimes to the operations of the passions and feelings. It would carry us, however, too far into metaphysics to endeavour to define and trace the effect on literature on these subjects, and we have only alluded to them here, to endeavour concisely to explain how it is that with principles and feelings so nearly allied to the Germans, they differ so essentially from us in mode and taste.

This tendency to subject all objects of sense to his intellectual faculties and to his feelings, is the distinguishing characteristic of the German writer: and it is because we possess it in a greater degree than the cultivated portion of the other intellectual nations of Europe, that we find a difficulty in assimilating with the German. We feel as much as he does, but are not interested in the same objects. In all he does he is operated by sentiment, but his sentiment is derived from, or rather associated with, different objects than our own, and therefore we are not touched by his enthusiasm nor excited by his allusions. And hence arises the opposite opinions, broached of the same writer, by English literary men of competent judgment. The one may have by nature a tendency to the same class, and may have such knowledge of the objects referred to as shall enable him to feel and comprehend the writer; while another may listen to all things as a foreigner who understands the words but not the phrases of the country.

These few imperfect remarks were absolutely necessary to introduce any notice of such a writer as Richter, better known by the appellation of Jean Paul. He is so peculiarly German, and his writings are so remarkably subjective, that he has not acquired the European reputation of Göethe, to whom he may be in many respects considered as the opposite. He is essentially a writer of the past generation, having been born in 1763, and dying in 1828; although so lately introduced to the notice of the general reader in England, that many have supposed he was a young author now in the meridian of his fame. Since his birth two generations of men have appeared, and almost two eras in taste. The sentimental school has risen and fallen during that period, and new systems of philosophy developed themselves. German taste and feeling, principle and religion, as well as those of Europe

generally, have undergone many changes from Werterism and Kotzebuism through Byronism and Scottism, to an infinite number of shades and sects, both religious and philosophic.

No one can doubt, from the perusal of this biography, that Jean Paul was a very thorough man, possessed of great sensibility and nobility of heart. Kind, generous, and sympathising; candid, honest, and brave. He was also learned and cultivated, and viewed mankind and the world philosophically; or, perhaps, we should say theoretically, as what German does not? His intellect was superior; but it seems that his sensibility towards all things, grave or gay, it was that gave him his power and his popularity. The son of a poor clergyman, of simple mind and heart, but of a joyous and sensitive temperament, Jean Paul had to struggle through all the difficulties necessarily attendant on such a position; and had to win his way to distinction through great privations and exertions. In so doing, however, he won his way to wisdom and knowledge, and acquired that intimate knowledge of his own and others' hearts that made him the oracle of so large a portion of his countrymen.

Whether he can ever be popular here may be doubted. There is a want of passion in German writers of this class, that appears insipid and vapid to the practical English taste. The virtue seems cold and wire-drawn, and the vice depraved rather than energetic. The brilliancy of his fancy, which is very great, is apt to be expressed in forms too remote from our association, and the humorous seems too often to be only the grotesque. There also seems often a disproportion between his subject and his mode of treating it, that carries us into the vague.

It was not till the 31st year of his age, in the year 1794, that he fairly began his literary career, when his novel of "Hesperus" gave him the first taste of celebrity. Henceforward it was by his novels that he chiefly gained his reputation. We can merely give the names of the most popular—Titan, Quintus Fixlein, the Invisible Lodge, Levana, Greenland Papers, &c.; which, if translated during the first German furor that supervened here on the translation of "Werter," have made no impression on the English novel-reading public. "Quintus Fixlein" has been translated by Mr. Carlyle, and will afford the English reader a fair opportunity of judging of this popular German writer for himself. "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces," has also lately been translated by Mr. Noel, and we have given a notice of it in our first Number.

The following account, by himself, of his reception amongst his contemporaries at Weimar, in 1798, when aged 35, will give some idea of his status and his style:—

Yesterday I visited Schiller. He was indisposed, and I went, foolishly, to walk with his wife. She belongs to those agreeable coquettes in conversation, who do not throw the ball straight back, but keep it up through playful *persiflage*. She led the author of *Hesperus*, at twilight, to a beautiful eminence, to see another; but he could only look at her beautiful face, and her still more charming Cleopatra eyes. I always tell her I cannot believe a

word she says, unless she looks in my face. . . . At a learned supper I met Hufeland and Fichte, and others, that I did not know. Fichte is small (I thought he had been tall), modest, and precise, but not particularly genial. I was lovingly treated by all, especially by Schiller. Ah! I speak too openly with people, and shield myself too little. My table-talk at Dresden to Schlegel, obliged his brother, when it was repeated to him, to the expression of his judgment about me. . . .

I write to you, wrapped in Wieland's wide mantle, which, on account of the cold, his wife lent me. I travelled here on foot, with only my summer coat, and a pocketful of shoes and clean shirts. Wieland is slender, erect, with a red scarf, and a red handkerchief bound round his head—talking much of himself, but not with pride—a little *Aristippish*, and indulgent towards himself, as towards others—full of parental and conjugal love, but so intoxicated by the Muses, that his wife once concealed from him, for ten whole days, the death of one of his children. He does not penetrate the relation of things so deeply as Herder, and his judgment is better upon external social affairs, than upon intimate human relations. He gave me the palm many inches higher than his own, particularly about my dreams and pages upon nature, and increased my outward pride (my inward, never) about many things. He depreciates himself too much, and was too anxious about my praise of his works.

On my second visit to Wieland, with my wide fluttering summer ornaments, the good patriarch, on account of the hateful cold weather, brought me his coat himself. To-day I carried it back. God send every poet such an active, firm, prudent, candid, tender, and kind wife. She had read in the newspapers of the danger of resting after being cold, and she brought and insisted upon my drawing on warm stockings. Wieland could not survive her, if she were to die, neither she him. He has told me her heart's history, and also his own. Ah, how much I have to relate to your ear and heart. . . . In his single, and widowed daughters, beneath plain persons, are good and beautiful hearts; but with such faces they will not be drawn out. Nevertheless, his wife proposed, and he mentioned it to me the next morning, that I should take the opposite house, and eat always with them. He said I gave him new life, and that they all loved me!—Naturally, as I always make them laugh, and as *I* cannot help loving so good a family. But that would never do. Two poets can never live together. And I will wear no chain, even were it formed of perfume, and welded by moonbeams—and I should be certain that in the solitude of only their society, I should end by marrying one of their daughters—which is not my plan.

I have just come from Herder. We sat many hours alone in his arbour. Oh, dear Otto, how shall I show you this noble spirit at its right elevation, before which my little soul bends with Spanish, even Turkish veneration—this man, penetrated with Divinity, whose foot is upon this world, his head and breast in the other? How shall I paint his inspired eye, when poetry or music softens him? How shall I represent him embracing all the branches of the tree of knowledge, although he seizes masses, not parts, and instead of the tree shakes the ground upon which it stands? I have often, after spending the evening with him, taken leave with tears.

Apropos, I have also been with Göethe, who received me with more obliging friendship than the first time. I was, in consequeuce, freer, bolder, less susceptible, and therefore more independent. He inquired after my manner

of working, as it completely surpasses his method, and asked how I like *Fichte*. Upon the last, Göethe said, "He is the great new *scholastic*. Men are born poets, but they can make themselves philosophers, if they can anywhere fix a transcendental idea. The new (philosophers) make light an *object*, when it should only show objects." He will complete the *Faust* at the end of six months. He said he could always promise himself his work six months beforehand, and he prepares himself by prudent diet. Schiller drinks coffee immoderately, and Malaga also. No one is as moderate in coffee as I am.

Göethe told us, he had not read a syllable of his *Werter* until ten years after it was written. "Who would willingly surrender themselves to a past sensation, and recall anger or love," etc. ? So also said Herder of his works. What can be said of the self-idolatry of the small literary men of the day, when such men are so humble ? I was ashamed *not to be* so before them, but I said, "that my things, immediately after they were printed, pleased me extremely, and that I knew no better reading—but when I had forgotten my own ideal, I knew none worse."

We cannot conclude our brief notice without regretting that the translator had not rather re-written a compact "Life of Jean Paul," in a style suitable to English readers. We are ready to assent to the maxim, that form and mode are much in everything ; but that which is really good will bear transplanting ; if not completely, at least its good can be intimated, and made sufficiently manifest. The present work is thoroughly German ; diffuse and elaborated, and tending too much to elevate everything relating to the author into a uniform value. Yet, notwithstanding this excess of zeal on the part of the biographer, we cannot help having disagreeable misgivings as to several points of Richter's character, and doubt if he escaped the sentimentality of the age so completely as is asserted. His frequent fallings in love, and his rapid extrication from the bonds of the tyrannous passion, give one a shrewd suspicion that he had "affectations," and, at the best, that he mistook the phosphoric gleams of fancy for the true fire of passion. Not that these amours seem ever to have passed the bounds of the Platonic. Much allowance, however, must be made for the tone of the society he moved in, and the temperament of its females. Sentimentality was at its height, and excessive must it have been, when it seems to have been thought nothing exceedingly remarkable that a young girl of seventeen should, after some correspondence with Richter, without ever seeing him, destroy herself, because he, fifty years of age, a married man, greatly attached to his wife and family, and living a "prosaic life," did not intensely return her passion. He was, however, an estimable and a generous man, and his life is worthy of perusal, although we see nothing in it that warrants its being upheld "as the mirror of a great mind." This may be in our want of perception, or in the want of skill of the biographer, or by a remote possibility in the want of greatness in the subject itself ; and these points the reader had better settle for himself.

LIVES OF MEN OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE, *who flourished in the time of George III.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., &c. &c. 8vo. Charles Knight & Co.

THE reading public have been so familiarised with genius of all kinds, that a lord throwing off his robe of state and donning his morning gown, and condescendingly sitting down to literature, has no effect. Men are not led now by a high-sounding title, and care little for the author's rank. Fifty years since this work of Lord Brougham's would have been received with homage by the pompous gentlemen that formed the literary world; and, as far as the author is concerned, it is a great pity it was not his first instead of his last work. The book is a mistake in every way: in the first place, it is a mistake to suppose that the present age will receive any work merely as the result of idle leisure. Literature has become a profession, and a man must devote his prime energies to it, or he has but little chance of escaping the trunk-maker. In the next place, the style and sentiments, and views are of two generations since. His lordship begins with a strange assertion, that the reign of George the Third should be regarded as the Augustan Age of Modern History, though he confesses that it had neither a Virgil, a Horace, nor a Mæcenas. That it was the age in which the liberties of the people were sapped and invaded; when wasteful and infamous wars and a narrow and despotic authority were carried to the highest pitch; are not the points we presume on which his lordship would liken it to this favourite pattern-period of mediocre historians. This unhappy period, which has been transferred first to the feeble Anne's time, then back to her more illustrious precursor, Elizabeth, is now for the first time bestowed on the bagwig and knee-breeches era of Farmer George.

The first sentence is the key-note to the whole book, which is as mediocre as the period it thus lauds. It has been said by some of our contemporaries that it is a pity to see a man in his lordship's station and of his reputation, thus committing himself to exploded prejudices and miserable commonplaces. The pity, however, appears to us to be, that an intellect so really mediocre as to produce and put forth such a volume, should, by mere skill in dialectics, raise itself to the most exalted and influential situations. It alarms us to see how common are the minds, how absolutely devoid of any of the attributes of true genius that can thus force themselves into important positions; and it is fair to conclude that other minds that rule the destinies of nations are equally destitute of real greatness, when we see that it is possible to acquire the power by the energetic exercise of such very mediocre abilities. It has been said that more men write themselves out of a reputation than into one, and here is a remarkable instance of the truth of the assertion. Lord Brougham seems not only to have remained stationary, but to have retrograded. He has learned nothing from the forty years existence of his own "Edinburgh Review," whence

could be culled passages that would confute almost every assertion his lordship has made. In the interminable pages of the blue and yellow, may be found many a laboured article to prove that Voltaire was neither a philosopher nor a historian; that Hume had almost as little pretension to either title; and that neither the history of the one nor the dramas of the other were of the genuine kind. Yet his Lordship has suddenly discovered that Voltaire's history is of the highest and most faithful kind, though he is obliged to give way a little about his most popular work, his "History of Peter the Great;" for which it is now known he received Russian money, and which is an outrageous romance, falsified in every possible manner, as also is his other popular work, "The History of Charles the Twelfth. The same spirit it is known pervaded all his works, and that it is so is proved by the thirty volumes of his works being so frequently to be met with at waste paper price.

To come forward, therefore, with paradoxical assertions of their faithfulness, to endeavour to obliterate the just notion that has, by great diligence and accuracy of criticism been attached to them, is an insult and a wrong to the age.

That Voltaire did great good in his age; that his wonderful powers of satire, and his daring and democratic application of them, conferred great benefits on mankind, were already known and acknowledged, and needed not any new exposition, nor any such laboured and commonplace defences as his lordship gives. And here, again, we are perplexed and troubled to find that his learned lordship thinks it necessary to utter such an apology to those whom he knows will be more particularly his readers, namely, his fellow Senators. How is it that they require the bald reiteration of opinions and principles, which have long since been received as part of the habitual notions of every sensible man. Surely his lordship is defaming his order by exposing that the governors are in the rear of the governed, and, like other generals, have taken up their position behind, instead of before those they profess to lead.

Altogether, the work is a puzzle. Why was it undertaken? There are no new facts, no new deductions. The style is the perfection of commonplace. Phrases as familiar as halfpence are continually jingling in one's ears; periods that have a rhythm so monotonous that their dulness muffles the small portion of thought there is in them. We are told "that the tempest had set in," when a controversy is spoken of, and we meet in every page "It were vain to deny," "The universal voice," &c. &c. Now, this poverty of metaphor and phrase might be excusable in a hurried pamphlet, written to serve a temporary purpose, but surely is not to be tolerated in the pages of one who aims at once to be the Cicero and the Aristarchus of the age, and who writes only to occupy his leisure.

The fact is, that the author is one of the last of the race of cultivated mediocres, who from the time of Drs. Blair and Campbell have endeavoured to reduce literature to a logical art, confounding mere literary expression with the profound emotions and thoughts of genius, and

judging the purest spiritual intuitions of the soul by the feeble perceptions of a feeble reason. Such men are fluent from their very frivolity, and harshly dogmatical from their utter want of kindred sympathy with, and incapacity to comprehend, the utterings of true genius. With such men Voltaire is a greater dramatist than Ben Jonson, and, did they dare say it, than Shakspeare; of whom they all think, as Hume, the mightiest of the school, wrote:—"that he was not capable of furnishing a proper entertainment to a refined or intelligent audience:" and again, "A reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold" ! ! !

This logical and mathematical school of literature can only hold its sway with narrow minds, and in an unimpassioned age. Immediately the passions are aroused, the intellect is stirred, and the Byrons, Coleridges, and Shelleys, succeed and obliterate the Darwins, the Hayleys, and the Whiteheads; and with them their feeble admirers and advocates.

The lives contained in this volume are ten; but on what principle they are selected it is difficult to imagine. Gibbon (the greatest of the historians) is omitted, as well as Brindley and a host of others. This might, however, be passed over, but for the equivocal wording of the title-page. The ghosts of the men thus omitted will never reproach the illustrious author, should they encounter him in the Elysian Fields.

Had the Lives been put forward in the Shilling Weekly Volumes of Mr. Knight, of which they might have formed three or four, without any name, they would have passed muster as clear and tolerably careful compilations, though even here the editor should not have been sparing of his scissors; but, coming as they do from one who has taken no small share in all the great and complicated affairs of the nation, and who daily and hourly dogmatises on every question affecting the social condition, and the science, literature, and art of the country, they are only mournful proofs to what inferior minds the fate of whole generations are oftentimes confided.

VIOLINA: *A Miniature Romance.* By FREDERIC BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. Translated from the German. 24mo. H. G. Clarke & Co.

THIS is one of Mr. Clarke's neat pocket reprints, and forms a companion to "Undine." It has not the merit of this latter work; and La Motte Fouquè, notwithstanding he has been much praised by a certain set of critics, is—always with the beautiful exception of "Undine"—but a feeble and fantastic writer. We cannot think that the reprinting a race of sentimental writers, whose school and style are being exploded in their own country, is likely to be profitable nor in any way desirable.

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